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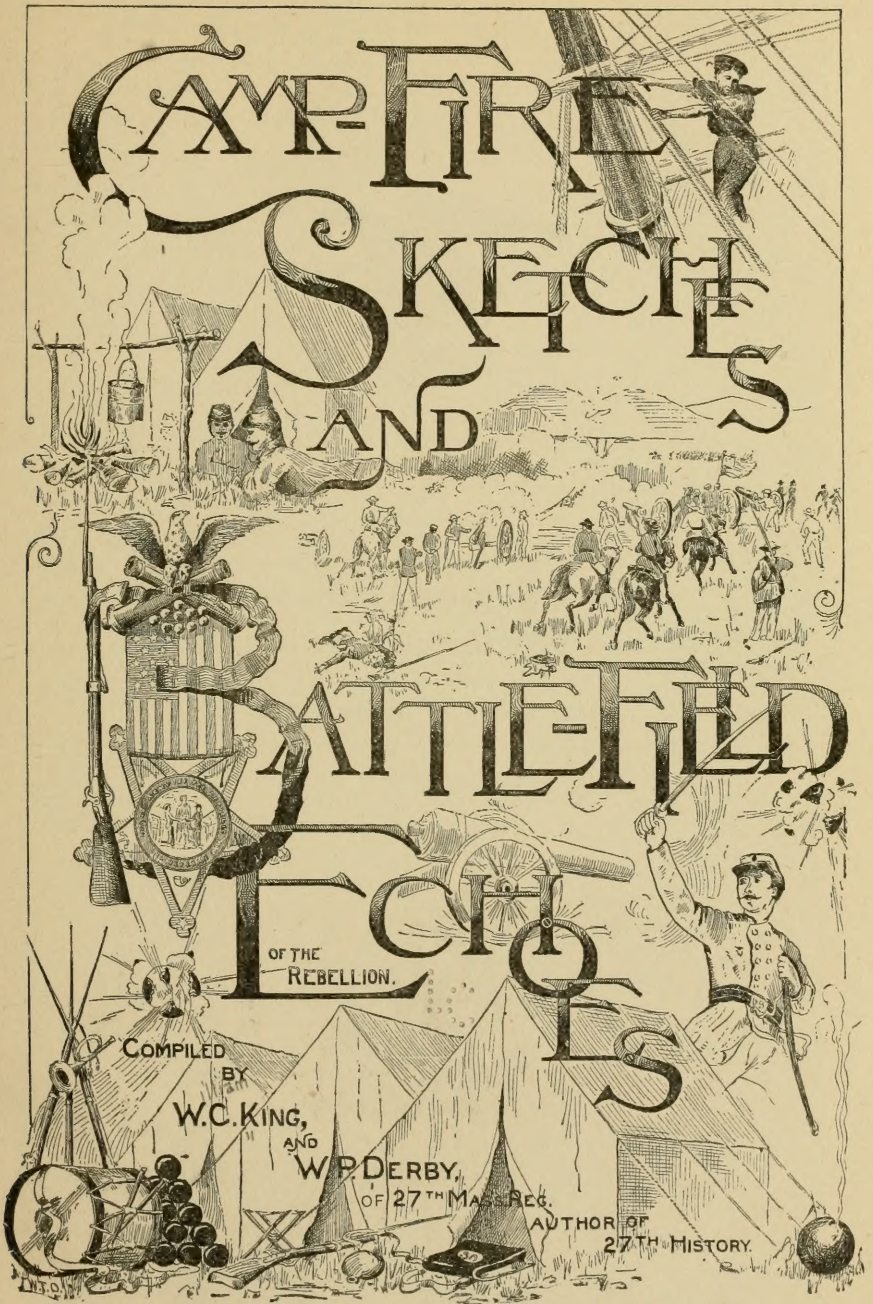

CAMP-FIRE SKETCHES AND BATTLE-FIELD ECHOES

OF THE REBELLION.

COMPILED BY

W. C. KING,

AND

W. P. DERBY,

OF 27TH MASS. REG.

AUTHOR OF 27TH HISTORY.

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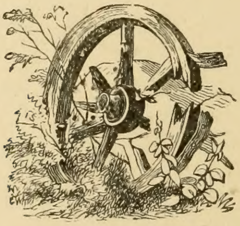

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THE VICKSBURG DAILY CITIZEN.

VOL. IX. NO. 183. VICKSBURG, MISS. PRICE $6.00 PER YEAR.

THE DAILY CITIZEN.

J. M. SWORDS, Proprietor.

VICKSBURG, MISS.:
Thursday, July 2d, 1863.

☞Mrs. Cisco was instantly killed on Monday, on Jackson Road. Mrs. Cisco's husband is now in Virginia, a member of Moody's artillery, and the death of such a loving, affectionate and dutiful wife, will be a loss to him irreparable.

◆

☞We are indebted to Major Gillespie for a steak of Confederate beef, alias meat. We have tried it, and can assure our friends that if it is rendered necessary, they need have no scruples at eating the meat. It is sweet, savory and tender, and so long as we have a mule left, we are satisfied our soldiers will be content to subsist on it.

◆

☞Grant's forces did a little firing on Tuesday afternoon, but the balance of that day was comparatively quiet. Yesterday morning they were very still, and continued so until early in the afternoon, when they sprung a mine on the left of our centre, and opened fire along the line for some distance. We have not been able to ascertain anything definitely as to our loss, but as officers were on the lookout for this move of the enemy, the expectations of the Yankees were not realized by a great deal.

◆

☞Jerry Askew, one of our most esteemed merchant citizens, was wounded at the works in the rear of our city a few days since, and breathed his last on Monday. Mr. Askew was a young man of strict integrity, great industry, and an honor to his family and friends. He was a member of Cowan's artillery, and by the strict discharge of his duties and his obliging disposition, won the confidence and esteem of his entire command. May the blow his family have sustained be mitigated by Him who doeth all things well.

◆

☞Among many good deeds we hear spoken of with pride by our citizens, we cannot refrain from mentioning the case of Mr. F. Kiser. This gentleman, having more corn than he thought was necessary to last him during the siege of this place, portioned off what would do him for the brief interval that will ensue before the arrival of succor to our garrison, and since that time has relieved the wants of many families free of charge. May he live long and prosper, and his name be handed down to posterity when the siege of Vicksburg is written, as one in whose breast the "milk of human kindness" had not dried up.

◆

☞Porter is enjoying a season of rest, and his men are doubtless obliged to him for his kind consideration for their welfare. On Tuesday he fired a few shells from his Parrots, and kept his men tolerably busy sharp-shooting across the river, with no other result than might be expected. The mortars have not been used for nearly eight hours. Poor fool, he might as well give up the vain aspiration he entertains of capturing our city or extermination of our people, and return to his master to receive the reward such a gasconading dolt will meet at the hands of the unappreciating government at Washington.

◆

DEATH OF LIEUT.-COL. GRIFFIN.—General Smith's impetuous division seems singularly unfortunate. He has lost many gallant men whose valor and worth the siege has fully developed, and whose death is a great public calamity. Lieut.-Col. Griffin, commanding the 31st Louisiana regiment, was killed on Saturday. He was a popular and efficient officer. Gifted by nature with undaunted courage, indomitable resolution and energy, he was also possessed of quick determination, keen glance and coolness in danger, which are the most essential qualities of an officer, while by his mingled firmness and clemency of his conduct, he won the confidence and good will of his men. May the soft south winds murmur sweet requiems o'er his manes, and the twilight dews fall gently like an angel's tear-drop, and moisten his turfy bed.

◆

☞It might would appeal to the heart of stone of the extortioner with success, the present necessities of our citizens would do so. It is needless to attempt to disguise from the enemy or our own people that our wants are great; but still we can conscientiously assert our belief that there is plenty within our lines, by an exercise of prudence, to last until long after succor reaches us. We are satisfied there are numerous persons within our city who have breadstuffs secreted, and are doling it out at the most exorbitant figures to those who had not the foresight or means at their command to provide for the exigency now upon us. A rumor has reached us that parties in our city have been and are now, selling flour at five dollars per pound—molasses at ten dollars per gallon, and corn at ten dollars per bushel! We have not as yet proved the fact upon the parties accused, but this allusion to the subject may induce some of our citizens to ascertain whether such prices have been paid, and to whom; and if so, let a brand not only be placed upon their brow, but let it be seared into their very brain, that humanity may scorn and shun them, as they would the portals of hell itself.

◆

GOOD NEWS.—In devoting a large portion of our space this morning to Federal intelligence, copied from the Memphis Bulletin of the 26th, it should be remembered that the news, in the original truth, is whitewashed by the Federal Provost Marshal, who desires to hoodwink the poor northern white slaves. The former editors of the Bulletin being rather pro-Southern men, were arrested for speaking the truth when truth was unwelcome to Yankeedom, and placed in the chain gang working at Warrenton, where they now are. This paper at present is in duress, and edited by a pink-nosed, slab-sided, toad-eating Yankee, who is a lineal descendant of Judas Iscariot, and a brother germain of the greatest Puritanical, sycophantic, howling scoundrel unhung — Parson Brownlow. Yet with such a character, this paper cannot cloak the fact that Gen. Robert E. Lee has given Hooker, Milroy & Co. one of the best and soundest whippings on record, and that the "galorious Union" is now exceedingly weak in the knees.

◆

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE AGAIN.

Again we have reliable news from the gallant corps of Gen. Lee in Virginia. Elated with success, encouraged by a series of brilliant victories, marching to and crossing the Rappahannock, defeating Hooker's right wing and thence through the Shenandoah Valley, driving Milroy from Winchester and capturing 6,000 of his men and a large amount of valuable stores of all descriptions, re-entering Maryland, holding Hagerstown, threatening Washington city, and within a few miles of Baltimore—onward and upward their war-cry—our brave men under Lee are striking terror to the heart of all Yankeedom. Like the Scottish chieftain's braves, Lee's men are springing up from moor and brake, crag and dale, with flashing steel and sturdy arm, ready to do or die in the great cause of national independence, right and honor. To-day the mongrel administration of Lincoln, like Japhet, are in search of a father, for their old Abe has departed for parts unknown. Terror reigns in their halls. Lee is to the left of them, to the right of them, in front of them, and all around them, and daily do we expect to hear of his being down on them. Never were the French in Algeria more put out by the mobile raids of Ab Del Kadir, than are the Federals of Maryland, Washington City, Pennsylvania and Ohio, by the mercurial movements of Lee's cavalry. Like Paddy's flea are they to the Federals—now they have got them and now they haven't. The omnipresence of our troops, and they, throwing dust in the eyes, or rather on the heels of the panic-stricken Federals in Maryland and Pennsylvania, clearly prove that Lee just now is the right man in the right place.

We lay before our readers in this issue an account of Lee's brilliant and successful onslaught upon the abolition hordes, and show even from their own record, how our gallant boys of the cavalry have fleshed their swords to the hilt with their vaunting foe, and now each musket of our infantry has told its fatal leaden tale.

To-day Maryland is ours, to-morrow Pennsylvania will be, and the next day Ohio—now midway, like Mohammed's coffin—will fall.

Success and glory to our arms! God and right are with us.

◆

☞We have heretofore refrained from alluding to a matter which has been a source of extreme annoyance and loss to our citizens. We refer to the lax discipline of some of our company officers in allowing their men to prowl around, day and night, and purloin fruit, vegetables, chickens etc. from our denizens, and, in the majority of cases, from those whose chief subsistence is derived therefrom. This charge is not confined solely to those at the works, but is equally, if not mainly, attributable to the wagoners and others in charge of animals. Several cases have come to our knowledge wherein the offenders have, in open daylight, entered premises, seized cattle and other things, and defied the owners to their teeth. We are pained to learn that an esteemed citizen of our Vicksburg, Wm. Porterfield, was under the necessity, in protecting his property, to wound one of two soldiers and deprive another of his life. We fully appreciate the fatigue, hardships and privations to which our men are subjected; but upon inquiry it may be ascertained that our city is second to none in contributing to the welfare of those gallant spirits who risk their life and limb for the achievement of an end which will make us one of the most honored people of the earth, and such conduct of which we complain is but base ingratitude. A soldier has his honor as much at stake as when a civilian; then let him preserve his good name and reputation with the same jealous care as before he entered his country's ranks. But so long as this end is lost sight of, so long may we expect to chronicle scenes of bloodshed among those of our own people. We make this public exposure, mortifying as it is to us, with the hope that a salutary improvement in matters may be made by our military authorities.

X

◆

ON DIT.—That the great Ulysses—the Yankee Generalissimo, surnamed Grant—has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg on Saturday next, and celebrating the 4th of July by a grand dinner, and so forth. When asked if he would invite Gen. Jo. Johnston to join he said: "No! for fear there would be a row at the table." Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is, "first catch the rabbit," &c.

◆

YANKEE NEWS FROM ALL POINTS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 21, 2:30 a. m.—The following is all the news of interest in the Washington Star:

Major Brazoll, of the United States volunteers, received intelligence from Fayette county, Pa., this morning, that the rebels in heavy force were advancing on Pittsburgh, via the National road leading from Cumberland across the Alleghany Mountains. Their pickets had reached Grantsville, Md., thirty-eight miles from Uniontown, Fayette county Pa., on Wednesday evening last.

It is reported in Washington to-day that two members of Hooker's staff were gobbled up by guerillas last night in the vicinity of Fairfax.

HARRISBURG, June 20.—Operations were commenced on our side to-day by a portion of a N. Y. cavalry regiment, capturing twenty rebel prisoners at McConnelsburg, in Fulton county.

Col. Lawrence, with a portion of the 127th Pa. regiment (mounted), captured a squad of rebels who were marauding on this side of the river.

We hold Chambersburg, and the citizens are arming and fortifying the city. Gen. Couch had ordered that the place be held.

The fortifications opposite this city are finished and are considered impregnable.

The rebels are known to be 8,000 strong at Hagerstown and Williamsport.

The rebels hold the north bank of the Potomac river, from Cumberland to Harper's Ferry. Gen. Kelley drove them out of Cumberland, and when they left they threatened to return and furnish themselves with horses and forage. The rebels have done an immense amount of damage.

It is thought Gen. Rhodes is opposite Williamsport with 20,000 men. The rebel Gen. Imboden is reported as advancing, but this is considered doubtful.

FREDERICK, Md., June 20.—The enemy's cavalry left Boonsboro last evening, after capturing a number of horses, and returned to Hagerstown.

Six thousand infantry are reported to have crossed at Williamsport. It is not believed that they will visit Frederick.

The enemy has nearly 6,000 infantry this side of the Potomac, under Gen. Rhodes. Two regiments of infantry and a squad of cavalry are at Sharpsburg, and the remainder are encamped between Williamsport and Hagerstown. No artillery has been sent over nor have any troops crossed since yesterday morning.

Gen. Eweil has left Williamsport and gone to the main body of his command, stationed at Charlestown. Lee's army is not known to be within supporting distance of Ewell, and it is very probable that the force now in Maryland will not penetrate further north. The cavalry force numbers about 1,200, under Jenkins.

The party which first advanced upon Greencastle and Chambersburg numbered only 650.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—The Richmond Dispatch of the 21st contains the following: "Dispatches received yesterday from Savannah announce the capture by the enemy of the Confederate iron-clad steamer Fingal, commanded by Capt. Webb, of Atlanta. Another outside the harbor was attacked and captured after an action of thirty minutes, by two Federal ironclads.

Richmond papers of the 20th say the city of Darien, Ga., was burned by the Federals on the 11th inst., and is now one plain of ashes and blackened chimneys. Seven Federal ironclads were at Brunswick, Ga., and large forces had landed from transports. Vallandigham has run the blockade from Wilmington. He is going to Nassau and thence to Canada.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—A Harrisburg, Pa., dispatch to the Herald states that Jenkins passed through Greencastle last evening with 700 mounted infantry, in the direction of Waynesboro. The rebels are reported to have sixteen pieces of artillery with their large force. They occupy the south bank of the Potomac, between Cumberland and Harper's Ferry. Rhodes has 22,000 men at Williamsport.

The opinion in official circles at Harrisburg is that the rebels have serious designs on Baltimore. Their movements indicate this, and fears are entertaind for the safety of that city. Three hundred rebel cavalry fired Mercersburg in several places.

A Chambersburg dispatch says the rebels are scouring the country for horses, and have got about two thousand head of cattle and two thousand horses.

HARRISBURG, June 21.—A dispatch received here late this evening, states that a rebel cavalry force is within eight miles of Gettysburg.

NEW YORK, June 21.—A Harrisburg dispatch to-night contains the following: "The rebels are reported 40,000 strong at Hagerstown and fortifying."

A Herald's special from Monocacy Station, Md., the 21st, says: About 4 o'clock p.m., Major Cole, of the 1st Maryland cavalry, made a gallant dash into Frederick, with 40 men, driving out the enemy, killing two and capturing one. No loss on our side. Our cavalry passed through the city, and immediately after about fifteen hundred rebel cavalry re-occupied the town.

The rebel cavalry entered Frederick about 6 o'clock and dashed furiously through the city, capturing nine of our men at the signal station, and paroled the invalid soldiers, numbering about sixty, in the hospital. A number of horses were seized, secession flags were displayed at the Central Hotel, and some citizens collected there to welcome the rebels. A majority of the population evinced no pleasure at the visit. The ladies were exceedingly expressive in their demonstrations of disgust, and showered words of sympathy upon our prisoners as they passed through the town.

The rebels are reported to be fortifying at South Mountain. They have in the vicinity of Williamsport about six thousand infantry, one thousand cavalry, and a few pieces of artillery. A squadron of cavalry could undoubtedly capture the entire force this side of South Mountain.

◆

☞Mid the din and clash of arms, the screech of shells and whistle of bullets, which are a continual feature in the status of our beleaguered city, incidents of happiness often arise to vary in a cheery way the phases of so stern a scene. On the evening of the 30th ult., with gayety, mirth and good-feeling, at a prominent hospital of this city, through the ministerial offices of a chaplain of a gallant regiment, Charles Royal, Prince Imperial of Ethiopia, of the Berberigo family, espoused the lovely and accomplished Rosa Glass, Arch Duchess of Senegambia, one of the most celebrated Princesses of the Laundressima Regima. The affair was conducted with great magnificence, though as is usual in troublous times, the sabler element was predominant.

The foe may hurl their deadly bolts
And think we are a'frighted,
Well may we scorn them—silly dolts—
Our Blacks are now united.

◆

VICTIMIZED.—We learned of an instance wherein a "knight of the quill" and a disciple of the "black art," with malice in their hearts and vengeance in their eyes, ruthlessly put a period to the existence of a venerable feline, that has for time not within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant," faithfully discharged the duties to be expected of him, to the terror of sundry vermin in his neighborhood. Poor defunct Thomas was then prepared, not for the grave but the pot, and several friends invited to partake of a nice rabbit. As a matter of course no one would wound the feelings of another, especially in these times, by refusing a cordial invitation to dinner, and the guests assisted in consuming the poor animal with a relish that did honor to their epicurean tastes. The "sold" assure us that meat was delicious, and that pussy must look out for her safety.

◆

☞The Federal General McClernand, until recently outside the rear of our city, has been superseded. He and Grant could not run in the same harness. He was for splurging and Grant for gassing—both got the loggerheads. So poor Mac. had to leave and Grant has all his own way.

◆

☞The Yanks outside our city are considerably on the sick list. Fever, dysentery and disgust are their companions, and Grant is their master. The boys are deserting daily, and are crossing the river in the region of Warrenton, cursing Grant and abolitionists generally. The boys are down upon the earth-delving, the burrowing, the bad water and the hot weather.

◆

GONE OUT.—The National Intelligencer of Washington has closed its long career in a suspension and a sale of its effects at auction. It has been highly respectable and very mischievous in its day and generation. An old Union prop falls with it. If we had the writing of its epitaph we should say, "Old Grimes is dead."

X

NOTE.

JULY 4th, 1863.

Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the Union floats over Vicksburg. Gen. Grant has "caught the rabbit;" he has dined in Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinner with him. The "Citizen" lives to see it. For the last time it appears on "wall paper." No more will it eulogize the luxury of mule-meat and fricasseed kitten—urge Southern warriors to such diet nevermore. This is the last wall-paper Citizen, and is, excepting this note, from the types as we found them. [Printer soldiers set this note and work the form.] It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity.

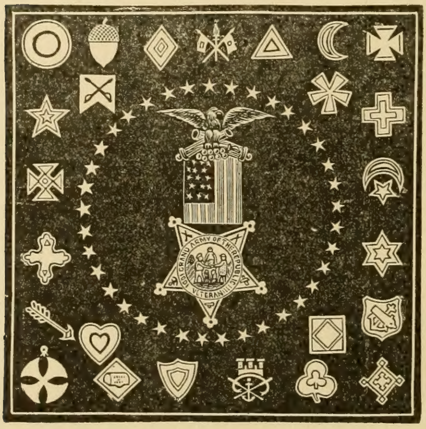
In Memory of

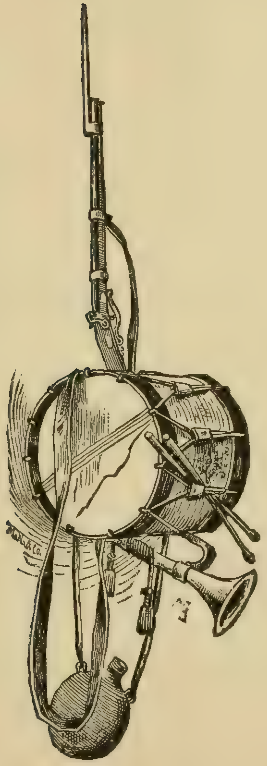
OUR FALLEN HEROES

and to

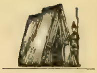
OUR HONORED VETERANS

This Volume is Gratefully Dedicated.


GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC
VETERAN



PREFACE.



IN sending forth this volume, the editors do so believing that it will be welcomed by the heroes of the great struggle and also find a place in the hearts of the people who cherish the memory of the noble deeds and heroism of the brave hearts who left father and mother, wife and daughter, brother and sister, home and friends, for their country, thousands of whom to-day are peacefully sleeping in the "City of the Silent," where no earthly "bugle call" disturbs their slumber.

Other war books have preceded this, but they have been for the most part purely historical and statistical, or the experiences and observations of a single individual, thus portraying but a glimpse of the most gigantic, thrilling, and bloody drama of the nineteenth century.

The actual facts and experience concerning such a colossal and terrific strife can in no way be so accurately and truthfully ascertained as by and through the unbiased testimony of the actors themselves.

Neither time, pains, nor expense has been spared in gathering the material for this volume, and it comes fresh from the heart and pen of more than three hundred veteran soldiers of the rank and file, both North and South.

The work is not confined wholly to the achievements of cannon, musket, and sword, but records many of the countless incidents and experiences prominent in soldier life, which are not only exceedingly entertaining, but decidedly instructive.

These venerable and heroic men, who, in full vigor of manhood, marched to the cannon's mouth, are now rapidly falling from the ranks, and their burning words will be treasured in memory's bosom, by a grateful nation, which is justly proud of the bravery, heroism, and sacrifices so freely contributed to save the Union.

A war, so gigantic, continuing through four long, weary years, so costly in blood and treasure, reaching with its sore bereavement into the peaceful quietude of almost every home circle of our land, attaches to this volume an individual and personal interest without a parallel in the whole range of war literature.

Nowhere in the realm of books is portrayed more vividly the grandeur and heroism of the American soldier, his courage and love for home and country. But the sword has been sheathed, and the gentle breezes waft sweet perfumes over the graves of peaceful warriors as they sleep side by side. Monuments dot hillside and plain where once the battle raged.

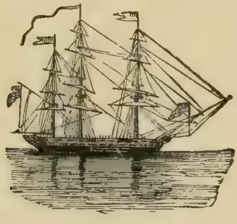
Federal and Confederate chieftains sit side by side in the Senate chamber, and unite in the councils of our chosen ruler.

Peace and joy have spread their silver wings over the desolations and bereavements of the past, and to-day we are one people, one country, united under one flag.

Fraternally,

Will. C. King.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., June, 1887.



CAMP-FIRE SKETCHES

AND

BATTLE-FIELD ECHOES

OF

THE REBELLION,

BY

"THE BOYS."

THE CHRISTIANA RIOT,

OR

How the First Gun of the Rebellion was Fired.

BY M. G.

TO understand the famous "Christiana Riot" it will be necessary to go back and investigate the causes that led to it. In the lower part of Lancaster and Chester counties, Pa., lived a community of Quakers, and people reared under Quaker influences. These people had been accustomed to succor fugitive slaves. Many of them did not go so far as to assist them in leaving their masters, but they all felt it to be a Christian duty to assist them after they had escaped. "The Fugitive Slave Law" made such assistance a crime punishable with fine and imprisonment, and it aroused the deepest feeling in this community.

The "Gap-gang," a notorious band of outlaws, took advantage of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, to kidnap and hurry off to slavery colored men who were known to be free.

On the 9th of September, 1851, Mr. Edward Gorsuch appeared before Edward D. Ingraham, and, under the act of Congress of September 18, 1850, asked for warrants for the arrest of four of his slaves whom he had heard were somewhere in Lancaster county. Warrants were issued to H. H. Kline, a deputy U. S. marshal, authorizing him to arrest George and Joshua Hammond, Nelson Ford, and Noah Buley, persons held to service or labor in the state of Maryland, and bring them before the commissioner. Mr. Gorsuch then made arrangements with two police officers of Philadelphia, named "Agin" and "Tully," to assist Kline in capturing the fugitives.

It was about daybreak of September 11 when they neared the house. The building was the property of Levi Pownall, a well-known Friend, and, at the time, was the abode of a colored man named William Parker. The officers demanded the slaves, and threatened to shoot them or burn down the house if they did not surrender. The number of besiegers is said to have been fifteen.

While they were advancing on the house Mr. Gorsuch saw a colored man whom he thought he recognized as one of his slaves. The party came to the house and found the door open. They entered, and Kline ordered all to come down stairs, saying that he had warrants for the arrest of Nelson Ford and Joshua Hammond. The negroes replied that there were no such men in the house. Kline and Edward Gorsuch attempted to go up stairs. They were prevented by an ordinary fish gig, or pronged instrument. Mr. Gorsuch and others now went outside to parley with the negroes at the window, but Kline fired his pistol up the stairs, the warrants were read, and a demand was made for the landlord. Kline then proposed to withdraw, but Gorsuch refused, saying, that he would not leave till he had arrested his slaves. The deputy-marshal next ordered some one to go to the sheriff and bring one hundred men.

This was intended to intimidate the negroes. While this was going on, a colored man, who lived in the neighborhood, chanced to pass Parker's house. He saw the yard full of men, one of whom presented a pistol and ordered him to leave the place. He hurried to the store of Elijah Lewis, near by, and told him that "Parker's house was surrounded by kidnapers, who were trying to get him away."

Mr. Lewis is still living in Christiana, at the advanced age of eighty-three years, and what happened after is best told as from his own lips: "I was the first white man that arrived there. On my way I called upon 'Castner Hanway' and told him what was going on. Parker's house is in Sadsbury township, Lancaster county, about two miles from Christiana. The first person I met was Henry Kline, who had a warrant for the arrest of the fugitives. He commanded me to assist in arresting some slaves. I said, 'Thee has come to the wrong place for assistance.' He showed the warrant, and, while I was conversing with him, a company of colored men came with their guns and arrayed themselves in battle order across the road. They stood there, pointing their guns right at us, and calling: 'Get out of the way! get out of the way!' I said to Kline: 'Look up and down the valley; see, the men are coming as hard as they can run, with guns and other weapons.' I then told him to call his men away, and stood by to aid them if needed. They started as if to go away, but the old man and his company went back to the house, leaving an enemy behind in those drawn up across the road, and also to meet several colored men in the house, who had just come there for an apple-butter boiling. I heard the men in the house shout: 'We are saved! we are saved!' Then they came down from the second story. Gorsuch met them, and fired his pistol at Parker. The colored men returned his fire and killed the unfortunate slaveholder. His son was shot also, but not mortally wounded. Then began the running—the colored people, the masters, and the constable's posse—each trying to save himself as best he could. An inquest was held over the body of the elder Gorsuch. In the mean time Lewis Cooper took the younger Gorsuch to Levi Pownall's house. Here he was nursed as carefully as if he had been a brother."

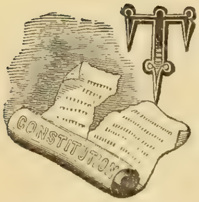
There was nothing done for thirty-six hours to try to arrest those who had had a hand in the riot. Then a warrant was issued for the arrest of those engaged in the affair, giving those actually guilty time to get half-way to Canada. Warrants were issued by a magistrate, Joseph D. Pownall, at Christiana. None of the men that had assailed Parker's house were ever arrested, but thirty-seven innocent negroes languished for weeks in Moyamensing. The total immediate result of the outbreak, which was believed by the anti-slavery people to be part of a gigantic slave-catching expedition into Pennsylvania, was the catching of a single fugitive, but who, by the exertions of Passmore Williamson, Thomas Earle, and others, escaped. Its more remote results are with us to-day.

* * *

ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL OF THE FIRST BODY OF PA. TROOPS.

An Excited Mob.—The First Blood Shed North of Fort Sumter.

BY WILLIAM F. M'KAY, 25th PA. REGIMENT.



TWO years previous to the bombardment of Fort Sumter the military spirit of Lewistown, Pa., was revived by the formation of a company of light infantry. The ranks were filled by young men from the best families in the community. On the morning of the sixteenth day of April, 1861, Governor Curtin called upon our company for service.

The summons was obeyed promptly. Our total number was fifty-one men, including officers. Captain Selheimer increased this number to one hundred and four men in the space of two hours. We took our departure that night for Harrisburg, and were the first company to arrive there. We were speedily joined by four other companies of the Pennsylvania National Guards, the Washington Artillery and National Light Infantry, of Pottsville, the Ringgold Artillery, of Reading, and the Allen Infantry, of Allentown. Our men were only partly armed, and what few muskets we had were turned into the State Arsenal, and for some unaccountable reason we were loaded on the cars, entirely unarmed, to pass through the then disloyal city of Baltimore. We were accompanied by a detachment of forty regulars, whose destination was Fort McHenry, Baltimore.

The city of Baltimore was under the control of the Secessionists and an infuriated mob, frenzied with passion and liquor, who awaited our coming. As we disembarked from the cars we were surrounded by a hooting, yelling crowd, who lavished the most opprobrious epithets upon us. Our line of march was formed with the "Logan" Guards on the right, preceded by a part of the regulars, who accompanied us a part of the way. A line of Marshal Kane's police was on each side of us. The streets and sidewalks were jammed with people, and at every cross street we were met by fresh masses, who hurled bricks and paving stones at us. The line of the police was nearly broken at several points. Doorways and windows were filled and many secession flags met our gaze. Indeed, the only national flag that could be seen was at Fort McHenry. Had the rioters organized as they did two days later, when the 6th Mass. Regt. fought their way through this city, they would have annihilated our command.

A colored servant of the Pottsville companies was the first man on our side to shed his blood, north of Fort Sumter. He was knocked down by a paving stone and his head badly cut. We were put into freight cars at the Washington depot, and it was then that the mob seemed more ferocious than ever. Some mounted the decks of the cars, and by jumping on them attempted to break them through. A continual stream of missiles was flying through the openings of the cars; they attempted to tear up the track and several times uncoupled the engine from our train.

Some of our boys were hard to restrain under all these insults and abuse, and two of them jumped out and offered to fight any two men in the crowd. This seemed to please them somewhat and they said that we might go on, but that they would give the "Massachusetts Yankees h——l." After many delays, we were once more on the move, and at 7 P. M. arrived in Washington. We were silently marched to the Capitol Building, where we were reviewed by Major, afterwards General McDowell. We had our headquarters in the hall of the House of Representatives. That night was our first experience in the art of eating wormy pork and hard-tack. One of our members, who was fully six feet in height, actually shed tears because he had no sugar on his bread. This young man was afterwards a captain in the gallant 96th Pa. Vols., but he is called "Sugar Jim" to this day.

Early on the following morning our first sergeant reported us ready for duty to Adjutant-General Mansfield, and he told

Matthews that we were "the first company reported for duty in the war."

The 6th Regt. of Mass. Vols. having fought their way through the blockade at Baltimore made us feel still more valiant, but for eleven days after we were entirely cut off from the North, until General Butler opened a new route by way of Annapolis. The Massachusetts soldiers were quickly followed by regiments from New York, New Jersey, and Rhode Island. In a few days we received orders to embark for Fort Washington, on the Potomac, opposite Mount Vernon. As we passed Alexandria, our men kept concealed and our steamer hugged the opposite shore, for the rebels had a battery of field guns on the wharf, and had they known there were Union troops on that steamer they would probably have sent us to the bottom of the river. Major Haskin, a one-armed veteran of the Mexican war, was in command of Fort Washington, and under him we speedily acquired the steadiness and accuracy of regular soldiers. Squad and company drills, mounting heavy guns in the fort and water battery, and making abatis on the land side, left us little time to do anything else. When the news of our disastrous defeat at Manassas reached us our time had expired and we voluntarily remained two weeks longer. We were then forwarded to Harrisburg, where we were mustered from service.

On the 22d of July, 1861, we received the thanks of Congress, the following resolution having been passed:—

> *Resolved*, That the thanks of this House are due and are hereby tendered to the five hundred and thirty soldiers from Pennsylvania, who passed through the mob at Baltimore and reached Washington on the eighteenth day of April, 1861, for the defense of the National Capital.

This company afterwards furnished no less than thirty-three commissioned officers in different organizations, and we challenge any company in either army to make a better showing of what the citizen soldier can do. Selheimer and Hulings became colonels.

Our first sergeants, Matthews, Irwin, and William G. Mitchell, late of General Hancock's staff, were brigadiers, another became a major and the rest were commissioned captains and lieutenants. The other four companies also made a brilliant record in the war.

DEFEAT.

General Scott could not understand how a "hero of one hundred battles" could be beaten, and he only believed when the retreating, panic-stricken army sounded its approach. When the veteran was convinced, he gave an order to suppress all news of the disaster which might be offered for telegraphing to the country. Armed with this document I drove to the American telegraph office and notified its manager.

The tables were piled with specials from the field, describing in thrilling language the scenes and events of the day. All intimations of disaster were ruthlessly cut from the specials and only the rose coloring was permitted to be telegraphed. Thus it was that whilst the gloom of the darkest hour in the Republic's history hung like a pall over Washington, throughout the North bells were ringing out rejoicings over the glad tidings of victory. Telegrams were sent to General McClellan, at Beverly, West Virginia, informing him of a "repulse" to McDowell, and to Generals Banks and Dix—both of whom were in Baltimore—instructing them to keep their men under arms. No official telegrams for aid was sent at this time, but Col. Thomas A. Scott, with a keen perception of the situation and foreseeing the necessity of the morrow, sent a telegram to Governor Curtin, at Harrisburg, which was so characteristic of the man, that I give its full text:—

WASHINGTON, July 21, 1861.

HON. A. G. CURTIN, *Harrisburg, Pa.*

Get your regiments at Harrisburg, Easton, and other points ready for immediate shipment. Lose no time preparing. Make things move to the utmost.

THOMAS A. SCOTT.

This dispatch anticipated by many hours any official action looking towards a call for "more troops." Mr. Lincoln lingered around the War Department until after two o'clock in the morning, when he retired to the White House, leaving Mr. Scott on guard—an active, watchful sentinel of the movements of the night. Had the country been consulted, it could not have selected from its patriotic sons an abler, truer, wiser, braver guardian than the noble man Mr. Lincoln left to care for the nation's interests in the crisis which had come upon it.

* * *

6th Mass. Regt. Passing through Baltimore.

A FURIOUS MOB BARRICADES THE STREETS.—MARSHAL KANE HELPLESS.

From History of the Mass. Sixth Regiment.

IN answer to the President's call for troops Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, on the 15th of April, 1861, ordered the 6th Mass. Regt. to muster forthwith on "Boston Common." On the night of April 18, they had reached Philadelphia, Pa., and had put up at the Girard House, then new and unoccupied. The regiment was here met by Gen. P. S. Davis, an agent of Massachusetts, who informed Colonel Jones, of the 6th, that there would be a stormy time when the regiment reached Baltimore, and added he could take no responsibility in directing his action. Colonel Jones responded, "My orders are to reach Washington at the earliest moment possible and I shall go on." It was about 1 A. M. the 19th, and he at once aroused his regiment and arranged with the officers of the railroad for a "pilot engine" to go in advance of his train, so that they arrived safely at Baltimore about 10 A. M., several hours in advance of their expected arrival. Twenty rounds of ball cartridges had been distributed *en route*, so that all the muskets were loaded and primed. As the train reached the city, the engine was unshackled and horses were at once hitched to the cars, as was usual, to draw them across the city. The railroad officials were making nervous haste, fearing what might happen, but nothing like an attack was made until the seventh car had started. Major Watson had been stationed at the rear of the train when leaving Philadelphia, the regiment having taken the cars in regular order as in line, but when they were transferred at Havre-de-Grace the cars were attached differently, so that the order as in line was now broken.

When the car upon which Major Watson was stationed started, he took it for granted that all the regiment was on its way across the city. His car was attacked by clubs, paving stones, and other missiles, but no defense was made until three men had been wounded (the last by a pistol shot), when the company was permitted to fire at will. As it crossed the city, this car was three times derailed. Upon reaching the other depot, Superintendent Smith, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, informed Colonel Jones that the road was so obstructed that the four remaining companies could not be brought over. There were two hundred and twenty men in these four companies (C, I, L, and D) and they were surrounded by a mob of thousands, who filled the air with yells, oaths, taunts, missiles, and shots. Capt. A. S. Follansbee, finding the railroad and streets obstructed, at once assumed command and in the order of the companies as stated commenced his march across the city. A formidable barricade on Pratt street was scaled; and a point where the mob had hoped to annihilate the detachment was thus passed. Cheers for Davis and for the South, and taunts of "you can't fight," "dig your graves," "nigger stealers," and "Yankee scabs," filled the air. Pistol and gunshots came from windows, roofs, and streets, while everything which could be picked up was hurled upon the devoted column. It was early on the march evident, that nothing but blood would satisfy the ruffians, and though in a measure they left the advance clear, yet the crowd hung upon the rear of the column, a dense and infuriated mob. After a few of the men had been wounded, Captain Follansbee gave the boys permission to defend themselves, and from that time until the detachment reached the Washington depot there was a constant fusillade of musketry. As any of the 6th Mass. were wounded they were borne along by comrades. As they reached the Washington depot they found an immense crowd brandishing revolvers, knives, clubs, and other weapons; and the police powerless or disinclined to control them. Guns and revolvers were being discharged on both sides, and the depot was soon perforated like a pepper box. After considerable delay the train started, followed by an enraged crowd, who piled every conceivable obstruction on the track. After frequent stops for repairing breaks the conductor reported he could go no farther, and that the regiment must march the rest of the way. Colonel Jones told him, he held through tickets to Washington, and if he could not run the train through, he had men who could fill every position on the train and could and would put the train through. The train was again started, and at Jackson Bridge, the mob gave up the chase. After a long delay at the Relay House, the train reached Washington late in the afternoon, and the boys were received by Major (afterward General) McDowell, and were quartered that night in the United States Senate chamber. The loss of the regiment in passing through Baltimore was four killed, and thirty-six wounded.

First Battle of Bull Run.

JULY 21, 1861.

A "Baptism of Fire" and a Desperate Struggle. How Jackson got the Title of "Stonewall."

BY MAJOR WILLIAM M. ROBBINS, FOURTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

ON the afternoon of July 18, 1861, the army of Gen. Joe Johnston, 10,000 strong, which had been in front of General Patterson near Winchester, Va., was hastily put in motion and marched off southeastwardly, going we knew not whither. Heat, dust, and night-fall made the rapid march disagreeable enough, but it was pushed without check until we reached the Shenandoah. This river—about waist deep—was waded at dawn of the nineteenth amidst songs, jokes, and general hilarity. The Blue Ridge was passed at Ashby's Gap, and at evening of the same day the head of the column arrived at Piedmont station on the Manassas Gap railroad, from whence Johnston's forces were forwarded in detachments by rail as fast as transportation could be furnished.

So much has been said about Johnston's troops appearing on the field, in the nick of time, and after the battle had been long raging, that an impression extensively prevails that none of them were there at the opening of the fight. This a great mistake. Three brigades—Jackson's, Bartow's, and (nearly all of) Bee's—were at hand when the battle opened and bore an important part in it all day. The 4th Alabama and other regiments of Bee's brigade reached the Junction at noon of the twentieth, and were among the very earliest in the conflict the next day.

It was only a comparatively minor number of Johnston's men under Kirby Smith and Elrey that leaped from the train when the battle was in progress, and, hastening down the Warrenton pike, came in so luckily on the right rear of the Federals and caused the panic which gave the victory to the Confederates.

The 4th Alabama were busy with breakfast not far from the Junction, when the boom of a gun in the direction of the railroad bridge, over Bull Run, drew our eyes that way, and we saw for the first time the little sphere of white vapor produced by the bursting of a shell. Our regiment, with others of Bee's brigade, was at once moved at double-quick towards the Confederate left, but we had scarcely reached the designated point when we were again ordered to go at a rapid run two miles still further up the stream, to meet the Federals at Sudley's Ford. All depended on presenting a quick front to this unexpected movement. We went across the fields at our highest speed and soon reached the plateau of the Henry House, around which the battle was afterward mainly fought. Bee knew that his brigade alone could not hold the position, and saw that the enemy would secure it, unless checked and delayed by some means, before an adequate force of Confederates could get there to oppose them. To gain the needed time it was necessary to risk the sacrifice of the two and a half regiments then with him by a bold movement still further to the front. So he ordered the 4th Alabama, with the 2d and 11th Mississippi, to move half a mile further to the next bridge, to engage the enemy and delay them as long as possible. Down the slope we rushed, panting and breathless, but still eager, because ignorant of the desperate crisis which doomed us to probable destruction, to save the whole army. As we passed the little rivulet below the Stone House, the artillery duel began, and shells of friend and foe shrieked wildly above our heads.

Mounting the hill and entering the copse of timber north of the Stone House, we began to hear a sharp crackling of musketry ahead of us—a collision between the Federals and Wheat's "Louisiana Tigers," wearing the Zouave uniform.

A little further up the hill and beyond the timber, we struck the enemy and no mistake. Their long advancing line, with the "Stars and Stripes" (which made some of us feel sorry), began to peer over the crest, eighty yards in our front, and opened a terrific fire, but which went mostly over us. On receiving the enemy's fire we lay down and waited until we could see their bodies to the waist, when we gave them a volley which was effective and the Federals fell back behind the crest. After some interval they advanced another and longer line; but the result was the same as before, only they held on longer this time and their fire hurt us badly. A third time they came on in a line which extended far beyond our flanks, and now the conflict became bloody and terrible. Their balls came not only from the front but from right and left oblique, cutting down our colonel (Egbert Jones) and many a familiar form so recently full of hope and gayety. Then War began to show us his wrinkled front. It seemed our safest course to hug the ground and pepper away at them; and so from sheer desperation, as much as anything, we kept at it, until, to our great joy, the enemy fell back once more behind the crest. General Bee, seeing that we would be overwhelmed at the next onslaught, gave us the order to retire. Nearly one-third of the 4th Alabama had gone down in the effort and were left on the ground, including the colonel, mortally wounded. The 7th and 8th Georgia, of Bartow's brigade, also came to our advanced position but far to our right during the contest. They had a bloody collision with another column of the Federals, and contributed materially to the delay of the Federal advance.

As we retired by the same route along which we had come, we saw a regiment in column by companies, marching down the rivulet toward us. Their flag was furled on the staff and so was ours. They thought we were Federals, but were not sure. As for ourselves we felt certain no enemy had got so far in our rear; their uniforms also resembled that of the 6th North Carolina, belonging to our brigade, and we naturally took them for that regiment coming to our aid. Thus encouraged we halted, faced about and re-formed our line, intending with this re-enforcement to take another tilt with the enemy. The regiment referred to also halted and deployed into line of battle at right angles to ours and less than one hundred yards from our flank. Their colonel signaled us with his handkerchief, for the purpose of learning who we were, as it afterward appeared. We never dreamed that that was his purpose, thinking of course he knew us. All this took place in a few moments. Having rearranged our line our flag was unfurled showing the "Stars and Bars!" Instantly a blaze of fire flashed along the line of our supposed friends (a New York regiment it really was), and an enfilading hailstorm of bullets tore through the 4th Alabama, killing many and disabling more. Amongst those who fell were Lieutenant-Colonel Law and Major Scott, leaving our regiment without a field officer. What do you suppose we did? We didn't stay there; it is frank to say that we got back to the main Confederate line in the shortest time possible. Having arrived there, the 4th Alabama fell in on the right of the line and fought to the end of that terrible day.

The position of our regiment being now on the right of the Confederate line, the plateau of the Henry House,—and the leading design of the Federals during the entire day being to turn the Confederate left, the heaviest fighting gradually veered toward that flank. The 6th North Carolina, separated from the brigade in the maneuvers of the day, had rushed in single-handed and attempted to check it, but had been smitten by overwhelming power, and their gallant Colonel Fisher and many of his men were no more. Jackson, with his brigade, was struggling desperately, to arrest the Federal columns; but immovable as Jackson and his men stood, the surging tides of the enemy were beating upon him with such a mighty force that it seemed as if he must give way. At one time the battle had entirely lulled on the right. Our brigadier, Gen. Barnard E. Bee, at this moment came galloping to the 4th Alabama, and said: "My brigade is scattered over the field and you are all of it I can find. Men, can you make a charge of bayonets?" "Yes, General," was the prompt response, "we will go wherever you lead and do whatever you say." Pointing toward where Jackson and his brigade were desperately battling, Bee said: "Over yonder stands Jackson, like a stone wall! Let us go to his assistance." Saying that, Bee dismounted and led the 4th Alabama to Jackson's position. Other re-enforcements coming up a vigorous charge was made pressing the Federals back. In this charge Bee fell mortally wounded. Bartow fell nearly at the same time within a stone's throw of the same spot. Before the Federals recovered from the impression made by this partial repulse they saw Kirby Smith's men advancing down the Warrenton pike upon their right rear (as before stated), and his unexpected appearance in that quarter struck them with an overpowering panic and caused their precipitate retreat from the field.

The battle ended so suddenly that the Confederates could neither understand nor scarcely believe it.

BY THE CAMP-FIRE.

BY MRS. S. D. HOBART.

WE meet in joy and gladness
Beside the camp-fire's light,
And kindly greetings temper
The chilling winter's night.
Amid the song and laughter,
The comfort, warmth, and glow,
Our hearts recall the pictures
Of camp-fires long ago.

"Come!" rang from Freedom's watch-towers,
And, answering to the call,
You went, our manliest, bravest,
Our light, our joy, our all,
While mothers to their bosoms
Their stripling first-born pressed,
And whispered through their sobbing,
"Dear land, we give our best!"

Beneath the Southern star-beams,
By camp-fire blazing bright,
You told the tales of skirmish,
Of pickets, march, and fight.
The songs that cheered the moments
Ring down the aisles of time;
No songs so thrill the soldier
As their wild, pulsing rhyme.

"Glory, Hallelujah!"
Pealed through the startled trees;
"We'll rally 'round the flag, boys,"
Came floating on the breeze.
With "Marching on to Richmond!
The canvas walls resound,
And the echoes chorus "Tenting
To-night on the old camp-ground."

"We're coming, Father Abraham!"
Rings to the hills away.
"Our flag shall float, forever!"
"Our own brave boys are they!"
"When this cruel war is over
No longer will we roam."
"Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!"
And the song of "The girls at home!"

Soon came the rude awak'ning;
  Startled, but undismayed,
You heard through widening circles
  The furious fusillade.
O'er wounded, dead, and dying,
  Amid the cannons' roar,
Unwavering and unswerving,
  Fair Freedom's flag you bore.

Oh! valiant, true, and steadfast,
  Through tempest, heat, and cold,
Our country crowned you heroes,
  In those grand brave days of old.
Though homesick, heartsick, weary,
  Daring the battery's breath,
Your brave hearts never faltered
  While face to face with death.

Then back from field and prison,
  A band of crippled men,
The wreck of battle-surges,
  We welcomed you again.
We saw your thin ranks falter,
  And wails of anguish sore
Went up from home and hearthstone,
  For those who came no more.

Still through the rolling ages
  Shall brightly glow their fame;
Still on our country's annals
  Their deeds of valor flame,
And bands of patriot children,
  In spring-time's sunny hours,
Shall rev'rent place above them
  Fair wreaths of spotless flowers.

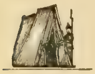
A PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

C. M. BABBITT, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

I WAS a member of Company E of the 37th Mass. Vols., and had a bunk mate by the name of James Perkins, who enlisted from the same town with myself (South Adams), who had a presentiment that he should be killed in the next battle our regiment was engaged in. After the battle of Chancellorsville we tried to argue him out of the idea; but he continued to assert that he knew he should be killed. On the night of July 1, and a portion of the day following, we were compelled to make a forced march of upwards of forty miles to reach Gettysburg for the action which occurred there. During the march my comrade James was so overcome with fatigue that he had to fall out of the ranks, and did not reach the battle field until a few minutes before the rebels opened their terrible fire on the 3d. Our regiment was ordered to re-enforce a point in the lines at double quick, and just as we were getting under way, James turned to me and said, "Charley, this is pretty tough, to nearly march your life out to get here to be killed." The words were scarcely spoken when a piece of shell struck him just over the right ear and passed through his head, coming out above the left eye, killing him instantly. I fell over his body as he was breathing his last. The next morning, with my comrades Baldwin and Pettitt, I helped to put him in a rude grave and mark a board with his name, company, and regiment, which afterwards led to his remains being placed in the National cemetery.

NEWS AT THE CAPITAL FROM BULL RUN.

How Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet Received the Defeat.



BY WILLIAM B. WILSON.

ONE of the most illustrious groups brought together during the war with the South, was one which gathered in the War Department at Washington on the beautiful Sunday which witnessed the tragedy at Bull Run. The group was composed of President Lincoln, William H. Seward, Simon Cameron, Salmon P. Chase, Gideon Welles, and Edwin Bates of the Cabinet; Colonels Townsend, Van Rensselaer, Hamilton, and Wright of General Scott's staff; General Mansfield commanding the defenses at Washington, and Col. Thomas A. Scott, of Pennsylvania. With maps of the field before them they watched the conflict of arms as it progressed. The military telegraph, which had not yet reached the efficiency which afterward characterized it, extended only to Fairfax Court House, from which point General McDowell kept the authorities advised of his movements. Hour after hour the couriers reported our gallant troops steadily forcing the enemy back.

A dispatch had been received from General Patterson the evening before, announcing that Johnston had eluded him, but the possibility of Johnston's forming a junction with Beauregard that day was not thought possible. The day passed quietly, all looking forward with absolute confidence to McDowell's success.

Up to half past three o'clock in the afternoon, advices from McDowell were frequent, the dispatch at that hour indicating that he was pressing Beauregard back to the Junction. From then until the shades of evening, an ominous silence settled on the telegraph. Conversation took a speculative turn on the cause of the sudden cessation of information from the field, but the general opinion was that McDowell, flushed with victory, was too busily engaged in securing its fruits to write dispatches. As time wore on, speculation gave way to impatience, until the throbbing instrument broke the long silence saying, "Our army is retreating." There was no consternation, and but a feeble ripple of excitement. Whatever may have been the feelings and thoughts of these gentlemen they kept them closely veiled.

Mr. Seward smoked on, but the days of his prophecy were ended.

Col. Thomas A. Scott, turning to General Mansfield, said, "General, it would be well to man your fortifications and stay this retreat," and then left the department with the purpose of holding a consultation with General Scott.

ARMY TEAMSTERS.

ARMY teamsters were never appreciated at their true value by soldiers in the field, for it was the general opinion that "any fool can drive mules." Those who tried the experiment found the teamster's office not a sinecure. The successful handling of six stubborn, pugnacious brutes required a degree of patience, skill, and will power only developed by long experience. When the roads were dry and even, wagon driving was a pastime, but when the trains reached the mountain passes, or the roads became seas of mud, then the task was no joke. Mud, three feet deep, as tenacious as stiff clay could make it, rendered the movement of wagons and artillery a difficult operation. The wheels were solid disks of mud, and the labor for both men and animals was multiplied four-fold. Then the genius of the teamster was manifested. With an inexhaustible vocabulary of oaths at command, and armed with a formidable snake whip, both were used with startling and telling effect. The air, blue with shocking profanity, and the huge whip whistling cruelly on the backs of the quivering brutes, gave them new strength, and the mired vehicle soon emerged from its muddy bed. It was a leading article of faith among teamsters that mules could only be driven by constant cursing, and they lived up to that belief with rare constancy. An attempt to drive a team of mules without indulgence in profanity invariably proved a failure, because the animals had become so accustomed to that method of persuasion that they would not move without it. Teamsters, as a class, were brave and untiring in their peculiar sphere of duty, but they got very little credit from the rank and file, being generally looked upon as men who were unwilling to fight. They could fight, however, for the teamsters frequently saved their trains from capture by stubborn resistance when attacked. Every wagon carried a loaded musket and the weapons were often used with deadly effect.

Many a brave mule driver died like a hero in defending the property intrusted to his charge, though there was seldom any record of such bravery.

To see an ordnance train gallop upon a battle field was an exhilarating sight, for the teamsters were then in their glory. Coming up on a trot the wagons wheeled into line as cleverly as if the men were moving field pieces into position, and the mules strained every muscle and obeyed every command with remarkable docility.

KINDNESS NOT FORGOTTEN.

Maj. Burke and the 6th Mass. Regt.

DURING the war Major Burke, of New Orleans, was in command of a detachment that captured a part of the 6th Mass. Regt. He treated the prisoners as kindly as circumstances would permit, and parted from them with expressions of courtesy and regret. Years passed and he heard not a word from any of them. But at the time of the great flood, when Southern Louisiana lay prostrate and helpless under the sweep of turbulent waters, Major Burke, as chairman of the relief committee, received a dispatch from Boston, authorizing him to draw at sight for $10,000. This was one of the earliest responses to the pitiful cry that had gone up from a stricken community for help, and it touched and encouraged the major and his associates. Two hours later came another dispatch from Boston "draw for another $10,000," and in a few hours came a third dispatch donating another $10,000.

With these dispatches came the statement: "The 6th Mass. remembers the kindness of Major Burke."

AN ANECDOTE OF "JEB" STUART.

By General Longstreet.

JEB STUART was a very daring fellow, and one of the best cavalrymen America ever produced. At the second Manassas, soon after we heard of the advance of McDowell and Porter, Stuart came in and made a report to General Lee. When he had done so, General Lee said he had no orders at that moment, but he requested Stuart to wait a while. Thereupon Stuart turned round in his tracks, lay down on the ground, put a stone under his head, and instantly fell asleep. General Lee rode away, and in an hour returned. Stuart was still sleeping. Lee asked for him, and Stuart sprang to his feet and said, "Here I am, General."

General Lee replied, "I want you to send a message to your troops over on the left to send a few more cavalry over to the right."

"I would better go myself," said Stuart, and with that he swung himself into the saddle and rode off at a rapid gallop, singing as loudly as he could, "Jine the cavalry."

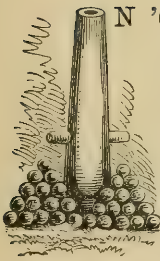
THE FIRST IRON-CLAD RAM.

AN ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE BLOCKADE AT NEW ORLEANS.

1861.

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER IN ARMS.

BY J. R. EGGLESTON.



IN '61, among the earliest orders I received from the Confederate government, was to report for duty on board the steamer McRae, then fitting out for sea at New Orleans. The craft in question was perhaps of a hundred tons burthen. Above the water line and about a foot below, it was encased with railroad iron placed fore and aft, longitudinally. Private persons had constructed this ram and when completed she became the property of the Confederate government; the battle of Bull Run taking place at about that time, she was named the Manassas. She did not carry battery, but depended wholly upon her ramming powers.

It is worthy of consideration that in this hastily constructed ram there was a return to the method of Salamis and Actium; that, too, against artillery compared with which the cannon that thundered at Trafalgar were mere popguns, with the difference that steam was substituted for oars and iron armor for the open deck. A single vessel like the Manassas, unarmed as she was, might easily have destroyed both the Greek and Persian fleets at Salamis and have turned the tide of battle at Trafalgar. Commodore Hollins having taken command of our little naval force at New Orleans, he determined to make an effort to raise the blockade of the river. By this time the Sumter had got to sea, and the machinery of the McRae proving defective, her orders to run the blockade were countermanded and she was permanently attached to Commodore Hollins's command. The McRae was a propeller, mounting six guns, and in addition to her, Commodore Hollins's squadron consisted of a side-wheel steamer, commanded by Captain Fry, a couple of tugboats, mounting a gun apiece, and the ram Manassas.

The Federal blockading squadron lay at anchor in the river. It consisted of the steam corvette Richmond, the sail corvette Preble, and one other vessel whose name I have forgotten. Commander Hollins selected a dark night for the execution of his plan, which was as follows: To ram the Richmond with the Manassas and simultaneously to set adrift fire-ships in the river, above the enemy. Lieutenant Warley, executive officer of the McRae, was selected to command the Manassas. Warley was known as a dashing, intrepid officer, whose readiness to obey an order would be equal to any danger attending its execution. By a singular coincidence he had served on board the Richmond, so that it was against his recent messmates and personal friends that he was about to act. With officers of the regular service it was civil war and no doubt of it. It was messmate against messmate; brother-in-arms against brother-in-arms; and it was only a stern sense of duty that could, under such circumstances, have made American officers take either side. For fire-ships two coal barges were loaded with combustible material and taken in tow by the tugs. On the night of the 12th of October we got under way and steamed down towards the enemy; the Manassas in the advance, followed by the tugs towing the fire-ships; the McRae and Fry's boat brought up the rear.

There is nothing more trying to the nerves than to approach danger in the dark, a fact that I fully appreciated, while, without a word being spoken, we peered into the black night, with the expectation of finding ourselves at any moment under the broadside of a hostile ship five-fold more powerful than our own; for in the wide river and dark night the ram and tugs might readily have passed the enemy without either having seen the other. After a while, the fire-ships were seen in full blaze away down the river, but of the enemy, the Manassas, and the tugs, saw nothing till day dawned. The first object that met our view was the ram lying up against the bank, with Warley and his men standing on her rounded deck. "Well, what's the news?" "We struck the Richmond," was the reply, "but we can't tell what damage we did." The damage, as it turned out, was trifling.

Just before the blow was struck Warley took his seat on a camp-stool to await the result, and the shock was sufficient to turn him and the stool over. If the Federal vessels had been commanded by a cool head they would have captured the whole of our mosquito fleet. As it was, at the first sight of a torch on the river they slipped their cables and made haste to bury their keels in the mud on the bar. There we found them wallowing in the morning and exchanged a few shots with them at long range. The Federal officer reported to Washington that he had been driven on the bar by countless fire-ships and an iron-clad ram, and Commodore Hollins telegraphed to Richmond: "I have raised the blockade. I have peppered them well."

ALLATOONA.

DISMOUNTED from his horse,
On the summit of the hill,
Stood our gallant General Corse,
And he stood erect and still.

He could see them far below,
From the summit where he stood,
He could see them come and go,
All the rebels under Hood.

Under all the far-off trees
He could see them form their lines,
They were gathering like bees
Beneath the oaks and pines.

And the hero watched them now,
As a man may look on death,
With a clouding of the brow,
And a quickening of the breath.

For the traitors were a host
That hourly swelled and grew,
And around him at his post
The loyal men were few.

Then heavenward looked he,
And a prayer was in his eyes,
But the banner of the free
Waved between him and the skies.

And the blue of heaven was blent
With the stars, as if, just then,
'Twas an answer God had sent
To the leader and his men.

Up the hill the flag of truce,
With its folds of dingy white,
Came as if it could seduce
Our general from the fight.

And the message that it brought
From the rebel in the wood
Was as if a coward wrought
As a scribe for General Hood.

"Now yield ye to our strength,
Ere we come with might and main,
For yield ye must at length,
And the bloodshed will be vain."

On the flag gazed General Corse,
As in thought, but not in doubt;
Then he leaned upon his horse,
And he wrote this answer out:—

"Ye may come whene'er ye will,
Ye may come with might and main,
I will answer for it still
That the bloodshed is not vain."

Back, underneath the trees,
Went the flag of truce, and then,
Like clouds of climbing bees,
All the valley swarmed with men.

No pen can paint the strife,
Nor the long and desperate fight
When we gave life after life
For our flag and for the right.

We saw the false ranks reel,
And all the bloody morn
They sank beneath our steel
Like newly-ripened corn.

Bleeding and faint our chief,
But watching still, he stood,
With a smile of grim relief,
The retreating ranks of Hood.

And he sighed, "I mourn the dead,
For their blood has poured like rain,
But 'twas true as truth I said,
It should not be shed in vain."

◆

WHAT A BATTLE IS.

The Calm, the Cannonade, the Charge, the Victory.

BY A BATTLE-SCARRED VETERAN.

AS we formed in line with the cool green woods at our backs, the birds were singing, the butterflies fluttering about on erratic wing, and a cow stood under a tree to our right and lazily chewed her cud and switched away the flies.

It was midsummer, and the scene was so quiet and peaceful that our eyes would have grown sleepy, had we not known that ten minutes more was to change it into a raging hell. In the woods behind us we could hear the tramp of regiments and brigades—in the forest across the peaceful meadow regiments and brigades of the enemy were coming into position. One could have crossed the meadow and scarcely noticed the preparations for the bloody struggle ready to begin.

Now came that dreadful silence which always falls upon an army just before the flame of destruction is lighted. It is this silence that makes men turn pale and tremble. If it lasts five minutes it seems a day. There is no loud talk—no words of jest. The most reckless man feels the weight of that ominous silence. If the line is to be dressed, the order is given in a low voice, and the men step softly. The horses feel the oppression as well as the men. Some move uneasily about, others stand perfectly quiet, ears pointed forward, and eyes searching the woods beyond.

Crash! Bang! Roar!

The opening comes as suddenly as a thunder-clap, and there is a movement of relief up and down the line. The spell is broken, and men and horses are anxious to move. The song of birds gives place to the roar of guns, the sleepy haze to a cloud of smoke, and Peace stands aghast.

The brigade to the left swings out and the one to the right is slowly hidden by the smoke. Bullets are singing over our heads and throwing up the dirt in front.

All of a sudden the roar is increased. The enemy has planted a battery on the hill to our left, and is plunging shot and shell into the flank of all the troops on our right. Down our front sweeps an avalanche of destruction, breaking our own lines, and shattering others beyond.

We change front to face the battery. The line in front stalks grimly into the smoke, and the line behind us makes its presence known by a steady tramp! tramp! tramp! One cannot tell whether a single regiment or a whole brigade is moving off to charge the battery, for the smoke has drifted upon us until the tenth man to the left or right can barely be counted. We can hear no order, but the line goes straight ahead until clear of a dip in the meadow, and then it suddenly springs forward. Men cheer, but in that awful roar the voice of man could not be heard ten feet away.

Men fall to the right and left. The line stumbles over corpses as it hurries on. There are flashes in the smoke-cloud, explosions in the air; men are stepped on or leaped over as they throw up their arms and fall upon the grass in agony of mortal wound. It is a nightmare of death. The rank and file hear no orders, see no officers, and yet they push on. Bayonets are fixed, and we are upon the guns before we see our enemy. No one has an order to give, and no order could be heard. The line moves ahead or falls back as if it were controlled by a lever, and yet no one can see how. Each man acts for himself, and yet all act together.

There is a struggle over the guns. Men are shot and bayoneted as they ram home the charges. The guns are discharged upon struggling masses not ten feet from the muzzles. Now our lines retreat. Why so we cannot tell. A dozen of us are fighting over a field-piece, shooting, stabbing, and clubbing, but we fall back and reform. Half of the guns are silent, others are pouring grape into us across a space not three hundred feet wide. No one seems to give orders, but all at once our lines move forward again with a cheer. No one sees his right or left hand man. For the time each one is alone. The line bends back—doubles up—straightens out—surges ahead—falls back—springs forward, and again we are among the field pieces. Bayonets and sabers clash. Muskets are clubbed to deal blows after bayonets are broken. There is a terrible roar —a thick smoke—a constant cheering and the horrible nightmare forces a single man to attack a dozen.

Ah! what is this? All at once there is a lull. Men look around in astonishment. Wounds unfelt five minutes ago begin to bring groans now. What has happened? The smoke drifts and the explanation is at hand. We have captured the guns and routed the regiment in support. It was a bayonet charge, resisted by bayonets, and we have won. There are ten acres of meadow covered with dead and wounded—with knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, muskets, and swords, and yet it was only one simple move on the chess-board of the battle field. The guns are turned on the enemy, our lines reformed in rear, and men ask if it is really so, that we stalked in the shadow of death for half an hour. It seems like a dream; it might be a dream but for the awful sights all around us, but for the awful cries coming up from the wounded as thirst and pain do their work.

EX-SENATOR POMEROY, of Kansas, states that on March 18, 1861, he and a friend watched a delegation from the secession convention at Richmond, saw them go to Gen. Lee's house at Arlington, heard them offer him the command of the Virginia army, heard him accept, and then hurried back to Washington and told the President. They were referred to Mr. Seward, who repudiated any suggestion of Lee's disloyalty, and refused to take steps. Next day Lee was in command of the rebel army.

Thrilling Experience of a Union Scout.

CAPTURED ON THE STONEMAN RAID.—THREATENED AS A SPY.—ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.

JOHN C. HALL, BELT, MICH.

GENERAL Capron would never surrender; but finding I was too badly wounded to follow him he made his escape with his command from the field. The severely wounded were removed to Confederate Colonel Haskell's house. There I was pointed out to the Confederate officers by some of our own men as a spy, and was informed that if I lived until the next day I would be hung. That night John Smouse, of the 2d Ind. Cavalry, died from an amputation and was buried at Sunshine Church, and a board with my name, company, and regiment was placed at the head of his grave. The members of Company E, 14th Wis. Cavalry, can testify to this.

We were now moved to Macon hospital, where my hair and beard were removed and I was known as John Culbert.

A few days before the surrender squads of our men were sent out to destroy railroad and other public property, but the boys frequently destroyed private property and confiscated articles of value to themselves.

My duty as a scout brought me one day to a fine brick residence not far from Sunshine Church, where I discovered some of our boys. I dismounted and went in to see what they were at. I found they had piled some fine furniture on a splendid piano in the parlor and were about firing it. I tried to dissuade them, telling them that we were not sent down there to make war on defenseless women and children, or to insult them and destroy their property. This only aggravated the boys; they made for me, and it was not until I knocked three of them down with the back of my saber that they could understand me. They then left, I threatening to report them. It occurred to me afterwards, as I lay in hospital at Macon, why I had been pointed out as a spy.

As I recovered from my wound I was allowed the freedom of the hospital grounds. One day I met a paroled Federal officer —a prominent commander in the late disastrous raid. He turned to the guard and said, "You had better take care of that fellow (pointing to me); he is a dangerous man." The guard replied, "Mind your own d——d business. You don't run this thing." I soon found out why I met with so much consideration at the hands of the enemy. The people whose property I saved from conflagration came to the hospital, thanked me for what I had done for them, gave me a roll of Confederate money, and expressed a hope that they might give further assistance.

I soon lost this soft thing, for we were sent to that world-wide renowned pen at Andersonville. Here I saw and heard things too terrible to mention. I can only say that, after all that has been said and written, "the half has not been told," and never should be. It would be too revolting for human ear. At the end of six weeks I made my escape. The dogs were put on my track, but I managed to avoid them. I wandered in the bush for several days; was captured near Griffintown and taken back to Macon. After five days I walked out into the country and hid in the bushes, making my way the best I could toward the Union lines. After three weeks I was recaptured near Millen and taken to Lawton. I remained there five weeks. I was sent out one morning with the wood squad and forgot to go back. I wandered in the woods several days and nights, until my feet were so frozen that I could not walk. A reb found me, took me to his home, made me comfortable, and in a few days turned me over to the proper authorities, and I was sent to Savannah prison. Escaping again, I went out on a rice plantation and remained secure for three weeks, when I heard they were exchanging prisoners at Charleston, so I went thither and gave myself up. But here I met with a sad disappointment. I was put on a train with some other prisoners to be sent to Florence. We were put in a box car with two guards. Before reaching Florence we passed over a long trestlework. It was growing dark, and our guards were standing by the open side door lighting their pipes. Quick as a tiger I sprang upon them, pushed them from the car, and they fell clear off the bridge. Their guns went off when they struck the trestlework, but I have never heard from the guards. At the first stop I escaped from the train, secure in the darkness. I wandered about several days, but becoming exhausted, I surrendered to General Iverson, at Florence, who, in spite of all the unpleasantness between us at Stoneman's surrender, treated me very kindly. I remained at Florence until March, 1865, when I was exchanged and rejoined my old regiment.

CARVED HIS OWN HEADBOARD.

SINGULAR DEATH OF A SERGEANT-MAJOR.

BY OLIVER EDWARDS, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.

PREMONITIONS of death in battle prove false a hundred times to one; but I will relate an instance where it proved true, that occurred within my own command, the 4th Brigade, 2d Division, 6th Corps. It was at the close of a charge upon the enemy's lines, with my brigade sheltered from heavy volleys of grape and canister by a slight rise of the ground in front. The regiments were prone in line, and night closing in rapidly. One of my regiments (the 10th Mass., Col. J. B. Parsons), their time expiring that night, had their orders to proceed to City Point the next morning and embark for home. Sergt.-Maj. George F. Polly at this time carved upon a shingle, or slab, his own headboard, as follows: "Sergt.-Maj. George F. Polly, 10th Mass. Vols. Killed at Petersburg, Va., June 21, 1864"—the date being for the next day, when he knew the regiment was going home. He handed the headboard to a comrade and insisted that he would be killed the next day. At daylight next day the regiment was relieved from duty and marched to the rear of Sugar Loaf Hill, and halted to draw rations. On the top of the hill two negroes were on a scaffold to be executed for rape. The rebels fired one shell from a twenty-pound siege gun. The shell passed over the hill and burst. A large fragment struck Sergeant-Major Polly, instantly killing him. He was the only man hit, and that, too, in a position where he seemed perfectly safe. Any member of the brave 10th Mass. then present can vouch for the truth of the above.

ON GUARD.

At midnight, on my lonely beat,
When shadow wraps the wood and lea,
A vision seems my view to greet
Of one at home that prays for me.

No roses bloom upon her cheek—
Her form is not a lover's dream—
But on her face, so fair and meek,
A host of holier beauties gleam.

For softly shines her silver hair,
A patient smile is on her face,
And the mild, lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moon-like grace.

She prays for one that's far away—
The soldier in his holy fight,
And begs that heaven in mercy may
Protect her boy and bless the right

Still, though the leagues lie far between,
This silent incense of her heart
Steals o'er my soul with breath serene,
And we no longer are apart.

So, guarding thus my lonely beat,
By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
That vision seems my view to greet
Of her at home who prays for me.

CAPTURED OURSELVES.

Experience of a colored teamster of the Federal army at the battle of Bull Run, as related by him in Willard's Hotel, Washington:

"De fust ting we know'd we see de sogers comin', and I should tink dar war millions on millions—de cap'n of de regiment sing'd out 'drap down dar! drap down dar!' but Lor'! 'twan't no use; de bung-shells cum and took dar heads clear off! Dis chile tink him dead for suah, and in de confusement Massa Gibbon's mules got loose wid six niggers on 'em, and run smack and smoove into Massa Linkum's lines and *captured ourselves!*"

GENERALS FOSTER AND HILL.

AT WASHINGTON, N. C.

When the Union troops were under siege at Washington, N. C., Gen. D. H. Hill sent in a flag of truce, demanding an immediate and unconditional surrender of the town. Gen. John G. Foster, who was in command of the place, returned the answer: "Say to General Hill, if he wants Washington, come and take it. If another flag of truce appears before my lines I shall fire upon it."

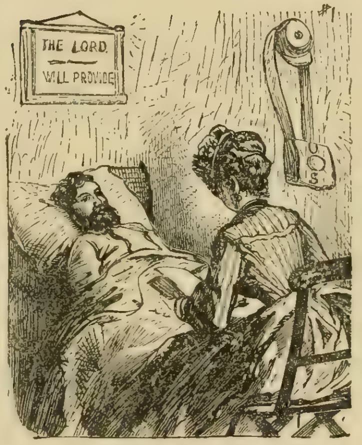
General Hill looked wistfully at the prize eighteen days, and then in disgust left it untouched.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF AN

ARMY NURSE.

MRS. M. M. C. RICHARDS.



MUCH zeal and linen were wasted in the early days of havelocks and lint-scraping, and many yards of cotton expended in fashioning shirts and drawers so large that no Yankee soldier could possibly fill one, except he were measured by his courage and endurance. One pair fell into our hands, measuring eight feet in length and wide in proportion. These were laid aside at the suggestion of a Boston surgeon for mush poultice bags into which the patient should be slipped and tied up.

The first volunteer hospital was opened to the sick men of the 19th Ind. Regt. in the unfinished wing of the United States patent office, by the action of Caleb Smith, Secretary of the Interior. This was in its beginning a rude affair, and when we entered with Mrs. Almira Fales into the rough, comfortless wards we were dismayed. But her cheerful order, "Go to work, girls, wash their faces, comb their hair, do what you can,"—and her salutation to the men, " Now, boys, I guess you'll get well; I've brought some young ladies to see you,"—lent an atmosphere of cheer to the scene, for the moment at least. The sick boys were lying on rough boards, or on tiles placed against the walls, with or without mattresses as it happened. Surgeons and hospital stewards and women worked in a confused way without order or direction. But from disorder and discomfort gradually came a well ordered hospital, which was opened to patients from all regiments, but still called the Indiana hospital.

But that was in the summer of '61, and we could smile at the wants of wounded men then. Later on came pathetic scenes at which we did not smile—one when Tyler, of Michigan, was brought in, accidentally shot through both knees while gathering wood for a camp-fire. The surgeon trying to save both limbs waited too long, and one sorrowful day the nurse found the usually cheerful fellow crying like a child at the decision of the surgeon just made known to him. "My leg has got to be amputated to-morrow; I wish it could be done to-day if it has got to come off"—and then the thought of going home crippled, it was almost better not to go at all. "But you'll stay by me, won't you?" On the promise given in response to this he relied. The next day, stretched upon the rude amputating table, he looked about for the nurse, and taking her hand said, "Now let me go to sleep," and so seemed content till the blessed chloroform deadened all thought or care. Though the operation was successful, and all the first conditions good, a secondary hemorrhage occurred after the first dressing, and we could only sit by the poor fellow as his life ebbed away. In the winter, small-pox appeared and many of the boys were sent to Kalorama, to the government pest-house. The first case I remember to have been a red-headed man who begged to have his hair brushed to ease the pain in his head. He presently remarked that he guessed that "brush would take the hide off." The surgeon passing by stopped to examine the pustules that appeared, and hastily advised no more brushing. The man was at once removed to an outer hall, and the ambulance carried him away.

The summer of '62 found better hospital accommodations for the army, and the Indiana hospital was closed. Now came a chance to go "to the front." All the world was crying "On to Richmond," and on to Richmond we essayed to go. Mrs. Almira Fales had already made an expedition to the army at Savage Station, and there distributed to the soldiers bountiful supplies furnished generously from the North. She had returned to Washington to replenish her stores, and now proposed a second journey. She remarked that "those boys had been fed on lint and bandages long enough; I'm going to take them some goodies." The writer was, to her great delight, allowed to accompany Mrs. Fales as her assistant, and, armed with passes from the Secretary of War, we went to Fortress Monroe, only to learn that no farther could we go at present. We were ordered to proceed to the James river, casting anchor about dark alongside the gun-boat Port Royal. A little boat's crew came to visit us and the crowd on deck are electrified by the news we hear from them. "McClellan cut to pieces, the left wing twenty-three miles back, and the whole army on the skedaddle." The captain of the Port Royal gives the parting advice to Captain Woods of the Daniel Webster to "hurry up in the morning, keep all the ladies below, and don't be surprised to see a shot across your bows any time."

July 1, I wake early to find ourselves steaming rapidly up the James river. Reach Harrison's Landing at seven o'clock. Find crowds of sick, wounded, and worn-out men engaged in the recent battles. It is not long before Mrs. Fales and I are among them. None of these were very seriously wounded, but all were seriously hungry and demolished the rations with the skill of veterans. Mrs. Fales's supplies furnish all the provisions we have for the sick, and she deals them out lavishly all day long, forgetting even to eat any dinner herself. For my own part I am busy helping here and there. Some wounds I wash and bandage. One shattered finger I wash and leave covered till a surgeon comes. He takes out his knife and before I know it the finger is left there for me to pick up and throw away! One man was struggling in vain to dress a wound on his shoulder. Offering to help him I found him so in need of cleaning up generally that I proposed that he should wash his face first. "Wash my face," said he, as if the idea were new, "why I haven't washed my face since the 24th of June!" "Well," said I; "would you like to try it for a change?" "I guess so," he answered; "you see we hadn't any water to spare for our faces down on the Chickahominy; we drank water that we wouldn't give to a dog at home." I brought him a basin of water, soap, towel, and a clean shirt and left him to these luxuries. You should have heard him laugh when I came again to find him. "Don't know me now, I'm so clean, do you?" This story is good to tell to those who are fond of quoting that other story of the young lady who went one morning into a city hospital and proposed to bathe the head of a sick soldier. The soldier declined her offer with thanks, but she insisted, saying, "Let me bathe your head, I want so much to be useful." "Well," he sighed, "you can if you want to so bad, but you are the fourteenth one as has done it this morning."

COMPLETELY UNNERVED.

THE following comes from a Grand Army man in Maine:—

"It was at the battle of Gettysburg, when the bullets were falling like hail, and the shells were shrieking and bursting over our heads in a way to make the bravest heart tremble, that a private dropped out of the ranks and skulked back toward the rear. He was well under way, when, unfortunately for him, he was met by General Slocum coming to the front.

"'What are you doing here? Get back to your post!' the General shouted.

"The poor fellow stopped still and trembled like a leaf, but made no reply.

"'Get back to your post, you miserable coward! Aren't you ashamed of yourself to be skulking back here when you should be in front with your brave comrades?'

"Still the man made no reply, but commenced to cry like a year-old infant.

"'You infamous, sneaking coward!' shouted the infuriated General, 'get back to your post! I'll ride you down like a dog. Why, you are nothing but a baby.'

"'I-I-I'll t-t-tell you what, General,' said the blubbering fellow, 'I'd g-g-give anything just now if I was a b-b-baby; and i-i-if I had my choice I'd rather be a female b-b-baby.'"

SHERIDAN'S OPINION OF GRANT.

I SAW General Grant for the first time on the battle field at Shiloh. General McPherson, whose picture hangs there, was with him at the time. Although we had belonged to the same regiment we had never met before. After the Mississippi campaign I met General Grant a second time. and afterward I was thrown with him more or less. When he became lieutenant general, he placed me in charge of the cavalry service of the Army of the Potomac. I accompanied him to Florida and to Mexico, and our acquaintance was not only intimate, but almost lovable. He was a far greater man than people thought him. He was always able, no matter how situated, to do more than was expected of him. That has always been my opinion of General Grant. I have the greatest admiration for him, both as a man and as a commander.

CAPTURED * BY * A * GIRL.

A Confederate who talked Love to the Wrong Person and was Punished.

CORPORAL TUCKER, OF MO.

IT was on Price's first scouting raid into Missouri. We were pushing the Yanks pretty hard, and I and a couple of Missouri boys were sent out to take a turn through Hickory county way. Price wanted horses pretty bad, and we was on a tour of observation like. Well, we had ridden along about three days, puttin' up at night at houses where the women folks were all right, and we finally put up with a widow named Alibone. The men with me knew she had a son in the Federal army, but they knew her and we put up there anyhow. She treated us very nice, gave us corn pone and sow-belly, and all she asked of us was to make as little noise as possible, 'cos her daughter Lindy was not feelin' well, and had gone to sleep. Lindy was in the next room—up in Missouri they don't have more than two rooms in a house,—and the beds all bein' together the old lady and the girl slept together. We hadn't turned in and were sittin' by the hearth when Lindy got up and dressed and came in. She was a pretty big girl, but good looking, and she had a hood on. Well, sir, she sat right up to me, makin' fun of our army, but doin' it in a nice way, and the other fellows went to bed, leavin' us there. It was a bright moonlight night and she said she'd like to take a stroll, so we strolled. Well, pretty soon I had my arm around her waist and kissed her a time or two, and she said she was afraid we Confederate officers was a set of gay deceivers. All this time we were gettin' away from the house and toward the horse pond. I remember Lindy showin' me how the moonlight sparkled on the ripples of the horse pond, and tellin' me that she thought that was the sort of a bridge we'd go up to heaven on when we came to die. I was just going to say suthing appropriate when suthin struck me right straight in the mouth and chin, and keeled me over. When I came to, Lindy was sittin' on me, with pretty near all of her apron stuffed down my throat, and she was tearin' her dress, which she had taken off, into long strips. You needn't look shocked, fellows, she had a nice suit of soldier clothes on underneath. Fact is, she wasn't a she at all, but a he of the worst kind. Well, young Alibone bound me up with those calico rags, took our horses out of the stable, helped me on to one and tied my feet underneath, and started with me to the Federal camp, about ten miles away. I wouldn't have minded it so much, but every once in a while he would turn around and scratch me under the chin with his finger, and call me "honey" and "ducky," and then he'd go on about the rifts in the clouds, and the stars shining, until it made me sick.

At Gettysburg.—The list of casualties among general and field officers at Gettysburg exceeded that of any other contest in which the Army of the Potomac ever participated.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

March 7, 1862.

A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE FOR VICTORY.

(BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.)

THE battle opened by an attack upon the right of the Union line near Elkhorn Tavern, where the 24th Missouri was stationed. Colonel Carr at once advanced to the relief of this outpost, which movement brought on the battle. Curtis's gallant division moved into position under fire, and Davis was ordered to support it, but a sudden attack on the left changed the direction of the latter to the relief of Osterhaus. General Curtis says: "The battle raged in the center with terrible fury. Colonel Davis held the position against fearful numbers and our troops stood or charged in steady lines. The fate of the battle depended on success against this flank movement of the enemy, and here, near Leetown, was the place to break it down. The fall of Generals McCulloch, McIntosh, and other officers of the enemy, who fell early in the day, aided us in our final success at this most critical point; and the steady courage of officers and men in our lines chilled and broke down the hordes of Indians, cavalry, and infantry that were arrayed against us. While the battle raged in the center the right wing was sorely pressed, and the dead and wounded were scattered over the field. Colonel Carr sent for re-enforcements and I sent a few cavalry and my body guard, with the little mountain howitzers, under Major Bowen. These did good service at a most critical period. I urged Colonel Carr to stand firm—that more force could be expected soon. Subsequently Colonel Carr sent me word that he could not hold his position much longer. I could then only reply by the order 'persevere.' He did persevere, and the sad havoc in the 9th and 4th Iowa and Phelps's Missouri and Major Weston's 24th Missouri, and all the troops in that division, will show how earnest and continuous was their perseverance."

Sigel, detecting McCulloch's movement to join forces with Price, attempted to intercept it with cavalry and three pieces of artillery. By a vigorous onslaught of the Indian cavalry our guns were captured, the cavalry routed, and the way opened for McCulloch to obtain for his infantry the cover of a dense wood, on the west of which was a large open field. Here ensued a protracted and fearful struggle between McCulloch and the forces under Osterhaus, who, by hard fighting, held his position until the arrival of Davis with his division, when, by a gallantly executed charge, the Confederates were driven from the field. In the crisis of the struggle McCulloch dashed forward to reconnoiter, and fell a victim to his rashness. Almost at the same moment McIntosh fell while leading a cavalry charge upon a Union battery. Deprived of these two favorite generals the shattered forces of the enemy retired in dismay to rally on Price's corps.

The conflict raged with unremitting fury on the right and center, where Price, in a determined attempt to carry that position, had pushed his troops into the fight regardless of loss. At 3 P. M. General Curtis ordered Sigel to re-enforce the 3d and 4th Divisions.

Colonel Carr, covered with blood from three wounds, with one arm disabled, was falling slowly back, contesting the ground step by step. Many of his field officers had fallen; and the ground in his front, covered with wounded and dying, told how stubborn had been the resistance of the heroic 4th Division. The 4th Iowa, falling back for ammunition, dressing on its colors in perfect line, was met by General Curtis, who ordered the regiment to face about and hold its position until re-enforcements should arrive. Colonel Dodge rode forward and explained that his men were out of cartridges. "Charge with the bayonet, then," said Curtis. The men faced about at the order, and, with a cheer, pressed forward. The enemy, not liking the glittering steel, fell back, and the lost ground was won.

Arboth planted his artillery in the road and opened on the enemy. The 2d Missouri deployed and pressed forward. The shades of night were falling, but the fight raged with increasing vehemence. Colonel Osterhaus had moved to the support of General Davis, who, with a portion of his division, was still engaged on Carr's left; but it was too late when he got into position to open fire, and his weary troops bivouacked upon the field.

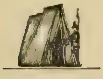
On the right the firing continued until the batteries ran out of ammunition (the Confederates firing the last shot), when the two divisions arrayed along the edge of a piece of timber with fields in front, sought rest in sleep.

The loss on Curtis's right had been compensated by victory on his left. The discipline of Carr's division prevented anything like panic. They had been forced back by superior numbers, but had held together, and, in proportion to numbers, the division was as strong for service as before the conflict began. Van Dorn's headquarters were at Elkhorn Tavern, where Curtis had been the previous morning. Each army held its opponent's line of retreat. There was no recourse but to fight for their communications with their respective bases. It is said that several officers of the Union army met at the headquarters of a division commander, and sending for the colonel of a cavalry regiment, directed him, in case of defeat, to hold his men in readiness to escort them to the open country in the rear of the Confederate lines. They were, however, prevented from rivaling the exploit of Floyd and Pillow, by a timely return of reason and the dawn of day.

The fight of the following morning was brief, but was hotly contested.

With the rising sun the Union troops renewed the contest with Price. Davis's division opened the fight from one of his batteries, which was replied to with terrible correctness by three of the Confederate batteries posted where they would do the most execution. The entire Union line now advanced. The dark blue line of the 36th Illinois in front steadily rose from base to summit of the ridge whence the Confederate batteries had dealt death and destruction to the Union ranks. The 12th Missouri also rushed into the enemy's lines, bearing off a flag and two pieces of artillery.

The roar of artillery was deafening, for every gun continued firing until it was captured or driven back. When Van Dorn determined to withdraw from the field, he left Col. Henry Little, with a Missouri brigade, to hold the field as long as possible. For two hours this command held their position in support of several batteries. Unshaken by the tremendous artillery fire converged upon them, they remained until their ranks were decimated, their artillery horses killed, and their guns dismounted by the terrible fire. Then onward crept the skirmish line, and behind them the artillery. The range shortened, no charge by the Confederates could save them now. A sudden rush and rapid firing by the skirmishers drove them to the shelter of the woods, whence they were dislodged by a charge all along the Union line, and the retreat of Van Dorn's army was revealed to the astonished gaze of the Union troops. Van Dorn retired with his beaten army south of the Boston Mountains, where Curtis could not follow him.



THE HEROIC McCOOK FAMILY.

THE venerable mother of that distinguished family of soldiers, the "fighting McCooks," of Ohio, has been laid to rest with her group of heroes in Spring Grove Cemetery in Cincinnati. She had twelve children, nine of them sons, and eight of the sons were at some time during the War of the Rebellion engaged in the military service under the Union flag. One who was educated at West Point became a major general, two who joined the volunteer army from civil life became brigadier generals. Three of her sons and her husband were killed by the enemy. Charles Morris McCook, a private, was killed in the first Bull Run battle, 21st July, 1861. Brig.-Gen. Robert L. McCook was murdered by guerrillas in Tennessee, having gone in his ambulance, to which he was confined by sickness, a short distance ahead of his brigade. When Morgan made his raid into Ohio, Maj. Daniel McCook, although sixty-seven years old, white haired, and not connected with the army, joined the forces that pursued him, and received a mortal wound in the fight on Buffington Island, July 21, 1863. Brig.-Gen. Daniel McCook was killed in the attack on Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864.

The other five soldier sons survived the perils of that war, but one of them afterward fell in an Indian fight. Of Mrs. McCook's twelve children, but two sons and two daughters survived their mother.

JUST ❊ LIKE ❊ LINCOLN.

A Twelve-Dollar Telegram and the Answer it Brought.

November, 1864.

THOS. J. STEVENS, 1st Sergt. Co. B, 122d Ill. Inf. Vols.

IN October, 1864, I was acting adjutant at the convalescent barracks in St. Louis, Mo. There were 400 in the barracks awaiting the return of the 16th corps from its pursuit of Price. Politics ran high. About one-third of the boys were for "Little Mack," the others strongly in favor of the re-election of "Uncle Abe." Nearly all the Western states were represented in the barracks. About one hundred of us were Illinois men, which state, owing to its copperhead legislature of the previous year, did not permit its soldiers to vote in the field or away from home. Most of the loyal states had made provision for their soldiers to vote in the field in all general elections. As the day of election drew near the anxiety of the "boys" to exercise "the rights of freemen" became intense. Rebel sympathizers had spread the report that the McClellan men would not be furloughed to vote against "Old Abe"; but orders were issued by the President to furlough as many men belonging to states refusing their soldiers a vote away from home as the good of the service would warrant and for such length of time as would be necessary to return home and get back to their commands. In compliance with this order, thousands were allowed to go home and vote—vote as they pleased—without fear or reward from their superior officers. All were treated alike, whether Republicans or Democrats. The result was that many soldiers who had intended voting for "Little Mack," voted for "Uncle Abe," because he had given them the opportunity of voting against him—such are the perversities and contradictions of human nature! Lieutenant Chapman, of my regiment, was in command of our barracks. When we began to look for a chance to go home to vote, no one could be found who commanded him lower in rank than the department commander, who was several hundred miles away in the field after Price, where it was impossible to get an order from him for furloughs. His adjutant-general at St. Louis decided that he could do nothing, and told us that he had telegraphed to the Secretary of War, and could get no reply, and we must give it up.

Having heard of Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart for the "boys" and his disregard for red tape, it was suggested to the lieutenant that we telegraph the President, stating our case briefly and asking him to authorize the lieutenant to give us furloughs —the Illinois men for five days, and those from more distant states for ten days. This was not received with favor except by the lieutenant and a few of the more sanguine believers in "Uncle Abe." I wrote out the dispatch and read it to the assembled crowd. The Lincoln men said it was useless, as the President would not notice it unless it came through the regular channels. The McClellan men said they knew they would not be furloughed anyway, if others were, and that they would go to no trouble about it; but wait till they did get a chance, and they would show the Abolitionists whether they could run things, and whether a white man wasn't as good as a nigger! After a long discussion, in which the lieutenant and I assured them that all should be treated alike, it was decided to send a man to the telegraph office, three miles away, and find out what it would cost to send it to Washington. The man returned with the astounding information that it would cost twelve dollars! None of us had been paid off for several months, and were strapped, so the raising of such a large amount proved a serious undertaking; but finally this sum was made up and the dispatch sent. Next evening an answer came, signed by the President, directing Lieutenant Chapman to furlough the men, as requested in our message. Great was the rejoicing when this was read. Three cheers and a tiger were given with a vim for "Old Abe," the McClellan men outvying the Lincoln men, if possible, in their demonstrations of delight at the good news. Nearly all the McClellan men declared that they would never vote against "Uncle Abe," and so far as I could learn, not one of them did.

Lincoln was far wiser than any of his generals, and knew better than they how to reach the hearts of his soldiers, because his own generous heart was always concerned for the rights, the needs, the privations, and the sorrows of "those who bore the burden of the battle," that "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth."

SEXTON BROWN AND NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

ONE Sunday, during the war, the late Sexton Brown of Grace Church, New York, was performing the duty of grand usher at the church, when a soldier, who presented a seedy appearance, walked up the main aisle and took a seat near the chancel. All at once there was a buzz among the congregation, and the sexton stepped up to the stranger, and tapping him on the shoulder, said :—

"I will show you to a seat, sir."

The soldier rose and followed Brown, who led him to a rear pew. As he entered the pew and was about to sit down, the stranger removed his faded overcoat and disclosed a handsome, brand-new military suit, with the straps of a major-general upon the shoulders. Then there was another hum of conversation and a rustling of silks as the congregation moved in their pews to get a view of the man. Again Sexton Brown approached the soldier, and said :—

"General, I'd be pleased to give you a good seat."

"Oh, never mind," said the military gentleman. "I'm much obliged to you. I've been among the commoners for the last year or two, and I guess I can worship God back here among them as well as up in front."

Brown retired as gracefully as possible, and was quite surprised before the service was over to learn that the soldier in the seedy overcoat was Maj.-Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks.

EIGHTY-SIX BATTLES.

It is said that some of the regiments of the 5th Army Corps participated in eighty-six battles—no flag can possibly hold all the names. We venture to say that there never was a corps in any other army that can show such a gallant record as this.

BUTLER "BOTTLED UP."

The term "Bottled Up," as applied to Gen. Butler, did not come from Gen. Grant but Gen. Barnard. Gen. Barnard reported to Gen. Grant the condition of affairs in Gen. Butler's department, and, drawing a sketch of the locality, said he is effectually "bottled up."

SCENES AT SHILOH.

APRIL 7, 1862.

The Second Day's Fight—Greatest Battle Ever Before Fought On This Continent.

BY ALEXANDER S. JOHNSTONE, FIRST SERGT. CO. H, U. S. ARTILLERY.

THE battle of Shiloh on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, was, at the time, the greatest battle ever fought on this continent. On the first day the Union forces sustained an overwhelming defeat, the camp and garrison equipage of the army, several batteries, and nearly three thousand prisoners being captured by the Confederates. On the second day the Union army gained a decisive victory, recapturing in turn their camp and garrison equipage, and twenty pieces of artillery. It will be my province to treat of the second day's battle, writing only what came under my observation. The brigade to which our battery belonged (Boyle's, of Crittenden's division) arrived at Savannah, Tenn., at 12 M., on Sunday, April 6.

Although the sound of artillery was heard all the morning, we little dreamed that a great battle was in progress until we entered Savannah and saw the wounded, who had arrived in transports from the field. Shiloh was nine miles by water, but in an air line only five miles distant. Nelson's division, which arrived ahead of ours, left Savannah at 1 P. M. for the scene of action, marching up the right bank of the Tennessee river. As the road which they had to traverse was swampy, the artillery had to be left behind. It was about three o'clock before a steamer arrived at the wharf for our battery.

Of Buell's forces, there were on the field at daybreak, Monday, Nelson's division in line of battle, the most of Crittenden's division, and none of McCook's. Buell was in consultation with Grant during the night at Sherman's headquarters. The agreement arrived at was that Buell should make the attack on the enemy's right at daybreak. Nelson's skirmishers could be heard far in the front.

Crittenden's division was in the rear of Nelson's, Ammen's brigade was on the left, Bruce's in the center, and Hazen's on the right, moving forward in line of battle. Buell halted it to allow Crittenden's division to complete its deployment on Nelson's right. Nelson again advanced, but finding the Confederates strongly posted on his front fell back, having no artillery. During the above movements our battery was ordered forward to take position some three hundred yards from it and diagonally to the right.

Our battery consisted only of four guns, two three-inch rifled Rodmans and two twelve-pound howitzers. We halted in front of a clearing about ten acres in extent; the two rifled guns went into position on the left of the clearing, the two howitzers on the right. The two rifled guns opened fire, throwing shells far in towards the Confederate lines, but the enemy's sharpshooters began picking off our men. Having lost four men in about ten minutes the section limbered up and got out of the way. The section on the right unlimbered for action, but seeing a body of Confederates advancing as if to charge, it limbered up also, both sections joining and taking a new position to the right, and forward of the clearing. We had thrown the gauntlet of defiance.

The Confederates soon opened with two batteries, and a spirited artillery fight took place, Bartlett's battery coming to our relief. In a short time the Confederate batteries withdrew and we ceased firing. A lull of thirty minutes took place. Suddenly there opened on our front the most terrific musketry fire I ever heard. It was a continuous roar. Our troops, though green, withstood the assault bravely, our battery firing with great rapidity. The Confederates finally retreated from our front. On our left Nelson's division was being roughly handled. Three batteries had opened on his front. Buell sent our battery to his relief. Firing with great rapidity and accuracy, we silenced the center battery, when Hazen's brigade charged upon it, capturing the guns.

The two opposing batteries opened upon them, driving them back beyond their original line. Nelson was sorely pressed, the Confederates advancing along his whole front. There was danger of his flank being turned, so Buell sent forward Terrell's battery. It had thus far taken no part in the action. Dashing past Ammen's line it quickly unlimbered and opened a rapid fire, but the opposing battery, concentrating its fire upon it, compelled it to retire. Ammen's brigade had fallen back, but re-enforced by a regiment sent to his aid by General Buell, it now moved forward to the ground where the enemy had been. The most of McCook's division had arrived by this time and were placed on Crittenden's right. Buell in person led our battery to a new position, the 13th and 19th Ohio supporting us.

There was then a quiet, premonitory of a coming storm. It soon came; so suddenly and with such boldness, that the 13th and 19th Ohio broke for a time and passed to the rear. Lieutenant Parsons gave orders to the men of the battery, "Unhitch the traces and save the horses," but Captain Mendenhall exclaimed: "We lose all or none!" Running back to our guns we opened a rapid and accurate fire with canister on the advancing line, which kept it at bay. The 13th Ohio, under Colonel Smith, rallied to our relief, dashing to our front when our battery ceased firing. In a short time the Confederates opened a terrific fire on a part of Nelson's line, where Terrell's battery was, and essayed to capture it. Fixing prolonges, it kept up a rapid fire as it retreated. It was making a gallant fight, which called forth the admiration of our battery. The cannoneers at one of his guns were all either killed or wounded, and volunteers from the 6th Ohio took their place. A regiment was sent forward to Nelson's relief, and with rapid volleys the Confederate line at that point was sent reeling back in disorder. We were now pressing the Confederates steadily back along the whole line, and our battery took its last position.

A storm was brewing in our front which we little expected. It came in the shape of the most galling musketry fire we had ever encountered. All the canister for our howitzers was expended. Some rifle canister being left we used that, and when the last canister was fired the captain gave orders to cease firing. The Confederates were, however, retreating along the whole front and the second day's battle of Shiloh was won.

* * *

Battle Scenes at Shiloh.

April 6, 7, 1862.

A Day of Southern Success, followed by a Day of Disaster.

HOW GENERAL JOHNSTON FELL.—BEAUREGARD'S APPEARANCE AMONG THE YELLOW JACKETS.

By B. F. SAWYER, Colonel 24th Alabama Regiment.

IT was a beautiful Sabbath morning at Shiloh. The air was fresh and balmy as a morning in June. Our forces consisted of General Polk's 1st, General Bragg's 2d, General Hardee's 3d, and General Breckinridge's reserved corps, with the cavalry division of General Gardner, making a total effective force of some 40,000 men. General Johnston's plan of battle consisted of three lines in the following order: General Hardee's corps, strengthened by Gladden's brigade of Bragg's corps, constituted the first line, extending from Owl Creek on the left to Lick Creek on the right. This line fell perpendicular to and across the Corinth road, a distance of three miles. The second line, consisting of the remainder of Bragg's corps, was drawn out parallel with, and two hundred yards to the rear of the first, and was to conform its movements to the first. The third line was similarly disposed, *i. e.*, five hundred yards in the rear of the second, and was to conform to its movements. This line consisted of Polk's corps. Breckinridge's corps was massed in the rear of the center of Polk's, and was to move forward in column, ready to be deployed when and wherever support should be needed.

The woods in the immediate front of our brigade and through which we had to pass to reach the enemy, were a tangle of swamp, bushes, and brambles, and exceedingly difficult to penetrate. Now and then a small patch of cleared ground around a cabin relieved the toilsome scramble through the chaparral. At sunrise we were ordered to move forward. We had not proceeded far before the roll of musketry in front told that the work of death had begun. Then came the peculiar sharp ringing report of the twelve pound Parrotts, and soon another and another, each greeted by a yell of defiance by our eager and thoroughly aroused men. Ascending a little slope we encountered General Beauregard and his staff. The general had a magnificent coach and four—*a la* Napoleon—drawn out on the hillside.

Captain Dewberry was a good fighter, but he had supreme contempt for the finesse drill; and their obstruction, stretching the full front of his company, filled him with perplexity. Had it been a four-gun battery confronting him and his yellow jackets, he would have been at no loss for action, but that gaudy coach, with its caparisoned team, flanked too by the general and his staff in all the glory of gold lace and feathers, was more than his "tactics" had ever provided for. Without knowing how to flank it he marched his company squarely against it, when perforce the men halted and looked around in confusion. The regiment was aligning upon the colors, and of course the sudden halt of Co. C, confused the entire line. "Move forward, Captain Dewberry," thundered Colonel Blythe, mortified at the ignoble confusion of his line under the very eyes of General Beauregard. But how was Captain Dewberry to move forward with that formidable obstruction before him? At length, he turned to one of the tinsel-bedecked aide-de-camps and roared out: "Take that damned old stage out o' the way or I'll tumble it down the hill."

The battle in front had become general. All along that fearful three mile line the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery was deafening the air. Soon the ambulances, toiling under their loads of wounded and dying, came groaning by, and with them straggling soldiers telling horrible tales of bloody work, "just over the hill." One little hero, a mere child,—who ought in decency to have been with his mother,—who belonged to Co. D, 16th Miss., came up and reported his regiment cut up, and requested permission to fall in with us. He was given a place in the line, and throughout that bloody day the little fellow fought like a man.

We had now reached a point opposite the Iowa camps, directly in front of the enemy's right center. Before us lay an almost impenetrable thicket of brambles and briers. Having cleared a "jungle" we crossed at a double-quick the little field beyond, when, rising to the crest of a sharp hill, we were brought face to face with the battle.

Never shall I forget the grandeur of that sight. The enemy's camps lay before us, spreading far and wide, dotting the well cleared slope. McClernand's division was in our front. Dark masses of men clothed in blue were moving in soldierly precision before us; some wheeling into line, others deploying, and others recumbent on the ground, awaiting in tiger-like stillness our approach, to hurl death in our faces; the deafening roar of the guns; the unearthly shriek of the shells; the rattle of musketry; the venomous "pringe" of the bullet, all conspired to make it a scene the grandest ever mortal eye beheld.

Then came the order, thrilling every heart—"By the left of companies, forward into line; double quick, march." No order was ever more handsomely executed. Each company filed into line as deliberately as if that long line of sullen blue that lay scarcely three hundred yards in front was a line of friends instead of foes. Co. A, Captain Sharp, had scarcely attained position before the enemy opened fire; like a simoom's breath, it hissed through our ranks; our line moved forward until, within one hundred paces of the line of blue, and then we were lost in the blaze, the thunder, and frenzy of battle.

The entire day was one of repeated and hard-earned triumph. After each fierce shock the Federal lines were formed, only to be broken and hurled back again. It was a fearful carnage, and none but heroes could have formed and reformed as the Federals did that day. A foeman, less worthy, would have been swept from the field by the first triumphant onslaught. By noon we had driven McClernand from his tents, and by 3 P. M. the entire Federal force was broken.

A ball struck and pierced the calf of General Johnston's left leg. Undisturbed by a flesh wound he continued to give orders to his staff. Soon, however, the profuse hemorrhage attracted the attention of his friends, when it was discovered—too late—that an artery had been cut.

But, glorious as was that Sunday of battle, its honors were bought at a fearful price. Co. I carried into the battle thirty men—of these six were killed and seventeen wounded. The balance of the regiment suffered in proportion. Our gallant Colonel Blythe was killed and Lieutenant-Colonel Herron mortally wounded; Captains Humphries and Dewberry—brave old Dewberry!—Lieutenant McEachim, Lieutenant Hall, and Lieutenant Allen, with eighty men, were killed, and 120 were wounded out of an effective force of 330 rank and file. A musket ball through the right knee tripped me up as the enemy's line was broken. A captured gun, one of Burrows's 14th Ohio Battery, served as an excellent ambulance, and thrown astride its grimy back I rode out of that terrible fight as proudly as ever rode a Roman conqueror of old.

That night our army lay upon the field. So complete did they consider the victory that but little thought was given to the morrow. The night was given to plundering, and richly were those camps furnished. Such a lavish abundance of good things had never been spread before unrestrained hands.

At length the morning came, not as the morning before, but dark, gloomy, and chill. The sun of Austerlitz had set; it was the sun of Waterloo struggling through the gloomy mist of the morn. The clouds hung dark with threatening rain. The very air seemed weighted with gloomy forebodings. It was nearly nine o'clock before the roll of musketry and the roar of artillery was heard. And when it did come it had not that animated ring which characterized the struggle of the day before. Our troops, demoralized by the night's revel, were hastily thrown together in mixed commands. All day I lay upon my back, unable to move a single muscle without a painful effort, and listened to that sham of a battle. At length about three o'clock in the afternoon the firing ceased. Then a courier came and ordered the provost guard to move off with the prisoners. Soon another came ordering all the wounded who could walk or be removed to leave, as the army was about to retreat to Corinth.

The last battle fought by the 2d Corps, under General Hancock, was the battle of Boydtown Plank Road, October 27, 1864.

GENERAL BUTLER AND THE (UNION) SCHOOL BOYS.

WHEN this noted soldier was in command at New Orleans, two Union boys called on him at headquarters to make a complaint. The last day of school was approaching, and all the boys in their class had been compelled to prepare essays. The Union boys had discovered that the teacher, who was a violent secessionist, had been assisting the sons of Confederate parents, and had given them the cold shoulder.

Having stated the cause of their grievance, the great and good man turned his blind eye toward them and said :—

"And what would you have me to do, my fine lads?"

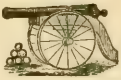
"Whatever you think best," was the reply, "we came for your advice."

"Well, don't you think it would be possible for you to hook the little rebel boys' manuscript at the last moment, and thus leave them several miles behind the band wagon?"

"We could try," they both exclaimed.

"That's well said, my children," observed the great captain. "Never take anything away with you that you cannot carry. Do your best, and if you get into trouble send for me."

The boys did get away with the essays, and received much applause themselves, while their associates were publicly reprimanded for their carelessness in mislaying their valuable effusions.



THE BENEFITS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

RELATED BY GENERAL GRANT.

THERE was no time during the rebellion when I did not think, and often say, that the South was more to be benefited by defeat than the North. The latter had the people, the institutions, and the territory to make a great and prosperous nation. The former was burdened with an institution abhorrent to all civilized peoples not brought up under it, and one which degraded labor, kept it in ignorance, and enervated the governing class. With the outside world at war with this institution, they could not have extended their territory. The labor of the country was not skilled, nor allowed to become so. The whites could not toil without becoming degraded, and those who did were denominated "poor white trash." The system of labor would have soon exhausted the soil and left the people poor. The non-slaveholders would have left the country, and the small slaveholder must have sold out to his more fortunate neighbors. Soon the slaves would have outnumbered the masters, and not being in sympathy with them, would have risen in their might and exterminated them. The war was expensive to the South as well as the North, both in blood and treasure; but it was worth all it cost.

JACKSON ON THE MARCH.

August, 1862.

A Three Days' Ride with "STONEWALL."—How he was Cheered in Pantomime.

BY DR. W. HUDGIN.

ON August 22, 1862, quite a sharp artillery fight took place at Freeman's ford, with some loss to both sides. The Federal batteries succeeded in throwing a shell into the head of Elwell's column just after it had passed Gaines' barn, and this shell killed two men and wounded sixteen. One of the wounded I dressed, and left with little hope of ever seeing him alive again. He had three holes in his right side, a portion of the liver had been torn out and one of his ribs had been broken. Besides all these wounds, the cartridge box he wore had exploded and made a large bruised and burned place on his back. His clothing was torn to shreds. I did my best to dress his wounds and laid him tenderly under the shade of a dogwood tree by the roadside, as I believed, to die. But he did not die; he fell into the hands of some noble women, got well and went to the front again. When the war was ended he returned and married his nurse—a noble girl, who had watched and tended him through his terrible sufferings.

As we rode past Mrs. McDonald's that day there were several ladies in the yard who had come up from houses near the river for protection from the cannonade. A cavalryman, brother of one of the ladies, was evidently pointing us out. We distinctly heard one of the ladies inquire: " Which is General Jackson?" He answered: " There, riding right in front. The lady replied in a loud tone of disappointment. " That's not General Jackson;

that's Dr. Hudgin! don't I know Dr. Hudgin?" Both the General and myself burst out laughing, and I said, "General, you will have to show yourself, for everybody in this neighborhood has heard of 'Stonewall Jackson.'" At this he turned his head and taking off his cap, made a bow that for modesty and diffidence would have done credit to a school boy. When this little incident occurred General Jackson was telling me the object of his movement and what he expected to do. He said, "I am making a rapid flank movement to get into Pope's rear, at or near Bealton Station, where, I understand, the ground is admirably adapted for a sudden debouche. You notice that our men are marching very quietly. You hear no noise. I issued strict orders last night for all noise to be suppressed. No drums or bugles are to sound, no flags be displayed, nor cheering by the men be allowed, and that is why you saw that rather amusing pantomime just now."

We had passed a regiment halted in the woods, who took off their caps, waving them in the air and going through all the motions of vociferous cheering, but which he had silently acknowledged by doffing his old gray cap. The enthusiasm among the men wherever he went was marvelous. A few days after when the occasion for silence was over, I noticed an occasional cheer, and asking what it meant, was told by some wag: "Oh, it's only General Jackson or a rabbit, both of which generally 'bring down the house' whenever they turn up." As we rode along I told General Jackson of seeing Sigel's corps pass through Jeffersonton on the Wednesday previous. This seemed to interest him, and he quickly said, "I will give $500 in gold to a reliable man who will cross the river to-night and find out which road he took after passing the springs." I replied: "General, I believe I can get you that information, but I will not put my life in jeopardy for money; I promise you shall know all you wish before sunrise to-morrow."

When I promised, I had no idea that I should be so fortunate as to be able to give him that information before sunset that evening. As a fact Sigel had moved in the direction of Bealton Station, but had gone by Rull's hill toward Rappahannock Station. It was the artillery of his command that we engaged at Freeman's ford, and he was following up General Jackson's movements so closely that he was actually in the same field with us then, and only about three hundred yards off at the very time we stopped for lunch that day. I went to General Jackson at Beaver Dam creek and reported what I had found out about the Federal movements.

The high water broke up General Jackson's plans, and during the first part of Saturday I knew he was very uneasy about Early's brigade. He withdrew all the troops from the north of the Rappahannock on Saturday evening. The Federals moved up in front of us that night and on Sunday morning, a little after daylight, they opened fire near Dr. Scott's house. I was sitting on horseback talking to General Ewell, when the first shot was fired, and so well had they taken our range that the first shot threw dirt all over the whole party. We got out of the way in a hurry and a furious cannonade was opened which lasted through the greater part of the day. I went during the day near to Hart's mill to see if the enemy had occupied Poney Mountain. After this, with many expressions of kindness and good wishes for myself, we parted and never met again.

A SILENT TRIBUTE TO GENERAL GRANT.

"JACK" ADAMS, SERG.-OF-ARMS, STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

IN the rotunda of the State Capitol in Boston the tattered battle-flags of the Massachusetts regiments have been preserved ever since the war. They were arranged in stands and retained in position by silken cords. When the news of General Grant's death was received in Boston, minute guns were fired on the Common, directly in front of the State House. The vibratory jar of the firing loosened the silken cords already rotten from age, and as the first gun boomed forth its melancholy tidings, the few persons who were in the State House rotunda at the time were awe-stricken to see a sudden movement among the old battle-flags. With one motion they all tilted forward as though giving a marching salute to the memory of the dead hero.

A Terrific Battle.—The battle of Allatoona, Ga., Oct. 5, 1864, is said to have been, for the number of troops engaged, the most terrific of the war.

Union Paper.—The Memphis *Bulletin* was the only Union paper published in the seceded states. It was edited by Wm. M. Connelly, who died in 1884.

A Battle Scarred Veteran.

FORTY-EIGHT WOUNDS AT GETTYSBURG!

BY GENERAL BLACK, PENSION COMMISSIONER.

JOHN F. CHASE went into the civil war from Augusta, Me. He was a rugged farmer's boy eighteen years of age, when, prompted by a sense of loyalty, he rallied to his country's defense. He was the fifth to enlist in this state under the first call for troops in 1861. Four brothers of his also enlisted, two of whom were killed and two were wounded. He took part in all the battles of the Potomac, from Bull Run to Gettysburg. During his entire term of service the post of duty and of danger always found him present. This is the testimony of his captain, which has often been expressed. He never aspired to rank, not even to the chevrons of a corporal. He was content in simply being cannoneer No. 1 of the 5th Maine Battery. For nearly three years Private Chase went through every arduous and trying campaign of his battery without a scratch, to be at last battered and broken by a rebel shell on the bloody field of Gettysburg. He bears forty-eight wounds as the mementos of that battle. It scarcely seems credible that one could have passed through such a fearful baptism of blood and still survive. The story may be told in a few words:—

" The 5th Maine Battery was attached to the 1st Corps under General Reynolds. It was the third day of the fight, and the battery was posted on Seminary Hill. The rebel General Pickett was making his famous charge on our left center, and a terrible artillery duel was in progress. The battery was in a hard place, being between cross fires. The air was full of missiles of death. The heroic Chase, with his shirt sleeves rolled up and his face black with powder and smoke, was in the act of ramming home a cartridge when a rebel shell fell about three feet from him and burst. The fragments flew in all directions. Chase was thrown nearly a rod from his gun and fell insensible. His clothes were literally stripped from his body. His right arm was blown off, his left eye literally torn from its socket, while his breast and shoulders were gashed with wounds. He was carried to the rear. Two days after, when the dead were buried, he was being conveyed with others to the grave. A groan from him attracted attention, and he was discovered to be alive. Upon recovering consciousness, the first words that came from his lips were, 'Did we win the battle?' Private Chase's pluck at Chancellorsville received the commendation of General Hooker. His battery was facing a most destructive fire from the enemy's batteries. All the officers and men of his battery being either killed or wounded, he, with another brave comrade, fired his gun seven times after the other guns of the battery had ceased work. Then, the horses having been shot or disabled, the gun was dragged off by the two, to prevent its capture by the enemy, who shortly afterwards occupied the position that had been vacated by our retreating forces."

Private Chase talks with enthusiastic earnestness about the splendid record of the 5th Maine Battery, but in his modesty rarely if ever alludes to the gallant part he bore in its many sanguinary contests.

HOWLD UP.

COLONEL DAST, of Georgia, an officer in the Confederate Army, relates the following: "I have always had a great respect for the valor of the Massachusetts troops and particularly the 9th Regt., which fought us like tigers. It so happened that during several engagements we were pitted against each other, and there was much desperate work, I can assure you. During one of our encounters, we were fortunate enough to surround one of their companies, and as we were shooting away, they, seeing that unless they surrendered, they were certain of annihilation, showed the white flag. Unfortunately, this was not seen by my entire command, and several shots were fired after I had given the order to cease. In the midst of this desultory firing there came a strong Hibernian voice from out of the bushes:—

"'Howld up, yez scoundrels! We have surrindered, and yer killin' Dimmicrats.'"

SHOOTING "PROVOST GUARDS" AT NEW-BERNE, N. C.

W. P. DERBY, 27th MASS.

DURING the summer of 1862 the 23d Mass. served a part of the time on "provost duty" in New-Berne, N. C. While in the discharge of such duty four members of that regiment had been wounded by being fired upon by inmates of houses in the city. At 9.30 P. M., July 25th, a fifth man was seriously wounded in the groin. The house was immediately surrounded by two companies of the 23d Regt. and six men and one woman were made prisoners. The following morning the regiment appeared before the house—a large. square, two-story building—and knocking out the underpinning attached strong ropes to the purlin plates and, after a deal of pulling, drew it over upon its side, when the whole house collapsed into a mass of *debris*. As the house fell over, the band struck up the inspiriting tune, "Bully for you! Bully for you!" The fence met a fate similar to the house, and then the grounds were stripped of tree and shrubbery. The gardens, too, met a most desperate pruning, and when the regiment marched back to its quarters, a more perfect picture of desolation could hardly be found. After this affair the "provost guards" at New-Berne suffered no farther harm.

* * *

NOT ENOUGH TREES.

A SOLDIER, telling his mother of the terrible fire at Chickamauga, was asked by her why he did not get behind a tree. "Trees!" said he; "there wasn't enough for the officers."

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn., Nov. 25, 1863, says Major Wright, of the 36th Alabama, "resulted in such a rout as had never been previously known of a Confederate Army."

Running Forts Jackson and St. Phillip.

APRIL 24, 1862.

The Enemy's Blazing Fire-Raft Matched by Farragut.

GEN. B. F. BUTLER.

IN the spring of '62, one tropical night, so calm and still that a low mist hung clingingly to the shores and across the wide rolling waters of the Mississippi, in two divisions up and down the stream lay the Federal fleet; the flagship Hartford, two miles below Fort Jackson, a casemated work, armed also with guns *en barbette.* Sheltered by the edge of the forest which grew down into the water, lay twenty-one schooners, each having a thirteen inch mortar on her deck, which for nearly eight days had been throwing a shell at the fort every twenty minutes.

The second division of the fleet, under command of Captain Bailey, lay parallel to Farragut's division, nearer the left bank of the river on which was Fort St. Phillip, a strong but not a casemated work. Both these forts were fully armed with eight and ten inch Columbiads and six inch rifles, the heaviest ordnance then known. The only sailing ship, the sloop of war Portsmouth, had been towed into position in the early nightfall and moored where her batteries could command the water battery of Fort Jackson.

Every preparation had been made for silencing the enemy's guns as the fleet passed the forts. The port guns of the first division were loaded with grape and canister and their muzzles depressed so as to reach the embrasures of the casemates of the fort, which lie just above the water which flows by its base. The guns on the right side of that division were left unloaded because Bailey's division would be between them and Fort St.

Phillip. In his division the reverse was done; the right guns were loaded with grape and canister, and the left guns, next Farragut's division, were unloaded to prevent accident.

Between the fleet and the forts lay the remains of the enormous chains floated on schooners which had been anchored across the river forming, as the commanders of the forts thought, an impassable barrier to navigation. By a daring reconnoissance this chain had been cut and the cables of the schooners slipped, so that the chains on both sides were floated down parallel to the line of the shore, and instead of an obstruction, the chains became a guide to the channel on either hand.

It is now two o'clock in the morning. The mortars for hours had ceased their play. The forts are silent. Nothing is seen but the lights of the fleet. A red light goes to the truck of the top gallant mizzen-mast of the Hartford, the signal to make sail. The clanking of windlasses only are heard to the music of the boatswain's whistle. In almost the time in which it can be told, the two divisions of the fleet were steadily steaming up the river against a four-knot current at a speed of eight knots. The minutes seemed almost hours before a single gun flashing from Fort Jackson showed that the movement was known. Twenty mortars burst forth together, sending their heavy shells flying through the air in parabolas of nearly two miles, lighting up the heavens with their blazing fuses, which began to rain down in broken fragments upon the fort. At the same moment the Portsmouth opened upon Fort Jackson with her starboard battery, keeping up a rapid and continuous fire until the last vessel had passed.

Fort St. Phillip opened fire upon Bailey's division, followed by all the guns of Fort Jackson opening fire upon Farragut's division, which he boldly steers within three hundred yards of its walls; and as each ship came within short range, the guns were served with the utmost quickness of fire, so that the booming cannon made one continuous deafening roar; the rolling smoke in the misty night wrapped everything in darkness impenetrable, save as the flashes flamed out like lightnings from a low-hanging summer cloud. Eleven shells from the mortar-boats were seen flying high in the air, at one time, thence rolling down a stream of fire and shot upon the ill-fated cannoneers of the fort. Bravely they stand to and serve their guns amid death-shot falling thick and fast on every hand.

Under the fire of Bailey's division, that of Fort St. Phillip has been nearly silenced, and his division was passing her guns in safety. Protected by casemates, the gunners of Fort Jackson did not give Farragut's division so easy success. The fire of Fort Jackson is incessantly kept up with precision, so that it seemed impossible that the Hartford, a wooden ship, could live while passing through that volcano of fire.

See! The heavens light up with something different from the flashing red of artillery. A new danger threatens the daring Farragut. A fire-raft comes sweeping along the current at four miles an hour. What is a fire-raft? A flatboat some two hundred feet long by sixty wide, filled high with cotton picked open, saturated with rosin, pitch, and turpentine, intermingled so as to burn the more hotly, and interlaced with cross-piled sticks of light wood, all ablaze, fiercely burning, fanned by the light wind. Such a fire-raft is sent broadside upon the Hartford, so well directed that it engages her bows and the hot flames set fire to her fore-rigging and are burning the foremost sails of the flag-ship. This new enemy is met; and while the crew of the port guns ply their batteries upon the foe, the rest of the men, organized as a fire-brigade, fight the fire on the blazing spars of their ship. Boats are lowered and manned, grapnels thrown on board the burning raft, which is towed away to float harmlessly down the river, as the Hartford passes up beyond the range of fire of the forts. Two of the Federal gunboats only of the whole fleet came drifting down disabled, which told those below that the others had passed the forts in safety.

Hardly had the fire been extinguished when a new peril met the Federal fleet. The iron-clad ram Manassas came tearing down from above, forced by current and steam, upon the fleet. She is nearest the steamer Mississippi, for whose side she is making with her fearful prow. The Yankee commander, Melancthon Smith, was equal to the occasion. He calls out: "Flag officer, I can ram as well as she; shall I ram her?" "Go for her," is the answer, and the stem of the Mississippi struck the iron-clad under the full momentum given by her powerful screw; the ram is disabled, and a few shot crash through her armor and set her on fire and she drifts down a useless hulk.

But this is but an episode, for there is a fleet of the enemy's gunboats quite equal in number although not the equal in strength of the Federal force, lying in wait above the forts to renew the conflict. The fight is of short duration. Thirteen of the enemy's vessels were sunk or disabled, and the others fled up the river to New Orleans.

The morning wind sprang up and rolled away the smoke, and as the sun rose up in the heavens the fleet was seen lying at anchor above the forts with flags of rejoicing flying from every mast-head.

* * *

ORIGIN OF THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE-FLAG.

By GENERAL JOE JOHNSTON.

AT the battle of Bull Run the stars and bars proved a failure because they were so much like the Union colors. Indeed, both armies mistook their enemies for friends, and *vice versa.* After the battle I had resolved to discard this flag, and called for each regiment to procure its state colors. This they were not able to do, and I asked the army for new designs. Among those presented one by General Beauregard was chosen, and I altered this only in making it square instead of oblong. This flag was afterward adopted by the Confederate armies. It was a Greek cross of blue on a red field, with white stars on the blue bars, and was designed by Colonel Walton of Louisiana.

* * *

MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM.

AN officer of the Union army relates that on one occasion after a charge upon the enemy's works, a fierce encounter, and a fall back for re-enforcement, a bright young Irish soldier was found to have a rebel flag captured from the foe. Approaching him he said: "I'll send that to the rear as one of our trophies; give me the flag." "Sure, I'll not give it ye," said Pat; "if ye are wanting one, there's plinty av 'em behind that ridge over beyant, where I got this. Sure ye can go and get one for yerself."

PICKET LINE EXCHANGES.

"WHAT regiment do you belong to?" asked a Union picket of a rebel picket. "The 14th North Carolina," answered the Johnny. "And yours, Yank?" "The 114th Rhode Island." "You're a liar, there isn't that many people in the State," returned the Johnny.

SAVED THE ARMY.

It was General George H. Thomas who saved the Army of the Cumberland at the battle of Chickamauga.

ANECDOTES OF LOGAN.

GENERAL STONE.

IN one of the important charges of the war, General Logan was in advance, and had just reached the crest of a hill, when a bullet came spinning along and scooped a handful of wadding from the breast of General Logan's coat, the uniforms being heavily wadded in those days. "There's a coat which cost me seventy-five dollars, and I suppose it's ruined," was the General's cool comment when he had time to look over the situation.

A very interesting anecdote of how General Logan disobeyed orders at Atlanta was given. Logan's command was among the reserves. The fighting was all along the line, and the attack immediately in front of Logan was so sudden and furious that the forces were driven back. No time was left for a formal call to arms. The first that General Stone saw was General Logan riding up furiously, shouting, "Fall in, fall in! forward!" The men sprang up singly and by squads, picking up whatever arms were nearest at hand, while the General continued to shout with all his might, "Forward, forward, and yell like h—l!" "Where's our regiment?" the men were asking, but the General called out, "Never mind your regiment; never mind your commands; forward, and yell like——!" General Stone had cut the bridle of the nearest horse, and was in the saddle riding at his utmost speed, with the men rushing up on the double-quick, but still Logan was ahead, shouting, "Forward, forward, faster! Yell like the ——, boys, and take those lines." The Confederates, dazed and surprised by the impetuous attack, fell back like a flock of turkeys, and the man who knew how to take responsibility when to hesitate was disaster, occupied the front with his reserves.

GENERAL LOGAN AND THE BATTERYMAN.

It was on this same field of Atlanta that an incident occurred which caused much laughter among the boys. A Confederate batteryman, plucky to the last, was coming forward with his guns to take position, when General Logan, who was without his pistol, borrowed one from General Stone, and riding up to the commander, said in imperative tones, "If you move one foot further, I'll blow your brains out," and aimed the pistol directly at the officer's head. It was too much for the batteryman and the warrior turned in an instant. The batteryman did not observe what the boys did, that the cylinder from the pistol had dropped out just as the General took aim.

Youngest General.—Gen. W. P. Roberts, of N. C., was the youngest brigadier general in the Confederate Army.

Originality.—Farragut's method of attack in capturing New Orleans was as original in conception as it was brilliant in execution.

SI KLEGG ON DRILL.

Work with the Awkward Squad of Company Q.

PAINFUL TRIBULATIONS.

WHEN Si Klegg went into active service with Company Q of the 200th Ind., his ideas of drill and tactics were exceedingly vague. He knew that a "drill" was something to make holes with, and he understood that he had been sent down South to make holes through people. He handled his musket very much as he would a hoe. A "platoon" might be something to eat, for all he knew. He had a notion that a "wheel" was something that went around, and he thought a "file" was a screeching thing used (once a year) to sharpen up the old buck saw.

The fact was that Si and his companions hardly had a fair shake, and entered the field at a decided disadvantage. It had been customary for a regiment to drill a month or two in camp before being sent to the front; but the 200th was rushed off to Kentucky the very day it was mustered. Cold chills were running up and down the backs of the people in the North on account of the invasion by Bragg's army. The regiment pushed after the fleeing rebels, but wherever Buell's army halted to take breath, "Fall in for drill!" was shouted through its camp three or four times a day. It was liable to be called into action at any moment, and it was indispensable to begin at once the process of making soldiers of those tender-footed Hoosiers. Most of the officers of the 200th were as green as the men, though some of them had seen service in other regiments; so, at first, officers and non-commissioned officers who had been in the field a few months and were considered veterans, and who knew, or thought they knew, all about tactics that was worth knowing, were detailed from the old regiments to put the boys through a course of sprouts in company and squad drill.

One morning after leaving Louisville, word was passed around that the regiment would not move that day, and the boys were so glad at the prospect of a day of rest that they wanted to get right up and yell. Si was sitting on a log, with his shoes off, rubbing his aching limbs and nursing his blisters, when the orderly came along.

"Company Q, be ready in ten minutes to fall in for drill. Stir around, you men, and get your traps on. Klegg, put on them gunboats, and be lively about it."

"Orderly," said Si, looking as if he hadn't a friend on earth, "just look at them blisters; I can't drill to-day."

"You'll have to, or go to the guard house," was the reply. "You'd better hustle yourself, too!"

Si couldn't think of anything to say that would do justice to his feelings; and so, with a few muttered words that he didn't learn in Sunday-school, he got ready to take his place.

As a general collision of the armies of Buell and Bragg was hourly expected, it was thought best for the 200th to learn something about shooting. If called suddenly into action it was believed the boys could "git thar," though they had not mastered company and battalion evolutions.

Company Q was divided into squads of eight for exercise in the manual of arms.

The man who took Si's squad was a grizzled sergeant, who had been "lugging knapsack, box, and gun" for a year. He realized his responsible functions as instructor of innocent youths, having at the same time contempt for their ignorance.

"Attention, squad!" and they all looked at him in a way that meant business.

"Load in nine times—load!"

Si couldn't quite understand what the "*in*" meant, but he had always been handy with a shotgun, to the terror of the squirrels and coons, and he thought he would show the sergeant how spry he was. So he rammed in a cartridge, put on a cap, held up his musket, blazed away, and then went to loading again, as if his life depended upon his activity. For an instant the sergeant was speechless with amazement. At length his tongue was loosened, and he roared out:—

"What in the name of General Jackson are you doing, you measly idiot! Who ordered you to load and fire your piece?"

"I—I th—thought you did," said Si, trembling as if he had the Wabash ague. "You said for us to load nine times. I thought nine loads would fill 'er chuck full and bust 'er, and I didn't see any way but to shute 'em off as fast as I got 'em in."

"No, sir! I gave the command according to Hardee, 'Load—*in*—nine—times'; and ef yer hadn't bin in sich a hurry you'd 'a' found out what that means. Yer'll git along a good deal faster ef you'll go slower. Yer ought ter be made ter carry a big rail for two hours."

Si protested that he was sorry, and wouldn't do so again, and the drill went on. The master went through all the nine "times" of "Handle—cartridge!" "Draw—rammer!" etc., each with its two or three "motions." It seemed like nonsense to Si.

"Boss," said he, "I kin git 'er loaded in just half the time ef yer'll let me do it my own way!"

"Silence!" thundered the sergeant. "If you speak another word I'll have ye gagged 'n' tied up by the thumbs!"

Si had always been used to speaking right out when he had anything to say, and had not got his "unruly member" under thorough subjection. He saw that it wouldn't do to fool with the drill sergeant, however, and he held his peace. But Si kept thinking that if he got into a fight he would ram in the cartridges and fire them out as fast as he could, without bothering his head about the "one time and three motions."

"Order—arms!" commanded the sergeant, after he had explained how it was to be done. Si brought his gun down along with the rest like a pile driver.

"Ou-ou-ouch!" exclaimed the victim of Si's inexperience.

"Didn't do it a-purpose, pard," said Si, compassionately, "'pon my word I didn't. I'll be more keerful after this."

His suffering comrade urged upon Si the propriety of exercising a little more care, but he determined that he would manage to get some other fellow to stand next to Si after that.

"Shoulder—arms!" ordered the sergeant, and the guns came straggling up into position. Then after a few words of instruction, "Right shoulder shift—arms!"

"Don't you know your right shoulder?" said the sergeant, with a good deal of vinegar in his tone, to Si, who had his gun on the "larboard" side, as a sailor would say.

"Beg yer pard'n," said Si; "I always was left-handed. I'll learn if yer only gimme a show."

"Silence!" again roared the sergeant. "One more word, sir, and I *will* tie ye up, fer a fact!"

The sergeant got his squad down to an "order arms" again, and then, after showing them how, he gave the order, "Fix—bayonet!"

There was the usual clicking and clattering, during which Si dexterously managed to stick his bayonet into the eye of his comrade, whose toes were still aching from the blow of Si's musket. Si assured him he was sorry, and that it was all a mistake, but his comrade thought the limit of patience had been passed. So he confidentially informed Si that as soon as drill was over he was going to "pound the stuffin'" out of him, and there wouldn't be any mistake about it, either.

When the hour was up the captain of the company came around to see how the boys were getting along. The upshot of it was that poor Si was immediately organized into an "awkward squad" all by himself, and drilled an extra hour.

"We'll see, Mr. Klegg," said the captain, "if you can't learn to handle your arms without mashing the toes and stabbing the eyes out of the rest of the company."

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SOUTHERN CURRENCY.

A GLANCE at the market quotations in a Mobile paper of March 11, 1865, shows that apples, in the Confederate currency, were sixty and seventy dollars a bushel; bacon was four dollars a pound, and butter six to eight dollars; Shelby coal was two hundred dollars a ton, and Confederate candles were ten dollars a pound; coffee was sixty dollars a pound, and calico twenty dollars a yard; corn meal was twelve dollars a bushel, cow peas were sixteen dollars, while flour ranged from one dollar and thirty cents to two dollars a pound, and wheat was thirty dollars a bushel; fresh beef was two dollars and fifty cents a pound, and fresh pork two dollars; lard was three dollars and fifty cents, and tallow five dollars; quinine was two hundred dollars an ounce, and morphine three hundred and fifty dollars; onions were seventy dollars a bushel, and Irish potatoes ninety dollars, while salt was thirty-two dollars a bushel, and whisky was quoted at from sixty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars a gallon, according to quality.

GENERAL CUSTER'S FAREWELL ORDER.

Headquarters 3d Cavalry Division,
Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9, 1865.

Soldiers of the 3d Cavalry Division:

WITH profound gratitude toward the God of Battles, by whose blessings our enemies have been humbled and our arms rendered triumphant, your commanding general avails himself of this, his first opportunity, to express to you his admiration of the heroic manner in which you have passed through the series of battles which today resulted in the surrender of the enemy's entire army.

The record established by your indomitable courage is unparalleled in the annals of war. Your prowess has won for you even the respect and admiration of your enemies. During the past six months, although in most instances confronted by superior numbers, you have captured from the enemy, in open battle, one hundred and eleven pieces of field artillery, sixty-five battle-flags, and upwards of ten thousand prisoners of war, including seven general officers. Within the past ten days, and included in the above, you have captured forty-six pieces of field artillery, and thirty-seven battle-flags. You have never lost a gun, never lost a color, and have never been defeated; and notwithstanding the numerous engagements in which you have borne a prominent part, including those memorable battles of the Shenandoah, you have captured every piece of artillery which the enemy has dared to open upon you. The near approach of peace renders it improbable that you will again be called upon to undergo the fatigues of the toilsome march or the exposure of the battle field; but should the assistance of keen blades, wielded by your steady arms, be required to hasten the coming of that glorious peace for which we have been so long contending, the general commanding is proudly confident that, in the future as in the past, every demand will meet with a hearty and willing response.

Let us hope that our work is done, and that, blessed with the comforts of peace, we may be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of home and friends. For our comrades who have fallen, let us cherish grateful remembrance; to the wounded, and to those who languished in Southern prisons, let our heartfelt sympathy be tendered.

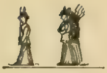
And now, speaking for myself alone, when the war is ended and the task of the historian begins—when those deeds of daring which have rendered the name and fame of the 3d Cavalry Division imperishable are inscribed upon the bright pages of our country's history, I only ask that my name may be written as that of the commander of the 3d Cavalry Division.

G. A. Custer,
Brevet Major-General Commanding.

Official: L. W. Barnhart, Captain and A. A. A. G.

Peace Proposition.—The boldest and most significant peace propositions that appeared up to November. 1864. were offered in the Rebel Congress by Mr Leach, of N. C.

MENDING THE OLD FLAG.



WILL CARLETON.

IN the silent gloom of a garret room,
With cobwebs round it creeping,
From day to day the old flag lay—
A veteran worn and sleeping.
Dingily old, each wrinkled fold
By the dust of years was shaded;
Wounds of the storm were upon its form;
The crimson stripes were faded.

'Twas a mournful sight in the day twilight,
This thing of humble seeming,
That once so proud o'er the cheering crowd,
Had carried its colors gleaming;
Stained with mold were the braids of gold
That had flashed in the sun's rays' kissing;
Of faded hue was its field of blue,
And some of the stars were missing.

Three Northern maids and three from glades
Where dreams the southland weather,
With glances kind and their arms entwined,
Came up the stairs together.
They gazed awhile with a thoughtful smile
At the crouching form before them;
With clinging hold they grasped its folds,
And out of the darkness bore them.

They healed its scars, they found its stars,
And brought them all together,
(Three Northern maids and three from glades
Where smiles the southland weather;)
They mended away through the summer day,
Made glad by an inspiration
To fling it high at the summer sky
On the birthday of our Nation.

In the brilliant glare of the summer air,
With a brisk breeze round it creeping,
Newly bright through the glistening light,
The flag went gladly sweeping;
Gleaming and bold were its braids of gold
And flashed in the sun's rays' kissing;
Red, white, and blue were of deepest hue,
And none of the stars were missing.

MINE EXPLOSION.

General John W. Turner is said to have been the only division commander who led his men on the day of the mine explosion, or Battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864.

CAVALRY FIGHT.

The most important cavalry fight of the war, says the Confederate Colonel Ball, of the 11th Virginia Regiment, was at Tervillan, where General Rosser's dash saved the day.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
General Custer at Winchester.

SEPT. 19, 1864.

A LIVELY FIGHT IN WHICH HUNDREDS OF BRAVE MEN FELL.

Inspiring Charge of Five Magnificent Brigades.

(BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.)

ON the morning of September 19, 1864, the Michigan Cavalry Brigade, commanded by General Custer, consisting of the 1st, 5th, 6th, and 7th Mich. Regts. and the 25th N. Y., was aroused from slumber at two o'clock, near Summit Point, Va. "Boots and saddles" had been sounded and soon active preparations were made to break camp. Horses were fed and saddled, a hasty meal partaken of, and in about half an hour the brigade was waiting for the word "forward."

Soon the headquarters tent comes down, the general and staff mount, the bugler sounds "forward," and the brigade is again on the tramp. Away we go, across the country, through cornfields, into a patch of woods, another field, another patch of woods, up blind roads, a sudden turn to the right, across a large clearing, and entering a comparatively open piece of woodland.

We are now in the vicinity of the Opequan and it is not yet daylight. The brigade is massed in a piece of woods and is awaiting orders from the division commander. After a short time we move forward about a mile and a half and are again massed in a belt of woods and in rear of a range of hills overlooking the Opequan.

Presently we hear the crack! crack! of the Spencers, and a cavalryman comes in wounded in the arm. "Sharpshooters," he says, as he passes us. Soon other wounded men begin to come in and we know that there has been warm work in front.

We are about half a mile from Burns' ford, on the Opequan. Beyond is an open field, and beyond that runs the creek, and rising from its brink on the south side is a high bluff lined with rifle-pits, filled with sharpshooters. On the left of the field runs a road leading to the ford, and on the left of the road a railroad embankment twenty feet high. Custer has ordered two regiments to charge over and dislodge the enemy. Down to the ford they move steadily, supported by a regiment which has been dismounted in the open field. But they do not succeed. A terrible fire from the sharpshooters on the bluff opposite greets them, and they are forced to return. They are repulsed, but not defeated. As quickly as possible the brigade is re-formed, and while the attention of the enemy is engaged by a regiment of dismounted men, the 1st Mich. Cavalry Regt. is given the task to accomplish what two regiments had failed to do.

"Follow that regiment, and when you see me wave my sword give 'em some music," is the order. Forward! By some blunder the band gets sandwiched in between two squadrons, and can't get out.

"What are you blowers doing here?" says an officer. "No place for you. Custer ought to—"

The sentence is not finished, for a shower of bullets sing through the air. A yell from the 6th Mich. on the right, and we look up and see the general waving his sword as they charged across the open field. We play a national air and make a break for a large opening in the railroad embankment, where we valiantly remained until the firing has ceased.

In the mean time the 1st Mich. has crossed the creek, swarmed up the bluff, and the rifle-pits are ours, with a considerable number of prisoners.

The entire command crosses the creek and takes the position just vacated by the enemy, who has retreated about a mile in the direction of Winchester and taken position behind earthworks. A splendid charge from the Michigan men dislodges them, and forward we go.

Then we advance and meet with no opposition until within two miles of Stevenson's depot when we run against a division of Confederate cavalry. In a moment the whole Michigan brigade makes a gallant charge right into them, and still again and although greatly outnumbering us, the fierceness of our onslaught dismays them.

Looking to the left an inspiring scene meets the eye. Five brigades are moving forward in parallel lines, their bright sabers glistening in the sun, the bands playing, and the national colors and battle flags flying in the breeze. Ahead of us the enemy's cavalry have formed across the pike, about three miles from Winchester. We could also see the battle raging between the lines of opposing infantry on the left.

The rebel cavalry skirmishers now advance and drive in our own. A gallant charge by the Michigan men forces them back, and the short struggle is ended by the retreat of the enemy. About a mile further on they again rally. Custer sounds the charge and away goes the brigade again, and again the enemy's cavalry is driven and takes refuge behind his line of infantry.

Now the Confederates make their last stand. We are near enough for them to use their batteries, a circumstance which they are not slow to improve. But the Confederate line is wavering and Custer knows it. Watching closely he sees the enemy about to make a retrograde movement, and instantly grasping the situation he ordered a charge by the whole brigade. Away they go with a rush and a yell, using the saber almost exclusively. The fierce rush was too much for the butternut men, and they melt and vanish before it. A gallant charge, brave Michigan men! Push on!

But see, right in front springs up a fresh line of the foe! Stand firm! Now, charge again! And again this new obstacle melts away, and many prisoners are ours.

Over to the right stands a little log house which shelters a host of the enemy. They are very annoying. They must be dislodged. Some Michigan troopers do the work, and they do it thoroughly. A sudden rush of horses, yelling men with gleaming sabers, and the thing is done. A Confederate regiment throw down their arms and are prisoners.

But see the gallant Custer! He is in the midst of a throng of the enemy, slashing right and left. A Confederate infantryman presents his musket full at Custer's heart and is about to pull the trigger. Quick as lightning the general detects the movement. With a sharp pull he causes his horse to rear upon its haunches, and the ball passes, just grazing the general's leg below the thigh. Then a terrible sword stroke descends upon the infantryman's head, and he sinks to the ground a lifeless corpse.

Now our boys are ready for more work. Another charge, the enemy falter, the lines waver, they break and run. Push forward, gallant men! Keep them going! And they do.

Suddenly the artillery on Bunker Hill withholds its fire, the reports of small arms from the enemy cease, the smoke of battle clears away and we see that the hill is evacuated, the enemy in full retreat. Forward! forward! and away go our Michigan boys in hot pursuit. They have got them on the run. They fill the streets of Winchester, and the Wolverines are at their heels. On! on! through the town and miles beyond the surging mass is driven and the victory is won.

* * *

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

I HAD two brothers once,
Warm-hearted, bold, and gay,
They left my side—one wore the blue,
The other wore the gray.

One rode with Stonewall and his men,
And joined his fate to Lee;
The other followed Sherman's march
Triumphant to the sea.

Both fought for what they deemed the right,
And died with sword in hand;
One sleeps amid Virginia's hills,
And one in Georgia's sand.

The same sun shines upon their graves,
My love for them must stay;
And so upon my bosom lies
This knot of blue and gray.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

By Geo. H. Williams, Co. H., Fifth Iowa Cavalry.

MARCH to the battle field,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is freedom's shield,
And freedom's flag is o'er us.
No link remains of galling chains
That once our land degraded;
Our flag yet flies,
In starry guise,
With not one glory faded.

Who from his country's cause
Would ever shrink or falter?
Who fears to guard her laws,
Or die before her altar?
If one there be,
Whose servile knee
Would crouch to freedom's foeman,
May sudden doom
His life consume,
And heaven avert the omen.

Written just before the battle of Nashville.

HORACE GREELEY AT NEW ORLEANS.

Buttermilk with His Soup.

By GENERAL SHERIDAN.

I WAS stationed at New Orleans when Mr. Greeley came there on his tour when a candidate for the Presidency. The old Creole residents gave him a dinner, and to make it as fine an affair as possible, each of the many hosts was laid under contribution for some of the rarest wines in his cellar. When dinner was announced, and the half-shell oysters had disappeared, the waiter appeared at Mr. Greeley's seat with a plate of beautiful shrimps. "You can take them away," he said to the waiter, and then he added apologetically to the horrified old Creole gentleman who presided: "I never eat insects of any kind." Later on a soup was served, and at the same time a glass of delicious white wine was placed at Mr. Greeley's right hand. He pushed it aside quietly, but not unobserved by the chief host. "Do you not drink wine?" he asked. "No," answered Mr. Greeley, "I never drink any liquors." "Is there anything you would live to drink with your soup?" the host asked, a little disappointed. "If you've got it," answered Mr. Greeley, "and it isn't any trouble, I'd like to have a glass of fresh buttermilk." "Mon Dieu!" said the host afterwards in his broken English, "ze idea of electing to ze Presidency a man vot drink buttermilk vis his soup!"

DON'T JUDGE HASTILY.

GEN. J. L. CHAMBERLAIN OF ME.

ONE of the saddest things I know of is that epitaph which the Virginia father, gathering up the remnant left him after the ravages of war, and settling himself as best he could into the new situation, placed upon a stone he raised as a memorial of his old home. On one face of it he inscribed these words: "To the sacred memory of my eldest boy, who fell fighting for the stars and stripes." On the opposite side he wrote, "To the sacred memory of my youngest boy, who fell fighting for the lost cause." And between them on the third face, "God only knows which was right!" I pity that man's sorrow and dark perplexity. But there is a double question there as to the "right," of which he dared not judge. The motive in the young men's minds was one thing, and the justice of the cause was another. God alone knows the heart, and he alone can judge men's motives. It is one of the strange facts of life that the best of feelings are sometimes enlisted in the worst of causes, and the worst of feelings in the best of causes. You cannot always judge the moral value of an act merely from its surface, nor can you judge it merely from its motive. But men are responsible for their motives which they have allowed to control them, and for their use of the light they might have had if they would open their eyes to it.

◆

General Grant says in his book: "The most anxious period of the war to me, was during the time the Army of the Tennessee was guarding the territory acquired by the fall of Corinth and Memphis, and before I was sufficiently re-enforced to take the offensive."

SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.

HOW THE NEWS OF LEE'S SURRENDER WAS RECEIVED IN A CONFEDERATE BATTERY.

WHILE Generals Grant and Lee were in conference, arranging the conditions of the latter's surrender, Ward's battery from Mississippi occupied such an advanced position in the Confederate line as not to know what was going on at army headquarters, and having received no orders to cease firing, consequently its guns were opened upon the Federals, whenever they were in sight or range, notwithstanding the latter called to them to cease firing, and also waved handkerchiefs at them. The officers of the battery thought it quite strange that firing had ceased everywhere else, and, after a consultation, dispatched a lieutenant to Major Pogue, who commanded the battalion of artillery, for orders. As the lieutenant rode along he noticed an unusual number of blue coats within the lines, and saw groups of Confederate and Federal officers in conversation, and said the thought took possession of him that the Confederates had won the day and captured a terrible big lot of prisoners. Finally, he reached Major Pogue's tent, and after saluting him, announced that his battery had cleaned out the enemy in its front, and that the captain was waiting instructions to move further to the front, and had sent him for orders.

"Orders!" exclaimed the major, "why, the jig's up!"

"It is?" said the lieutenant.

"Yes! the surrender occurred more than an hour ago," continued the major, but before he could finish the lieutenant wheeled his horse, and, giving a big hurrah, stuck his spurs to him and went dashing back to his comrades. As he reached them he whooped and yelled louder than ever. "Hurrah! boys, the jig's up. We've scooped them in. Old Grant's surrendered to Marse Bob, and his fellows and our fellows are all up the road there, a shaking hands, and a swapping greenbacks and Confederate money for war relics. I swear it's a fact. I saw it with my own eyes, and Major Pogue told me so."

At that time the major came galloping up and the lieutenant exclaimed:—

"There he comes now. He'll tell you all about it." Before the major could speak the lieutenant asked, "Hasn't the surrender taken place, major?"

"Yes," said he, and again the lieutenant whooped and yelled.

"I told you so. Hurrah for our side!" and the officers and men joined in and yelled till their throats were sore.

All this time the major, who was still in his saddle, was trying to get in a word or two, but all in vain. Great tears were coursing down his cheeks, and when the lieutenant noticed this he called out:—

"By granny, boys, the news is so good, see, the major is actually crying."

At last there was a lull, when the captain remarked:—

"Tell me all the particulars, major."

The major, with some effort, and in a husky voice, complied; but when he told them General Lee had surrendered to General Grant, his eyes were not the only ones that were filled with tears.

The lieutenant look confounded, then bursting into tears, said:—

"Well, boys, I don't believe it was ever intended for us to win."

MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

By KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

WHENEVER I hear the fife and the drum,
And the bugle wildly play,
My heart is stirred like a frightened bird,
And struggles to break away;
For the tramp of the volunteers I hear,
And the captain's sharp command,
"Left! Left! Left!" He is near,
And drilling his eager band.

For the women and men were as one that day
In a purpose grand and great;
But the men are away in a stormy fray,
And the women must watch and wait.

And some were as brown as the tawny South,
And some like the dawn were fair;
And here was the lad with his girlish mouth,
And there was the beard of care.
But whether from farm or fold they drew,
From the shop or the school boy's seat,
Each shouldered his musket and donned the blue,
And the time with his brogans beat.

And the mother put motherly fears to flight,
And the wife hid her tears away;
For men must fight while their cause is right,
While the women in patience pray.

And now 'tis the discipline hard and sore,
Of the camp, and the march, and the chase,
And now 'tis the flash, and the crash, and the roar,
As the battle creeps on apace.
O, God! it is hard when a comrade falls,
With his head at your very feet,
While "Forward!" the voice of your captain calls,
And the enemy beats retreat.

And O, for the mother or wife who must see,
When the news of the battle is known,
"Killed, Private C., of Company G,"
While she sits in her grief like a stone.

Here, the pitiless siege, and the hunger that mocks;
There, the hell of Resaca waits;
And the crash of the shells on the Georgia rocks,
As you beat on Atlanta's gates.
There are dreams of a peace that is slow to dawn,
Of the furloughs that never come;
There are tidings of grief from a letter drawn,
And the silence of lips grown dumb.

The words of your messmate you write from the crag
Where he breathed his life away:
"Oh say to my darling I died for the flag
She blessed when we marched that day."

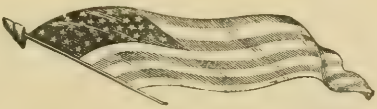
There are chevroned sleeves for some who may go,
And a captain's straps for a few,
And the scars of the hero that some may show,
When is sounded the last tattoo;

But the upturned face on the enemy's side,
With its cold and ghastly stare,
Is all that is left of the pomp and the pride
Of some who the conflict share.

And lo, when the enemy lifts the dead,
And rifles his breast, I ween
There's a woman's face and the dainty grace
Of the babe he never has seen;
And O for the famine, and O for the woe,
Of the comrades in prison pen!
For the hunger and thirst, and the fever slow,
And the torturing, homesick sense!

And O for the phantoms that walk by night,
And the phantoms that walk by day!
And the whirl of the brain in the hopeless fight,
With the demons that gloat and prey!
And O for the scenes that they loved so well,
That haunted their dying day—
For a draught from the well that will never swell,
And a breath of the new-mown hay!
Ah, well, there are few who are left, we know,
Of the many who marched away;
And the children who clung to our skirts, I trow,
Are as tall and as strong as they.

There are unmarked graves in the lonely South,
There are specters that walk at will;
But the flag that you saved at the cannon's mouth
Is the flag that is over you still;
The flag thro' the shot and the shell that you bore,
And wrapped in your blouses blue,
The flag that you swore to defend evermore,
Is the flag of the Union, too.



A FLAG WITH A HISTORY.

ANDREW ROBERTS, of East Hartford, Conn., is in possession of a flag that has an eventful history. It was flung to the breeze for the first time when the tidings of the election of Abraham Lincoln flashed through the country. It was next raised to welcome the arrival of the 6th Mass. Vols. in Washington, after their bloody passage through Baltimore. From that time on it was raised at the tidings of every Union victory until the close of the war. It greeted the second election of Lincoln, and hung heavily draped in crape from the day of his assassination until his burial. Since the war it has been raised at every Republican success in the country. It was presented to Mr. Roberts by his brother, the late J. H. Roberts, foreman of the government bindery at Washington.

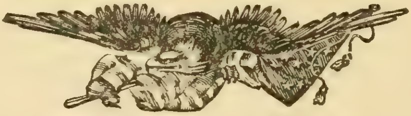
The 33d New York,

AND * ITS * GALLANT * BEHAVIOR * AT * THE * BATTLE * OF * WILLIAMSBURG.

A BRAVE CHARGE.

MAY 5, 1862.

BENJ. MEPHAM, Corp. Co. B, 33d N. Y. S. V. I.



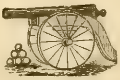
AFTER crossing King's Creek on a high dam, the three left companies were ordered forward and took possession of the first fort. General Hancock continued to move forward, and having advanced half a mile to the left, halted a short distance from the enemy, near by an abandoned redoubt. Lieutenant-Colonel Corning was there ordered to take the three right companies and regimental colors and color-guard, and occupy and hold the fort. A few moments later Colonel Taylor proceeded with the other four companies to a body of woods, to the right and front, and deployed as skirmishers. Wheeler's and Cowan's batteries moved forward five hundred yards, directly in front of the redoubt, and commenced shelling Fort Magruder; they were supported by the 5th Wis. Regt., whose skirmishers connected with the 33d N. Y. on the right, and the 6th Me. and the 49th Penn. on the left. From the redoubt, occupied by Co.'s A, D, and F, the ground descended slightly for a few rods and then became a level plain, extending to Fort Magruder and presenting but few obstacles to the advance of infantry. Our artillery kept up a vigorous fire until two o'clock in the afternoon, and then ceased in accordance with orders from General McClellan, who had arrived on the opposite side of the creek. No other troops had offered to re-enforce Hancock, and he held his position on the enemy's left all day with the small force designated. Night was now approaching, and the men began to consider what further dispositions would be made of them when, suddenly, the rebels were discovered approaching from the direction of Williamsburg, and rapidly formed two lines of battle, which extended entirely across the plain in front. With their overwhelming numbers they expected to press down our small force and capture it entire, or drive it pell mell into the creek. General Hancock immediately sent word to the batteries and infantry supports to fall back, which they did, engaging the enemy as they retired. The three companies of the 33d were ordered out of the redoubt into line of battle, but the color-sergeant and guard remained to defend and keep unfurled the banner. The 7th Me. was likewise posted in line of battle at the right. On came the swarthy rebels, shouting "Bull Run," and "Ball's Bluff," their lines firm and unbroken; while the 5th Wis., 6th Me., and 49th Penn. hastily fell back, forming on the left of the 33d.

Shot and shell fell all around the redoubt. It was a most trying situation. The foe was steadily bearing down and no re-enforcements could cross the narrow dam in time to render assistance. Still the men faltered not, but nerved themselves for the shock, determined that the enemy should bite the dust ere they would surrender. As the rebels drew nearer, the men fired rapidly, but failed to make any impression on their lines, which swept over the plain in perfect order. They had now arrived within seventy yards of the redoubt, and our lieutenant—Brown—and many other brave fellows had fallen. The cannoneers, with their guns, and many members of other regiments, were hurrying back to the dam to escape, both the right and left of the line were wavering, and it seemed as if all was lost. At this critical juncture, the lieutenant-colonel, turning to Colonel Taylor, who had just arrived from the skirmish line, remarked: "Nothing but a charge can check them." "A charge it shall be," he replied, and instantly waving his sword in the air, shouted: "Forward, men!" "Charge bayonets," added Lieutenant-Colonel Corning, and the brave men sprang forward on the double-quick, and were soon lost in the smoke which enveloped the plain. Incited by this gallant example of the 33d, other regiments followed, and, alarmed at this sudden counter-charge, the enemy broke and ran in confusion. In vain the commanding officer tried to rally them. They had started on the retreat, and would not rally. When the 33d was close upon them it discharged volleys into their retreating lines. The other regiments joined us, and for several moments a murderous fire was poured upon the enemy, who never stopped till they reached their entrenchments. Some tumbled on their backs and feigned death, while others ran towards us with uplifted hands, imploring us to spare their lives. More than two hundred lay dead and wounded on the field, among them the lieutenant-colonel and major of the 24th Va., and a captain on Magruder's staff. It was a most daring and brilliant exploit, deciding the fortunes of the day and turning what was to this time a defeat on the left into a substantial victory. Thus terminated the battle of Williamsburg. The 33d captured alone one hundred and fifty prisoners, and won the plaudits of the whole army for its gallant charge.

On the evening of May 7, General McClellan rode into camp on his bay charger. The 33d being drawn up in line, he addressed us as follows: "Officers and men of the 33d, I have come to thank you in person for your gallant conduct on the field of battle on the 5th inst. I will say to you what I have said to other regiments engaged with you; all did well—did all I could expect,—but you did more. You behaved like veterans—you are veterans. Veterans of a hundred battles could not have done better. Those on your left fought well; but you won the day. You were at the right point, did the right thing, and at the right time. You shall have Williamsburg inscribed on your banner."

As "Little Mac" rode away, followed by his staff, cheer after cheer rent the air.

A FIGHTING BATTERY.



Battery D, 1st New York Artillery, participated in a greater number of battles to Nov., 1864, than any other battery in the 5th Corps. It took part in twenty-two engagements.

PRESS AND PEOPLE.

Gen. Grant said in Nov., 1885: "If the same license had been allowed the people and the press of the South that was allowed in the North, Chattanooga would probably have been the last battle fought for the preservation of the Union."

SHOT BY A COMRADE.

HOW A DESPERATELY WOUNDED SOLDIER WAS PUT OUT OF MISERY.

HENRY J. SAVAGE of the Soldiers' Home at Milwaukee, Wis., tells the following thrilling story :—

The writer, a member of Co. G, 1st Del. Infantry, was then attached to the 3d Brigade (Weber's), 3d Division (French's), 2d Corps (Sumner's). After wading Antietam creek, plunging through ploughed fields, stubble fields, and corn fields, his regiment was finally located within plain view of the enemy, when the welcome command ran along the line to "load and fire at will." It was then that our daily target practice at Fortress Monroe came into excellent use, as many a poor fellow of the 6th Ala. learned to his cost. After going eleven rounds, the writer was wounded and ordered to the rear. While retreating in good order, but making most excellent time, his route led him through a portion of the Irish Brigade. Here he saw a sight that capped the climax of horror. A member of that brigade was aimlessly stumbling around with both eyes shot out, begging some one, "for the love of God," to put an end to his misery. A lieutenant of the 4th N. Y. was passing by, and seeing the poor fellow's condition and hearing his appeal, he halted before him and asked him if he really meant what he said.

"O, yes, comrade," was the reply, "I cannot possibly live, and my agony is unendurable."

Without another word the officer drew his pistol, placed it to the victim's right ear, turned away his head, and pulled the trigger. A half wheel, a convulsive gasp, and one more unfortunate had passed over to the silent majority.

"It was better thus," said the lieutenant, replacing his pistol and turning toward the writer, "for the poor fellow could—"

Just then a solid shot took the lieutenant's head off, and the "subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

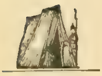
OLD WAR LETTERS.

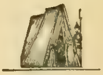
WHILE repairing a house in Quitman, Ga., in 1885, the workmen found between the ceilings and the weather boarding about a bushel of old letters. They had apparently been mailed during 1860 and 1861, and were never sent away. The house had been used for a post-office in the early years of the war, and these letters, in some unaccountable manner, had slipped between the ceiling and outer wall as stated. Many of the letters were perfectly preserved, while others were rat-eaten and soiled. Curiosity caused the seals of several of these ancient epistles to be opened. Many of them were from girls to their sweethearts in the army; some from mothers and fathers to their sons; some from wives to their husbands; and a few were business letters. None of these letters ever reached those for whom they were intended, and a majority of the persons, both writers and those to whom they were written, "have passed over the river."

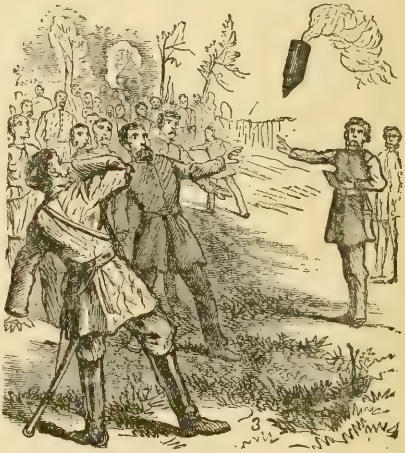
LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

Twelve Hundred Dollars for a Barrel of Flour. Slabs of Corn Bread.

By R. C. BRAGONIER.







SUCH was the ominous condition of affairs that bright Sabbath morning in April, that when the devotions of Mr. Davis were hurriedly interrupted at St. Paul's in the doomed city of Richmond, its portent was quickly guessed and whispered from ear to ear, though the regular services were quietly conducted to the close.

It was a message from the front sent by Lee, that he could no longer hold the lines, and Richmond must be given up to a now victorious army. That April day will never be forgotten. The end had at last come, and the terror-stricken congregation sadly dispersed to prepare for the last drama of the war. Never was dire confusion worse confounded than when the above tidings spread through that city. A mad, uncontrolled mob completed the horrors by open incendiary acts, so that when the exulting captors reached their prize it was but to see it in flames. That night our men noiselessly and mechanically filed out from the Petersburg trenches, concealing the movement by a general firing from the many mortars placed along the thirty miles of works. These queer looking guns had often made night resplendent from the thousand balls that were thrown in artillery duels to conceal some move or to provoke some little skirmish. Both parties were well provided with mortars—hundreds of them being distributed along the lines, or, as sometimes, concentrated in great numbers in one place. The trenches around Petersburg were scarcely a mile apart, and frequently they approached within a few hundred yards and were in plain sight of each other, unless the view was obstructed by timber or undergrowth. Guns fired at an elevation of forty-five degrees appear as though aimed at the empty air, but they were terrifying and destructive to an army unprotected from the masses of iron thrown out from their huge mouths. We knew little of these engines of war until both armies settled down in front of Petersburg and began to batter and hammer at each other in regular siege style. At night it was grand to watch these fiery red shells, dart out from below the horizon as they began their flight. High and higher up they darted till, reaching their highest elevation, they began their dip to the earth. Down they came whizzing and screaming, their path ablaze; faster and faster, till with a deep hollow thud, they buried themselves deep in the ground, throwing all around a shower of stones, pebbles, and earth.

If they exploded in the air, a thousand scintillating lines of fire darted out for a moment and quickly all was dark again; but if the explosion was delayed until it had buried itself in the earth, a terrible upheaval followed, leaving a hole yards across, and men, arms, and all, involved in complete destruction. There can be no more beautiful sight than these shells as they describe their eccentric flights, passing and re-passing as they rush screaming through the heavens. They seemed like balls of red hot iron hurled by some irate demons!—giants of vengeance engaged in dire conflict. Sometimes these fiery monsters crashed against each other in their flight, and then myriads of bright streaming lines of meteors would dart in every direction. Beautiful as are these sights, they are too dangerous for sport.

Mortar duels, strange to say, did comparatively less damage than the ordinary field cannon, especially at night. Then shells could be easily watched, and a little experience soon enabled the men to calculate with great accuracy the place where they would fall. As science and skill add destructive engines of warfare, the instinct of preservation and of defense invents better and safer means of protection. It was but a short time before we found that good sound logs, covered with plenty of earth, constituted a safe and reliable protection against such visitors. Holes ten feet deep were dug, over which were placed layers of logs, and these in turn were freely covered with earth. The entrance was made in the side furthest from the enemy. These were the original and true bomb-proofs. When it was seen that a mortar shell would strike near by, the men would scamper into these subterranean vaults and safely await its explosion. We have seen men await outside with no other purpose than to secure the fragments of the shell after its explosion. Those were hard times for poor Confederates in the trenches, and scrap iron would secure to them what Confederate money had long since failed to do. Just think of paying $1,200 for a barrel of flour, $250 for a pair of shad, $150 for a day's stay at a hotel (you could not well term it board), and $3 per drink for the vilest of whisky, and then to think of paying men $11 of this worthless stuff per month as wages! It may well be asked what did the rebels get to eat? No one save such a soldier and at such a time ever will know.

For weeks at a time cold corn bread, prepared from unsound meal, was the best and only ration that was to be depended upon. Rarely was a piece of meat served. The preparation of corn bread was a novel one in the art of cooking. The great aim was to do the whole thing in bulk and with the least trouble possible. The meal was simply mixed with water, a little salt added and the dough baked in pans, say three feet long and half as wide. The long, brown colored cakes, looking much like clay colored flag-stones, were thrown into dirty box cars which had been used indiscriminately for the carrying of all kinds of supplies and also for the transportation of the dead and wounded of the army. Wagons equally unclean hauled these tremendous corn slabs to the men along the lines. By the time it reached them it was the filthiest of food, yet it was eaten to allay hunger. What must have been the determination of such men? On such a diet had they been served for the ordeal awaiting them in the retreat to Appomattox. The route of that retreat was one long struggle for hopeless escape, each part of the way strewn with abandoned wagons, guns, and material of war, and each day signaled by the capture of thousands of prisoners. The wonder was the end had been so long delayed.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE PICKETS.

(RELATED BY THE GENERAL IN HIS MEMOIRS.)

AFTER we had secured the opening of a line over which to bring our supplies to the army, I made a personal inspection to see the situation of the pickets of the two armies. As I have stated, Chattanooga creek comes down the center of the valley to within a mile of Chattanooga, then bears off westerly, then northwesterly, and enters the Tennessee river at the foot of Lookout mountain. This creek, from its mouth up to where it bears off west, lay between the two lines of pickets, and the guards of both armies drew their water from the same stream. As I would be under short-range fire and in an open country, I took nobody with me, except, I believe, a bugler, who staid some distance to the rear. I rode from our right around to our left. When I came to the camp of the picket guard of our side I heard the call, "Turn out the guard for the commanding general." I replied, "Never mind the guard," and they were dismissed and went back to their tents. Just back of these, and about equally distant from the creek, were the guards of the Confederate pickets. The sentinel on their post called out in like manner, "Turn out the guard for the commanding general," and, I believe, added, "General Grant." Their line in a moment front-faced to the north, facing me, and gave a salute, which I returned.

The most friendly relations seemed to exist between the pickets of the two armies. At one place there was a tree which had fallen across the stream, and which was used by the soldiers of both armies in drawing water for their camps. General Longstreet's corps was stationed there at the time, and wore blue of a little different shade from our uniform. Seeing a soldier in blue on this log, I rode up to him, commenced conversing with him, and asked whose corps he belonged to. He was very polite, and, touching his hat to me, said he belonged to General Longstreet's corps. I asked him a few questions—but not with a view to gaining any particular information—all of which he answered, and I rode off.

GENERAL TERRY AMONG HIS FRIENDS.

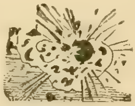
IT was just after the surrender of Richmond, and General Terry was in command of the city. A committee of Hartford gentlemen were visiting the capital of the defunct confederacy, and passed an evening at headquarters, which were in the noted Jeff Davis house. After the evening had been well spent, a party of half a dozen, who knew the general intimately, retired to one of the upper rooms, and General Terry, the moment the door was closed and locked, threw off his coat, stripped off his collar, and in a burst of freedom, exclaimed: "There—I've been General Terry, all dignity and restraint, here in charge of this rebel city, but now, boys, I'm among friends I'm going to have some fun." He sang songs, and danced, and cut up like a boy just out of school. He seemed to enjoy the relief afforded by a respite from the long struggle in the field, and the arduous task in his hands; but when he was a soldier he was a soldier all over.

TORPEDO EXPLOSION.

The Terrible Cost of Inexcusable Carelessness.

By W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass.

JUNE 1, 1864, three torpedoes constructed from pork-barrels, containing 200 pounds of powder each were sent by cars to Bachelor's Creek, N. C., in charge of Lieutenant Jones of the 132d N. Y. Regt., to be placed in the Neuse River, as a protection against possible ironclads from Kinston. Desiring to communicate with Colonel Classen of the 132d N. Y., in command at the creek, he left the torpedoes without informing any one as to what they were. The quartermaster-sergeant of the 132d N. Y. commenced unloading the cars, and reaching the torpedoes he personally took one to the gang-plank and rolled it to the platform supposing it to be a barrel of pork. His assistants took the other two and rolled them off. As the second torpedo struck the one upon the platform it broke the hair spring within, and the three torpedoes exploded with a concussion which startled the enemy twenty miles distant at Kinston. Thirty were killed and seventeen wounded of the 132d N. Y.; a considerable number also of the 158th N. Y., while so far as could be learned there were besides ten citizens killed and twenty-three wounded. A log depot 20 x 30, a railroad platform 100 feet long, and a signal tower ninety feet high were shivered to splinters. The remains of the victims were scattered in fragments in trees or upon the ground for upwards of half a mile. All that there was recognized of the quartermaster-sergeant was his little finger, known by his ring. A sight more pitiful or harrowing could not be imagined. The mangled and powder burned bodies of the living to the number of forty were gathered and their writhing forms taken to the New-Berne hospitals, while the remains of the dead were scraped together in infinitesimal bits and buried in hard-tack boxes. Such was the cost of a little inexcusable carelessness.



Battle of Hanover Court-House,

MAY 27, 1862.

Hot Work of the 13th New York Volunteers.

ENEMY'S WILD FIRING.—FEDERALS' VICTORY.

J. S. S., 13th N. Y. V. I.

WHEN the army reached White House Landing, on its way up the Peninsula, my regiment (the 13th N. Y. Vols., of Martindale's brigade), with the 5th N. Y. (Duryea's), 1st Conn. heavy artillery (acting as infantry), Rush's Lancers (6th Penn. cavalry), and Weeden's battery (Co. C, 1st R. I.), was formed into a provisional brigade, under command of Colonel (afterwards General) Warren.

We marched to Old Church, on the Pamunkey, near which place we barely missed capturing Lee, and, on the morning of May 27, started for Hanover. It had been raining incessantly for two days, nor did it cease until about 11 A. M.

The roads were in a fearful condition, and when the clouds rolled away the sun came out so intensely hot that many of the men were nearly prostrated.

It was about noon, I should judge, when we heard the sound of artillery ahead, and our march was hastened to the uttermost possible extent. About two o'clock, we reached the field where the action had been fought, and learned that the foe were retreating. We were immediately ordered in pursuit, and passing Dr. Kinney's house, struck the pike leading towards Richmond, or Ashland—I forget which.

We had gone about two miles, when heavy firing in our rear attracted attention. Presently General Porter came riding from the head of the column, and as he came opposite he was met by a staff officer, who informed him that our men who had been left behind on the field were being hard pressed by strong re-enforcements from Richmond, sent to assist Branch.

The 13th N. Y. happened to be the hindmost regiment, and General Porter, turning to Marshall, our colonel, ordered him to reach the scene of action at the earliest possible moment. We did not wait to countermarch, but about-faced, and as soon as we had passed Weeden's battery, started upon the double-quick. By the time we reached Dr. Kinney's I felt like the broadside of a barn with an ache all over it.

The knee-high clover, in a large field near Dr. Kinney's, came near finishing all of us. It was wet, and clung to our feet and legs, and it was only by the utmost exertion that we succeeded in "double-quicking." We were hardly in condition to walk.

We passed to the eastward of the mansion, and turned our head of column to the right, in rear of the line formed and forming under Martindale, who as he saw us approaching rode up and assumed command. He ordered us to the extreme left to anticipate a movement of the enemy down the railroad.

Again it was "double-quick," until we had reached a piece of timber on a line with the woods occupied by our comrades. There we faced to the right bringing us fronting the railroad and on an alignment with the rest of Martindale's command. We passed into the woods a distance of, perhaps, three hundred yards, and then suddenly emerged in line of battle upon the edge of a field of growing wheat that came nearly to our knees.

On the opposite side of this field was a rail fence, parallel to our front, and less than three hundred yards away; upon our right (with an interval of cleared country between), timber, and timber upon our left and left front. Towards our right front, which I judge to have been in a westerly direction, the country was open; and at a distance of from one-half to three-fourths of a mile away stood a house from which floated a yellow flag. It was the Confederate hospital. As we came out into the wheat-field, the sun dazzled our eyes; but we discovered a body of men marching by the flank across our front from right to left, behind and partly concealed by the fence inclosing the wheat. We could not exactly make out whether they were friends or foes, and several of us sang out to our own color-bearer: "Shake her out, Jack, shake her out, and let's see who they are."

The flag was given to the breeze, and as its folds gently spread, aided by the swaying of the hands that held it, the passing column halted, coming to a front by a "left-face," and, before we had time to think, delivered a tremendous volley full at us. As we saw the movement of leveling the muskets every man of us dropped to earth, and the storm of lead passed harmlessly over our heads. Then kneeling, with the visors of our caps pulled low to shut out the glare of the sun, we opened by volley, and kept it up as rapidly as possible. The enemy shot wildly, whereas, judging from the way the splinters flew from the fence and the confusion in their ranks, our Remingtons were making their position too uncomfortable to hold. After perhaps twenty minutes they began to waver, and we were ordered to charge. Ahead we went, but they did not await our coming. Away they flew to the rear, a majority of them seeking the friendly shadows of the woods adjacent.

Reaching the fence we found it nearly dismantled by our fire. Behind it lay numerous dead and wounded, and to our right, hidden from our sight by the woods, we discovered the place where the enemy had evidently been preparing dinner. Fires were burning, cups of water steaming, hard-tack, meal, and bacon lay scattered about, and in one instance a dish of batter, out of which some of us had excellent griddle-cakes that night. Close by, in two long, systematic rows, just as they had been laid down, were the well-filled knapsacks of the 18th and 28th North Carolina, of Branch's division—nearly 1,500 of them. We gobbled them, and fine pickings we had, too. I secured an elegant dress suit, with "biled" shirts, collars, and cuffs, two pairs of silk stockings, and a villainous looking bowie-knife with a blade about eleven inches in length.

I do not now remember the loss sustained by my regiment, but it was quite small—our manner of fighting had saved us. From the enemy, in addition to those disabled, we took many prisoners. Three members of my company, who went on a scout after we made camp, brought in thirteen Confederates with their arms and equipments. Besides, we captured their wagon containing hospital, surgical, and medical stores, ambulances and teams, and when the rest of our brigade joined us we were resting on the field we had won.

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A WAR ROMANCE.

IN 1864 and 1865 the Macon, Ga., City Hall and the old market house were used as a hospital for wounded and sick Confederate soldiers. The ladies of the town constituted themselves nurses, and perhaps in no other hospital in the Confederacy did the patients fare so well. One day a lady went to the hospital to visit "her soldier." She was accompanied by a very handsome married lady, a refugee from New Orleans. When they reached the cot upon which the soldier lay writhing with pain, caused by the recent amputation of his left arm, they ministered to his wants and then sat by and cheered him with gentle words of comfort. As they were leaving the soldier requested the New Orleans lady to give him a small Confederate flag which she wore upon her breast. She gave him the flag, first writing her name on the white bar. The soldier recovered, the war ended, and he returned to his home in Alabama. As something not to be forgotten, it should be mentioned that at the time he was in the hospital he was unmarried, and continued so after the war. In 1885 the soldier had occasion to visit New Orleans. He remembered the lady that gave him the flag, and made inquiries about her. He discovered that her husband died soon after the war, and that she, a widow, was still living in New Orleans. He called on her, then called again; in fact he called many times. A few days ago there was a wedding in New Orleans, in which he and the lady figured as principals.

THE BLUE, THE GRAY, AND GRANT.

I.

THEY sat together side by side,
In the shade of an orange tree;
One had followed the flag of Grant,
The other had fought with Lee.

II.

The boy in blue had an empty sleeve,
A crutch had the boy in gray.
They talked of the long and dreary march,
They talked of the bloody fray.

III.

"My chief is dead," the Johnny said,
"A leader brave was he;
And sheathed fore'er at Lexington
Doth hang the sword of Lee."

IV.

"My leader lives"—the boy in blue
Spoke low and with a sigh—
"But all the country waits in fear
That he to-day may die."

V.

"God bless our Grant!" the vet'ran said,
And dropped a tear, and then
In heartfelt tones the answer came,
For the rebel said—"Amen!"

DRAWING LOTS FOR DEATH.

CAPT. HENRY W. SAWYER, of New Jersey, once passed through a very perilous adventure. He was among the Federal prisoners in Libby Prison at the time when the Confederate government determined to retaliate in kind the execution of two rebel officers by one of our Western generals. Mr. Sawyer was at that time a captain in the 1st N. J. cavalry, and was of the grade of officers from whom selections were to be made for the victims to Confederate vengeance. The officer who was in charge of the prisoners at that time was a kind-hearted and agreeable man, and was regarded by them with feelings of gratitude and affection. On the morning in question this officer entered the room where the prisoners were confined, and told all the officers to walk out into another room. This order was obeyed with particular alacrity, as the prisoners were daily expecting to be exchanged, and it was supposed that the order had arrived, and that they were about to exchange their prison quarters for home and freedom. After they had all gathered in the room, their countenances lighted up with this agreeable hope, the officer came in among them, and with a very grave face took a paper out of his pocket and told them that he had a very melancholy duty to perform, the purport of which would be better understood by the reading of the order he held in his hand, which he had just received from the War Department. He then proceeded to read to the amazed and horrified group an order for the immediate execution of two of their number, in retaliation for the hanging of two Confederate officers. As the reader ceased the men looked at each other with blanched faces and a silence like death prevailed for some minutes in the room. The Confeder-

ate officer then suggested that perhaps the better way would be to place a number of slips of paper equal to the whole number of officers from whom the victims were to be selected, in a box, with the word "death" written on two of them, and the rest blank—the two who drew the fatal slips to be the doomed men. This plan was adopted, and a chaplain was appointed to prepare the slips. The drawing then commenced, the men advancing and taking out a slip, and, if it proved to be a blank, taking their places in another part of the room. The drawing had proceeded for some time, and fully a third of the officers had exchanged gloomy looks of apprehension for a relieved aspect they could not avoid showing, after escape from such terrible peril, before a fatal death slip had been drawn. At the end of about this period, however, the first slip was drawn, and the name of "Capt. Henry W. Sawyer of the 1st N. J. Cavalry" was called out as the unfortunate man. The captain was, of course, deeply agitated, but did not lose his self-possession. He immediately began revolving in his mind some plan for averting, or at least postponing, the immediate carrying out of the sanguinary edict of the rebel government, and by the time he was joined by his companion in misfortune, who turned out to be a Captain Flynn of an Indiana regiment, he had resolved upon his course. The officer in command, as soon as the drawing was completed, ordered the two men to be taken out and immediately executed. Captain Sawyer, however, demanded, as a request that no civilized nation could refuse under such circumstances, that he should have permission to write to his wife, to inform her of the terrible fate that awaited him, and to have her come on and bid him an eternal farewell. Respite for a day or two was thus obtained, and Sawyer subsequently obtained an interview with the rebel Secretary of War, and secured permission to write to his wife, which he did. His object in writing to her was principally for our government to be made acquainted with the predicament in which the officers were placed, and to secure hostages and threaten retaliation should the order of the rebels be carried out. It turned out precisely as Sawyer hoped and expected. Our government was informed of the condition of affairs, and promptly seized a son of General Lee and one of some other prominent rebel, and threatened to hang them if the Union officers were executed. By this means the lives of the two doomed men were saved, as the Confederate government did not dare to carry out their threats. After a few months more confinement, Captain Sawyer was exchanged. Captain Flynn, his companion in misfortune, came out of the ordeal with his hair as white as snow; turned gray by the mental sufferings he endured. Captain Sawyer served through the war.

GRANT WAS RESPONSIBLE.

A Time When Secretary Stanton Wanted to Raise Somebody's Scalp.

GRANT had no fear of responsibility; no fear of Secretary Stanton. I never knew him to show any fear of anything. In September, 1864, while at Harper's Ferry, returning from a visit to Sheridan, he learned that Wade Hampton had slipped in, in the rear of the left flank of the Army of the Potomac, and carried off our entire beef herd—2600 head! When Secretary Stanton heard of the loss of the cattle, he wanted somebody's scalp, and telegraphed, "Who is responsible for the loss of the cattle herd?" To which General Grant replied, "I am." There was no "hair raised" that time. For several days afterward the "rebs," with much "mooing" and "lowing," frequently called out, "Hello, Yanks, don't you want some beef?" While this was going on the "old man" would jokingly say, "I have the best commissary in the army; he not only feeds my army, but that of the enemy also." It was only a few months after this that he directed the same officer at Appomattox to feed General Lee's famishing army. When shortly after this loss Sheridan made a big haul in "the valley," Grant felt better. Though the animals were not so large nor in such good condition as ours, they were in such numbers and of such size as to stop Johnny Reb's mouth.

A READY ANSWER.

ONE day when the traveling was tough, a teamster with broken wagon and mules tangled up, using language he thought hardly equal to his surroundings, was approached by a quiet man who said, "Are you a soldier?" He replied, "No, sir, I am a teamster—by brevet."

GALLANT CONDUCT.

GENERAL DUANE, at one time Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac, was, perhaps, the only officer who received a brevet for "highly distinguished professional services." He was also frequently breveted for "gallant and meritorious conduct" in the field.

MOTHER * BICKERDIKE.

One of the Grandest Women of the War.

By BENJ. WOODWARD, Surg. 22d Ill.

I WAS a surgeon in the army and was so situated as to preclude my witnessing many feats of valor in the field, but I can bear testimony to the uncomplaining endurance of our soldiery in camp and hospital.

I came also into constant contact with a group of noble women so heroic, so saintlike, so devoted to the poor sufferers as to raise them to the very pinnacle of womanhood. I refer to the army nurses as I found them in camp and hospital. At home they were often maligned and despised, for it is a sad truth that in the first years of the war, if a woman gave herself to the nation as a nurse she was looked down upon as one who debased herself. In the army they were accepted as angels of mercy.

While I might speak of many of these choice spirits, I choose one as my heroine; a woman rough, uncultivated, even ignorant, but a diamond in the rough. I knew this woman before the war as well as through it. I refer to Mrs. Bickerdike, known in camp, field, or hospital as Mother Bickerdike. She was a widow before the war, with a family of young children, and so poor that she supported her family by going out as a hired nurse. Let me describe my heroine: A large, heavy woman, about forty-five years of age, strong as a man, muscles of iron, nerves of finest steel—sensitive, but self-reliant, kind and tender, seeking all for others, for herself, nothing. Men of the Army of the Cumberland, or of the Tennessee, knew her; they remember that old sun-bonnet and the old white mule she rode, and when she rode into our camp or came into the dreaded field hospital, how the shouts went up, "Hurrah for Mother Bickerdike!"

In the fall of 1861, I was ordered to the charge of the general hospital, at Cairo, Ill., a large, three-story brick building, intended for a hotel. The walls were rough, unplastered, and the third story had only loose rough boards for a floor. Gathered into that place were about 300 sick men—camp diarrhœa, dysentery, typhoid fever, and measles. No ice to be had, the water just out of the foul Mississippi river; no nurses but men from the ranks, all unused to the care of the sick; no changes of underclothes; no convenience for bathing; no nice cooking for the sick. In the midst of such suffering and disorder nothing but the warm heart and willing hand of woman could bring order out of chaos. I went to Major Timmons, the medical director, for aid. He was willing to try a woman, but feared General Grant, who commanded the post, would not consent; but on laying the matter before him and showing how imperative was the necessity, he consented, if the right woman could be found. Mrs. Bickerdike was written for, and as the ladies of Galesburg (which was her home and mine) charged themselves with the care of her children, she came to Cairo, bringing with her a good supply of hospital clothing and delicacies for the sick. At first the men ridiculed her, but her cheerful temper took no offense, for she knew she was right; but woe to the man who insulted her. Her first requisition was for bathing-tubs; these were made from half-hogsheads and barrels. She organized the nurses, saw that all the sick were cleaned, and, as far as possible, given clean underclothes. A special diet-kitchen was established, and a great change for the better was soon seen in the patients. As a rule she hated officers, looking on them as natural enemies of the privates. This, no doubt, she got from her husband, who had been a musician in the regular army.

"Them pesky ossifers," as she always called them, soon saw her worth and esteemed her, but she would bear no fooling. One day she caught a young lieutenant, who had been sick a few days before but who had now recovered, around with a hospital shirt on, and to which he had no right. With a few withering words she grabbed him and stripped the shirt over his head, and turned him out of the room amidst the laughter of thirty or forty men.

As she went with the army to New Madrid, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, and up to Corinth, every man knew her and always hailed her as Mother Bickerdike; and she was a mother to the men. Grant and Sherman highly esteemed her, and the latter gave her a large white mule, saddle and bridle, and as it was not a side-saddle she had it so altered that she could ride on it.

Her pertinacity was such that when, in Southern Tennessee, sanitary goods were needed at the front, but no quartermaster would give her transportation, she, in the night, loaded a car and had it pushed to a train. The quartermaster, seeing General Sherman told him what she had done.

"Well," said the general, "she ranks me. You will have to let it go, I guess."

So this woman labored, month by month and year by year, till peace came. She had saved a little money, and friends helped her to go to Kansas, and at Abilene, I think it was, the railroad allowed her to build a house as an eating station, giving her the promise of a deed to the land. She did well, but no deed came. A change in the railroad management turned her out, not even paying her for the house.

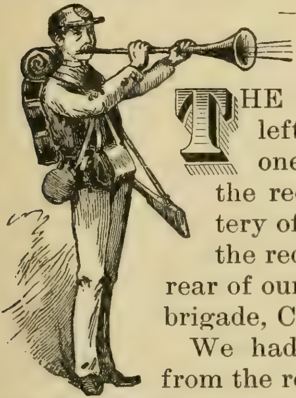
Where she now is, is more than I know, but this I do know, that she is entitled to as good a pension as is the widow of any general. This paper is too long now, or I would like to tell of those ministering angels, Mrs. Wittenmyer, and Mrs. Hays. The latter took care of me like a sister when sick in Camp Big Springs. Of these and many other well known women who gave time and labor for the disabled, much might be said. So, too, of the Sisters of Charity, who worked in hospitals, doing great good. But none of them, so far as came under my observation, followed the men to the field. Such work seemed to be left for the women who came from the homes of the North. But upon all who thus labored, whether in hospital, garrison, or field, I believe the Great Master has set his seal, and in the day when lives are accounted for, he will say, "Well done, good and faithful servants; what you did for the least of my friends, ye did it unto me. Take your crown of reward."

BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS,

And the Behavior of the Eighty-Fifth New York in that Bloody Contest,

May 31, 1862.

E. R. STILLMAN, 85th N. Y VET. VOLUNTEERS.



THE 85th N. Y. Regt. was encamped to the left of the Williamsburg road, and about one hundred yards to the left and rear of the redoubt, and was the support of the battery of Napoleon guns, three of which were in the redoubt and three at the left, a few rods in rear of our rifle-pits, and were attached to Palmer's brigade, Casey's division.

We had nearly completed a line of rifle-pits from the redoubt to the left—of sufficient length to cover the regiment. Front of our works and for about four hundred yards was a level field covered with green wheat; then came a rail fence and one-fourth of a mile of slashed timber; then the woods, in which our pickets were posted. About noon of the 31st of May, three cannons were fired by the rebels, the shots falling a short distance in the rear of our camp. We fell in and advanced to the rifle-pits. Picket firing soon commenced, and the 103d Pennsylvania was sent out on the Williamsburg road to support the pickets; then the 92d New York was posted along the fence, next to the slashing in our front. In a short time a heavy volley of musketry was heard where the 103d Pennsylvania had gone and in a few minutes the Pennsylvanians and pickets came pouring back in a perfect panic. I don't think they stopped till well to the rear of Couch's division, three-quarters of a mile in the rear, no doubt giving rise to the rumor that Casey's men had been "surprised and had retreated in disorder."

We could see the rebel battle-flags above the slashing as the rebel troops advanced. The battery near the redoubt opened on them, but without effect. They fired wildly, throwing some of their shells into the ranks of the 92d New York, causing their retreat. There was now no force between us and the Confederates, a brigade strong, who dressed their lines at the edge of the wheat field, and recommenced their advance. Our battery fired one or two rounds of canister and then the men stood not on the order of going, but went as fast as their legs could carry them, leaving cannon, ammunition, horses and all, and the 85th Regt. to hold the position unaided.

We had taken position in the rifle-pits—standing in water from ankle to knee-deep. The Johnnies were in good shape, the field-officers, mounted, following close in rear of their line of battle. Our colonel and major had disappeared; our lieutenant-colonel was wounded, leaving the command to Capt. W. W. Clarke, of Co. B, who, cool as a cucumber and brave as a lion, ordered us to fire low and take good aim. The rebels advanced slowly, loading and firing as they came, and on the green field in our front presented a splendid mark. In a short time our fire had dismounted their officers and was having a terrible effect on their ranks. They began to find it very difficult to carry their colors, and when within about one hundred yards of us they began to break up and lie down. In firing at a rest over the wet, soft bank of the pits, our guns had cut a channel that bore directly on the rebels, and with little pains we could make every shot tell. They were in fine range and not firing at us, for it was too hot for human endurance. They soon commenced running back, and pluckily tried to take their colors and battle-flags, but it was sure death to touch a staff, and they gave it up—leaving every flag on the field and seemingly two-thirds of their number.

We remained there over two hours, and no other force appeared in our front while we staid in the rifle-pits, but we could see a heavy rebel column just out of range on our left, marching with arms at a right shoulder-shift, to take us and our forces in flank. We expected re-enforcements from Couch's division to hold our lines, but none came, and we were ordered out and retreated as far as our camps, and were then ordered back to the rifle-pits again. By this time all the battery horses had been shot down as they stood hitched to the limbers; the rebels had broken our lines to our right and were some distance to the rear and right of us. At the same time there appeared to be no end of the Johnnies flanking on our left, the head of the column being far to the rear of our line. No re-enforcements coming, we were again ordered to the rear—every man for himself—and that ended the organized fighting of the 85th for that day. We got back to Couch's line as best we could, but we saw no fighting there except at extremely long range. The writer was near the right of the 10th Massachusetts when they received the heavy fire in flank from the troops that had flanked us out of our position.

The 15th Veteran Corps.

J. WARD CHILDS.

Air—"*Joe Bowers.*"

YE brave, immortal veterans,
Ye gallant sons of Mars,
Who've borne through many a battle
Our glorious Stripes and Stars,
Come listen to a soldier
While he his song shall pour
In honor of the veterans
Of the gallant Fifteenth Corps.

The heroes of New England
Stood well the bloody test,
But none won brighter laurels
Than the veterans of the West.
Where blushed the vales the deepest
With streams of human gore,
And where the slain lay thickest,
There fought the Fifteenth Corps.

Led on by gallant Sherman,
The idol of the land,
The noblest of our generals,
And the bravest in command,
We marched through the rebellion,
A terror to the foe,
And driving all before us,
We struck the final blow.

They call us Sherman's "bummers,"
And, doubtless we are "some,"
For marching down through Dixie,
We went on many a "bum";
We "bummed" it at Atlanta,
And at Savannah, too,
And all the way to Bentonville,
Where we put the Johnnies through.

And now the war is over,
The rebellion is no more,
The Union re-established,
And our bloody fighting o'er,
We'll fill to General Sherman,
While loud, from shore to shore,
Shall ring the parting tribute
Of the Fifteenth Veteran Corps.

CASEY'S DIVISION.

Its Gallant Behavior at the Battle of Fair Oaks.

May 31, 1862.

HARD FIGHTING ON BOTH SIDES.—GENERAL HOOKER'S COOL CHARGE FORCING THE ENEMY TO RETREAT.

GEORGE H. JOHNSTON, A. A. G., Naglee's Brigade.

I SHALL speak of the 2d and 3d Brigades in a general way only, but of Naglee's brigade in particular. This brigade was composed of 104th Penn., Col. W. H. H. Davis; 11th Me., Lieut.-Col. H. F. Plaisted; 56th N. Y., Col. C. H. Van Wyck; 52d Penn., Col. J. C. Dodge; and 100th N. Y., Col. J. M. Brown. On the 24th of May General McClellan ordered General Naglee to make a reconnaissance from the "chimneys" near Bottom's Bridge by way of Williamsburg road, and, if possible, to advance to the Seven Pines, and to hold that point if practicable. Accordingly, Naglee's brigade, with the addition of two batteries of the 1st N. Y. Artillery and Gregg's regiment of Penn. cavalry, pushed forward, but not without stubborn resistance. They gained a little from day to day, till on the 28th General Casey's division was about one mile beyond Seven Pines on the Williamsburg road. Our right extended to the railroad and beyond, crossing it at right angles between the fifth and sixth mile-post from Richmond. From the left of

the Williamsburg turnpike to the White Oak Swamp, Naglee's brigade was on the right, Wessel's in the center, and Palmer's on the left. This was the position of the division the day of the commencement of the battle—at least one-half mile nearer Richmond than was again reached during the Peninsular campaign. The fight opened on the 31st of May, 12 M. The first notice we had was the explosion of two shells in our camp—evidently their signal to advance. The attack was sudden, but not a surprise, for cars had been running all night on the Richmond end of the railroad, and Lieutenant Washington, A. D. C. on General Johnston's staff, had been captured the day before; these, with other suspicious circumstances, kept all, from General Casey down, constantly on the alert. We felt that some one had blundered in placing this small division of less than 5,000 men in such a critical position. It was like a finger thrust forward into the fire to test its endurance. The enemy moved down the Williamsburg turnpike in solid columns, our pickets falling back till within a quarter of a mile from the first line of rifle-pits, where Spratt's battery of four pieces was posted, supported by the 104th Penn. Vols., 11th Me., 100th N. Y. (of Naglee's brigade), and the 92d N. Y. (of Palmer's brigade).

Here some of the hardest fighting ever known took place. General Casey says in his report it was the most terrific fire of musketry that he had ever witnessed. General Naglee says, "The air at this time was literally filled with iron and lead." It was here that the bayonet charge was made by the four regiments last mentioned, led by General Naglee; so close were the combatants that Sergeant Potter, of the 104th Penn., was struck on the head by a musket in the hands of a Confederate, and two or three men of the 11th Me. were bayoneted.

Receiving no re-enforcements these regiments, with Spratt's battery, retired to the first line of rifle-pits. Here was posted the balance of Casey's 2d and 3d Brigades, and the battle was renewed with great fury; the four batteries of 1st N. Y. Artillery, viz., Lieutenant Hart's, Regan's, Spratt's, and Fitch's—performed splendid service. At every discharge wide gaps were opened in the enemy's ranks. We could have held them at this place had it not been for the fact that the enemy had flanked us on the left, and their sharpshooters were picking off our officers and men, and had succeeded in killing three or four horses attached to every team of the batteries. Here fell many a gallant soldier—Col. G. D. Bailey, 1st N. Y. Artillery, who was shot in the head while attempting to spike some of his guns in the redoubt; Major Van Valkenberg, and Adjutant Hart, of the same regiment; Colonel Brown, 100th N. Y.; the major, 104th Penn., and Colonel Davis, of the same regiment, with many others severely wounded. Not a field-officer was left of Naglee's brigade. Disputing every inch of ground, we retreated toward the second line, Regan's battery firing up the Williamsburg turnpike at the advancing enemy, his guns being hauled by prolongs, all his horses having been killed. It was a close spot for Regan, but he succeeded in saving his battery. Here was stationed General Couch's division, and, with the assistance of one brigade from General Kearney, which had just arrived, an attempt was made to regain the lost ground, but it proved a failure, and the troops, by order of General Heintzelman, retreated to the third line.

The 56th N. Y. and 52d Penn., with a detachment of the 11th Me., were on the extreme right of Naglee's brigade, near the railroad, at the commencement of the battle, where they suffered heavy loss, their position having been flanked. By an order of General Naglee, what was left of the 56th N. Y. and a detachment of 11th Me. joined the balance of the brigade, near the second line, and fought with them through the remainder of the battle. When the order to retreat was given to Colonel Dodge, of the 52d Penn., he begged to be allowed to remain and fight it out on that line, as he did not wish to fall back, leaving his dead upon the field. For some time after he remained fighting against fearful odds until their retreat was cut off, and they escaped by passing through the wood to the left and rear, where they rejoined their comrades of the 1st Brigade, and retreated with them to the third line, the regiment being reduced to a little over 100 men. Naglee's brigade went into action with eighty-four officers and 1,670 men; of this number thirty-five officers and 603 men were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Up to this time, although large re-enforcements had arrived, the enemy had not been repulsed. They were first successfully checked by the "White Diamond" boys, under General Hooker, who marched up the Williamsburg road, deploying to the right and left in the field, in advance of us, as coolly as if on parade. They moved into the woods in line of battle, driving the enemy before them, and, much to our relief, we saw no more of "Johnny Reb" after that charge. We have thus hastily sketched what came under our own observation—the part taken by General Casey's division, particularly Naglee's brigade, in the celebrated battle of Fair Oaks. General Casey was in the thickest of the fight. Hatless, his gray hair exposed to the breeze, it seemed a miracle he wasn't killed. Naglee was struck four times, had one horse killed under him and another wounded. General Wessels was wounded and his horse killed. Some few of the men anticipating, perhaps, McClellan's strategical movement, fell back. It could not be called retreating, but a "change of base," as McClellan styled the same kind of strategy a week or two after.

A HOUSEFUL OF NORTHERN GENERALS.

THE SILENT MAN.

RELATED BY A VIRGINIA CLERGYMAN.

MY house was full of Northern generals one night during the Virginia campaign. There was Sheridan, Humphreys, Meade, Custer, Ord, and quite a number of others, and they were a lively set and full of fun, with the exception of one officer whom I noticed sitting in a corner smoking, and taking but little part in the sports in which the rest were engaged. They all went out of the house but this solitary, silent man, and as I was going out he asked me where the pump was, as he would like to get a drink. On offering to get him some water, he said: "No, sir, I am a younger man than you, I will go myself," and as I passed out he came up behind me. When in about the middle of the hall my little granddaughter came running toward me, but the silent man, spreading out both arms, caught her, taking her up, fairly smothered with kisses, said: "This reminds me of my little girl at home, and makes me homesick." In response to the question where is your home, he replied: "Galena, Ill., but I have my family at City Point, and am anxious to get back to them." I said, "Will you permit me to ask your name, sir?" "Certainly, my name is Grant." "Grant," exclaimed I, "General Grant?" and I stood there awe stricken and paralyzed with astonishment, while my heart went out after this man. I thought to myself, here is a man whose name is now in the mouth of man, woman, and child throughout the civilized world, and yet withal he exhibits no emotion and seems unconcerned and unmoved until the little child reminds him of his loved ones at home, and I fairly broke down, as General Grant had been pictured out to us as a bloody butcher, and I had looked for a man looking as savage as a Comanche Indian. To say that I was agreeably disappointed when I saw Grant but feebly expresses my feelings.

FEEDING AN ARMY.

STARTLING QUANTITIES OF FOOD CONSUMED.

HENRY C. DWIGHT, Commissary 2d Div. 18th Corps.

AN IDEA of the quantity of food necessary for the troops in camp and field may interest the friends of the veterans; the veterans themselves know well what they had and how they got it.

As captain of a company the duty was easily attended to. The rations were drawn usually by a sergeant or the company cook of the quartermaster of the regiment, upon requisition of the commanding officer of the company, usually for five days at a time, the variety depending on the point of distribution. Meat, bread, coffee, and sugar were the principal items of the bill of fare, varied with that hated vegetable, rice; beans were always appreciated; potatoes, dessicated vegetables, split peas and other articles were issued spasmodically. The bread was soft bread or hard bread as most convenient, but hard bread was the great staple. Salt, pepper, vinegar, and candles filled out the bill.

RATION ALLOWANCES.

The meat ration was varied by giving pork, bacon, or salt or fresh beef. The pork and salt beef were generally good, the bacon and fresh beef fair. The coffee was of superior quality, much better than that sold by grocers generally. The ration was as follows: Twelve ounces of pork or bacon, or twenty ounces of salt or fresh beef, twenty-two ounces of flour or soft bread or sixteen ounces of hard bread per day for each man; and to every one hundred men per day fifteen pounds of beans and ten pounds of rice, eight pounds of ground coffee, or one and one-half pounds of tea, fifteen pounds of sugar, four quarts of vinegar, thirty pounds of potatoes, four pounds of soap, three and three-fourths pounds of salt, one-fourth pound of pepper, one and one-fourth pounds of candle.

COOKING THE RATIONS.

The cooking of the rations was an item of interest, and growling of the men was sure to follow any shortcoming, and woe betide any cook who disregarded this thermometer of public sentiment. On receiving orders to march with say five days' cooked rations, the meat was prepared, and haversacks filled with meat, bread, coffee, and sugar. The coffee and sugar were mixed together and each man distributed his proportion—so many spoonfuls—which was put into a cloth bag or wrapped in paper, and the men were ready for the trip. In camp the company cook made the coffee, but on the march each man made his own, and they were all experts. Each man, as the halt was called, made a fire and putting the coffee in his cup nearly full of water, waited patiently for it to boil. Hard bread and raw salt pork were not very bad and the appetite made it exceedingly good.

DUTIES OF A POST COMMISSARY.

A post commissary was usually located in the vicinity of any large number of troops; his duties were to issue rations to detached troops who did not belong to any brigade or division, to hospitals, sell stores to officers, etc. This was the best position in the subsistence department. Officers did not draw rations, but bought their supplies for their mess. Officers certified in writing that the stores wanted were for their own use and cash was paid for each purchase. Every month prices at which sales could be made were given by the chief commissary. It was quite necessary to have post commissaries as the demand for stores was large and supplies could not be readily obtained elsewhere, except of the sutlers, and government prices were much less than theirs.

THE DIVISION COMMISSARY.

The division commissary's position was one of great responsibility, but his duties were limited to issuing to the brigade commissaries. He issued in original packages, to the brigade commissaries, who in turn issued to regiments, batteries, etc., of his brigade, the quartermaster of each regiment issuing to the companies of his regiment.

Night and day the mules were hitched to or near the wagons, as the orders might come at any hour to move. This wagon train was quite an army of itself. The great quantity of food that an army required can be imagined from the fact that it took thirty-nine six-mule teams for my own division. There were three divisions in this corps and usually this number in all corps. The wagons had the corps badge on the covers—the first division red, the second white, and the third blue. The wagon train was managed by the head teamster, who was a man of untiring energy and usually of profanity enough for the 200 to 300 mules in his charge. Every wagon had one teamster, and it was marvelous how they could drive in and over roads that surpass any you can conceive of for inequality and mud. During August and September, 1864, the supply of fresh bread was made at Norfolk, Va., for my division, brought by steamer up the James and Appomattox rivers to Point of Rocks, Va., or Bermuda Hundred. Fresh bread was issued two days in five, hard bread the other three; but one brigade at a time could be served. This bread was very good and the quantity, one loaf for each man, amply sufficient.

My colored boy, Joe Gray, was told by his mistress that the Yankees were awful people, had nails in their bread, etc. Joe ran away and came into Washington, N. C. He saw a soldier eating his supper and asked him to give him some bread. The soldier throw him a "hard-tack."

Joe bit into it and there was a nail in the first bite. "Aha," says Joe, "the old ooman was right, Yankees have nails in the bread, sure nuf."

The hard bread which was packed in boxes of eighty pounds each, had different marks or brands. Some were marked "B. C." The boys said they knew some of it was old, but they could not comprehend why it had been kept so long on hand, and asked for some marked "Anno Domini."

My endeavors to feed the troops with the full ration, varied as much as possible. I was ably seconded by those with whom I was associated and the division under my charge were as well fed as any in the army.

The list given will show what the 2d Div. under my charge had to eat in August, 1864:—

Pork,	448 barrels,
Bacon,	13,109 barrels,
Ham,	1,434 barrels,
Salt beef,	76 barrels,
Fresh beef,	51,155 pounds,
Flour (soft bread),	528 barrels,
Dried apples,	4,611 pounds,
Coffee,	13,510 pounds,
Tea,	1,392 pounds,
Brown sugar,	42,469 pounds,
White sugar,	7,333 pounds,
Vinegar,	1,975 gallons,
Salt fish,	15,205 pounds,
Candles,	3,075 pounds,
Potatoes,	69,066 pounds,
Hard bread,	144,883 pounds,
Onions,	25,063 pounds,
Beets,	5,251 pounds,
Beans,	30,772 pounds,
Salt,	10,962 pounds,
Rice,	3,619 pounds,
Whisky,	4,198 gallons,

Besides pepper, peas, soap, and other lesser supplies.

Whisky was an extra ration, issued generally day by day as occasion might require, the season of the year and the duty required having more or less to do with it. The ration was one gill per day to each man.

The ration of whisky did not always satisfy the wants of some of the boys, and they resorted to many ways to get some. My clerk was frequently offered twenty-five dollars for a canteen full (about a quart) and in one instance he was offered fifty dollars. All such bids were declined, as it could be sold only to officers who made written requisition for it, certifying it was for their own use. Sometimes the officer's signature was forged, but this was exceptional; I remember but one instance. In this case an officer very pompously made known his grievance, and expatiated at length on the lack of intelligence of the commissary. Orders were given to decline any orders with his name attached, and the officer said all right. In a few moments he came back and asked, "What am I to do when I want some myself?" "Go without it," I said. He replied, "Never mind the possibility of orders being forged, go on as you have been doing; I take it all back, I want *some* myself." One man having indulged too freely in whisky was reprimanded and he said, " You must not expect all the moral virtues for sixteen dollars a month."

The Sanitary Commission had its representative about the several hospitals to see about the distribution of the supplies so generously sent to the soldiers and the boys invented many excuses to get hold of the good things. These representatives, however, were wide-awake and seldom failed to understand the tricks. One day, three officers, being "dry as a fish," thought well of applying to the Sanitary Commission for some stores. They deputized one of their servants to wait upon Sanitary and present their claim. This duty fell upon "Tip," who at once went and made known his wants. Sanitary said. "What do you want?" Tip was rather taken back by so direct an inquiry and looking around saw so much stuff he could hardly fix upon any article, but finally said, "Canned peaches." "What is the matter with your sick friend," said Sanitary. "Chronic diarrhœa," said Tip. "Chronic diarrhœa!" said Sanitary; "canned peaches are the worst thing he could have." Tip went out and returned to his comrades, telling them of his failure. Their actions were clouded by words we will not repeat.

Thus the veteran of 1861 to 1865 fared for food. There were no luxuries, but there was little grumbling on that account. The articles furnished were as a rule the best to be obtained.

Brave old souls! they fought well, and nobly did they win. Many are still with us to-day. In every town, city, and village they live. They walk your streets and visit your homes. Beneath a plain exterior and a figure perhaps poorly or plainly clad, there beats the heart of as brave a soldier as the world ever knew; and though perhaps it may be only a private, corporal, or sergeant, yet he did his part, he fought the fight as well as any one ever did or could—and that is enough for any man.

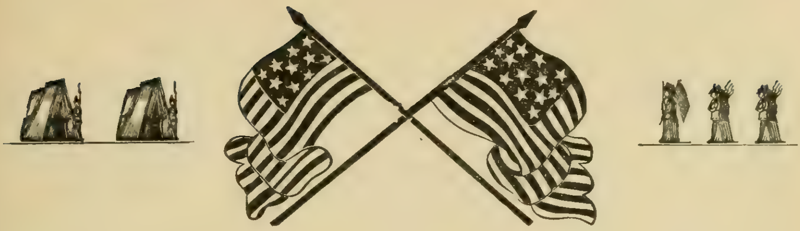
* * *

GAINES' MILL.

The battle of Gaines' Mill was the beginning of the disasters of the army under McClellan, and it raised the only formidable siege made to Richmond during the war.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

The test of popular government on trial, which was applied to us at the time of the Presidential election of 1864, was such as had never before been applied to any nation on earth.



THE BATTLE FLAGS.

MOSES G. OWEN, BATH, ME.

NOTHING but flags—but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
Who have marched beneath them in days gone by
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds in their young life's tide,
And dying blessed them, and blessing died.

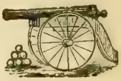
Nothing but flags—yet methinks at night
They tell each other their tales of fright;
And dim specters come, and their thin arms twine
Round each standard torn as they stand in line,
And the word is given,—they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle storm,
And once again through the smoke and strife
Those colors lead to a Nation's life.

Nothing but flags—yet they're bathed in tears;
They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears;
Of a mother's prayers, of a boy away;
Of a serpent crushed, of the coming day!
Silent they speak, yet the tears will start
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot;
Their flags come home—why come they not?

Nothing but flags—yet we hold our breath
And gaze with awe at those types of death.
Nothing but flags, yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray, though the lips be dumb!
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear loved flags, come home again;
Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
Tattered and torn, they're now at rest.

A Shot Fired at the Wrong Time.

NOBODY DID IT.



FIRST INTRODUCTION TO GENERAL SHERMAN.

By GEN. GEO. F. McGINNIS.

ABOUT eight o'clock A. M., April 8, 1862, the morning after the second day's fight at Shiloh, while quietly seated at my headquarters, which was the butt end of a tree, close to the road and about three hundred yards in advance of Shiloh meeting house, my attention was attracted by a solitary horseman coming in my direction. He was dressed in citizens' clothes which would not improperly have been called "misfit." He was lean and lank, with sandy complexion, hair, and beard, the latter looking as though it had not been cut for a week or ten days. I concluded from his general appearance that he was an honest old farmer who had a son in the army, and, being anxious about him, had left home, without preparation, as soon as he got news of the battle, to look after and care for that son in case he should find him killed or wounded. As soon as my supposed farmer came within speaking distance, the following conversation took place:—

I—"Good morning, sir."

He—"Good morning. What regiment is this?"

I—"The 11th Indiana, sir."

He—"Who is the colonel?"

I—"McGinnis."

He—"Where is McGinnis?"

I—"I'm the man, sir."

He—(Looking at me with astonishment, and apparently amazed that such a looking chap as I was should be intrusted with the command of a regiment of men) "I am General Sherman."

I—(My turn to be astonished, and for the moment dumfounded, and without thinking of the enormity of the offense) "The—(revised edition) you are!"

He—(Seeing the point, and taking in the situation, smilingly) "Yes."

There had been an alarm in camp that morning; the men on picket duty had deserted their posts and came tearing through our quarters as though the rebel army was at their heels. I succeeded in persuading a big lieutenant to stop long enough to tell me that they had been driven in by the rebels. I couldn't get another word. He was the worst scared man I ever saw. There was not a word of truth in his story, as the rebel army was miles away, making the best of their way to Corinth. The alarm was caused by several of our regiments discharging their pieces. This was done without authority and without notice to any one, and for a few minutes led many to believe that another battle was on. This affair riled General Sherman terribly. He put on his war paint and started out to give orders in person. After the above introduction, the general asked information in relation to any disturbance in our front, and received all I could give him. He then delivered a short oration, and closed with an order to arrest any man who was caught in the act of firing a gun or pistol. Send him under guard to his headquarters, and he would have him shot. I assured General Sherman his order should be obeyed. He was assured that no man in the 11th Regt. had discharged a gun that morning, and that all the men were then engaged in cleaning their arms.

The general, satisfied that his orders would be obeyed, with a pleasant good morning, passed on up the road, and I reoccupied my headquarters. A message was immediately sent to company officers to caution their men in regard to firing, and informing them of Sherman's orders. Sherman had certainly not gone more than one hundred yards, when "bang" went a musket right on the left of my regiment. I knew it was in Company K. I looked up the road, saw Sherman stop and look back; jumped to my feet and started toward the left, just as Sherman turned his horse to come back. I got to K quarters but a minute after my message had been delivered, and asked, "Who fired that gun?" The answer came back from a dozen throats, "It was over in that regiment on the left, colonel." O, but the private soldiers were sharp.

Said I, "Are you sure it was not fired by a Company K man?" Every man was sure.

Said I: "There is General Sherman ready to have the man who fired that gun shot, if he can be found. Are you still sure as to where that shot was fired?" Every man was willing to swear and stick to it that the shot was fired by the regiment on our left, and they were so earnest about it that I wanted to believe them.

In fact, I was so anxious and determined to save my boys from being shot, that I did believe them, and reported to Sherman, who was waiting for me, that I had thought at first the shot was fired in my regiment, but after a hasty investigation I was fully satisfied that it was in the next regiment beyond, and doubtless accidental.

He looked a little queer, asked some very direct questions, acted as though he didn't believe me any more than I believed the boys, and with the caution, "Tell the boys to be careful or somebody will get hurt," rode away.

This was my first introduction to General Sherman.

* * *

A SURGICAL WONDER.

By **DR. HUNTER McGUIRE, Chief Surgeon on "Stonewall" Jackson's Staff.**

THE ONLY MAN ON RECORD WHO HAS SEEN HIS OWN LIVER.

AFTER one of the battles in the valley of Virginia I was riding along a dusty road one hot day when I saw a Confederate officer lying upon the ground desperately wounded. Upon an examination I discovered that he had received a wound in the abdomen. His intestines were protruding several inches, and covered with dust. I expressed my regret at being unable to do anything for the sufferer. He was in good spirits, and replied: "Two or three other doctors have said the same thing. What I want is for some one to do something for me."

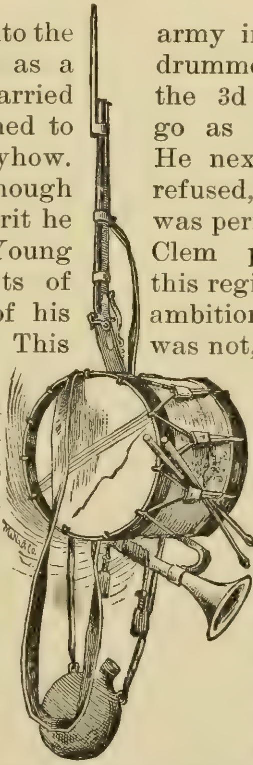
Although the case appeared a hopeless one, I procured a tub of water and washed the wound, then handed him a mirror and in it he saw reflected his own liver. Upon an examination, I discovered that the walls of the stomach had not been injured. The wound was sewed up and the officer rapidly recovered. The case is one of the most remarkable ones that have ever come to the knowledge of the medical profession.

"JOHNNY SHILOH."

(JOHN L. CLEM.)

The Drummer Boy of Chickamauga.

WONDERFUL CAREER OF A TEN-YEAR OLD BOY.



THIS lad went into the army in '61, a boy of ten. Being refused as a drummer, he boarded the train which carried the 3d Ohio Regt. to the front, determined to go as an enlisted man if possible, but to go anyhow. He next offered himself to the 22d Mich., but though refused, out of admiration for his indomitable spirit he was permitted to accompany that organization. Young Clem participated in the duties and movements of this regiment until '62, when he gained the goal of his ambition by being duly enlisted as a drummer. This was not, however, until after the battle of Shiloh. In that fight this boy of eleven years covered his name with glory. He went in as a volunteer and under the deadly shower of shot and shell he bore himself a man. With a regulation drum swinging between his youthful legs he marched up the bloody hill from the river beating the charge that others were paid to beat. The drum was smashed by an exploding shell, but the boy, now and then felled to earth by the falling branches trudged along, advancing and receding, as the command withstood or wavered under the scorching fire of the rebels. That this fire was deadly was evidenced by the corpses so thickly strewn that one could almost step from body to body at a single stride. Had he been a man, at the close of that engagement he would have been rewarded with a commission. As it was, they enlisted him as a drummer, and gave him the right to wear the blue. From then he was known as "Johnny Shiloh." At Chickamauga he distinguished himself still more grandly, and won the imperishable name of "The Drummer Boy of Chickamauga."

This stripling was not satisfied with a drum. He wanted to fight. Full of pluck and that courage which makes heroes, he demanded a musket. To comply with his desire a gun had to be cut down to his diminutive size, so that he could load it. On the 23d of September, 1863, armed with this shortened musket and seated on the caisson of a light battery, he was whirled to the front of battle once more, and permitted to take his place as a soldier in the ranks. In the midst of the leaden hail that followed he worked his little musket for all it was worth. His command was in a tight place and was forced back toward Chattanooga. The brigade attempted to make a stand and was surrounded by the enemy. Little Johnny had not been able to get back as fast as the men, and in the advancing line of rebels rode a rebel colonel. The latter, sword in air, called to the boy to surrender, applying a foul epithet to him. Johnny had that morning told his comrades that he would never surrender, and he hadn't changed his mind it seems, for he pulled up the shortened musket and sent a bullet through the rebel heart. As the colonel tumbled from his saddle they charged over little Johnny's prostrate body, horse, foot, and dragoons. This was a good thing for little Johnny, though he probably didn't appreciate it at the moment. While the rest of his command were killed or captured he got up after nightfall and made his way to Chattanooga. He got three bullet holes through his cap that day. General Rosecrans made him a sergeant and placed him on the roll of honor for that day's work.

He was now but twelve years of age and had participated in the battles of Perryville, Stone River, Kenesaw Mountain, Resaca, Nashville, and every important operation of the Army of the Cumberland. He was captured shortly after the battle of Chickamauga, and was paroled in sixty days and sent to Camp Chase for exchange. When he reached the Union lines he found Pop Thomas in command. The latter made him an orderly sergeant and attached him to his staff. At Atlanta, while delivering a dispatch to General Logan, his pony was shot under him and a bullet took effect in Johnny's shoulder. His lack of education and age alone stood between young Clem and a commission. At the close of the war he went to Indianapolis and began to qualify himself for a cadetship. To this Grant afterward appointed him. But he failed at West Point. While other boys had been at school, Johnny had been fighting in the field. He was appointed to the army from civil life, has served in the field on the frontier since and has been promoted to captain and assistant quartermaster. He is still boyish-looking, small of stature, and, in spite of the flattery and honors heaped upon him, as modest a young man as ever wore regimentals.

FIRST WAR MEETING AT GALENA, ILL.

PRESIDED OVER BY GRANT.

Related by His Townsman and Neighbor, E. B. Washburn.

I WALKED home with General Grant from the first war meeting which was held at Galena, and over which the general presided. He said to me: "I am going into this thing. I am going to begin at the foot of the ladder. I am acquainted with the governor of Ohio, and I am going to write to him to-night and ask him to give me a commission." I asked him why he did not apply to Governor Yates. He replied that he knew Ohio's governor and should write to him. Before his application was answered I was in Springfield, and Governor Yates said to me: "We have got men enough and money enough, but we have no one here to organize; we need a military man here." To which I replied: "We have got just the very man up at Galena that you want." "Who is he?" "Captain Grant." "Who is Captain Grant?" I explained that he was a graduate of West Point and had seen service in the Mexican war. "Send Captain Grant down here," was the reply. While Grant was at work at the duty assigned him the colonel of a regiment came in one day and said that he could do nothing with his men and offered to resign in Grant's favor if he would take command of it. Grant went out to see the regiment, and, being satisfied that the men were full of fight and would make good soldiers, accepted the command. Instead of taking his soldiers from Springfield to Quincy by rail, he marched them on foot, and by the time they reached their destination they knew they had no militia colonel to deal with. Then followed Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, and those other victories which have placed Grant's name with the highest of the world's heroes.

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

Sept. 17, 1862.

A CRITICAL MOMENT FOR THE CONFEDERATES.

By GENERAL LONGSTREET.

THE Federals fought with wonderful bravery and the Confederates clung to their ground with heroic courage as, hour after hour, they were mown down like grass. The fresh troops of McClellan literally tore into shreds the already ragged army of Lee, but the Confederates never gave back.

I remember at one time they were surging up against us with fearful numbers. I was occupying the left over by Hood, whose ammunition gave out. He retired to get a fresh supply. Soon after, the Federals moved up against us in great masses.

We were under the crest of a hill, occupying a position that ought to have been held by from four to six brigades. The only troops there were Cooke's regiment of North Carolina Infantry, without a cartridge. As I rode along the line with my staff, I saw two pieces of the Washington Artillery (Miller's Battery), but there were not enough men to man them. The gunners had been either killed or wounded. This was a fearful situation for the Confederate center. I put my staff-officers to the guns while I held their horses. It was easy to see that if the Federals broke through our line there, the Confederate army would be cut in two and probably destroyed, for we were already badly whipped and were only holding our ground from sheer desperation. Cooke sent me word that his ammunition was out. I replied that he must hold his position as long as he had a man left. He responded that he would show his colors as long as there was a man alive to hold them up. We loaded up our little guns with canister and sent a rattle of hail into the Federals as they came up over the crest of the hill.

There was more business to the square inch in that little battery than in any I ever saw, and it shot harder and faster and with a sort of human energy as it seemed to realize that it was to hold the thousands of Federals at bay or the battle was lost. So warm was the reception we gave them that they dodged back behind the crest of the hill. We sought to make them believe we had many batteries before them instead of only two little guns. As the Federals would come up they would see the colors of the North Carolina regiment waving placidly, and then would receive a shower of canister. We made it lively while it lasted. In the mean time General Chilton, General Lee's chief of staff, made his way to me and asked, "Where are the troops you are holding your line with?" I pointed to my two pieces and to Cooke's regiment, and replied, "There they are; but that regiment hasn't a cartridge."

Chilton's eyes popped as though they would come out of his head, he struck spurs to his horse and away he went to General Lee. I suppose he made some remarkable report, although I did not see General Lee again until night.

* * *

SHERIDAN'S FOX HUNT.

ADAM BADEAU.

DURING the winter General Sheridan remained near Winchester, but as soon as the roads and the rains allowed, Grant directed him to push once more up the valley—this time not to return. He was to advance in the direction of Richmond, destroying the railroads in every direction, as well as all stores that could possibly be of use to the enemy. In order to conceal his purpose, Sheridan resorted to one of those ingenious devices in which he was unrivaled since the days of Hannibal. He learned that the people of the neighborhood were fond of hunting, and encouraged his staff to make their acquaintance and talk of foxes and hounds. A pack of hounds was found and a day set for the chase. The hounds were brought into Winchester, the horses were shod, and all the talk of the country around was of Sheridan's hunt. On the appointed day the whole neighborhood came to the meet, the general and his staff conspicuous. The start was made and the run was good, but the general and staff went further than the Virginians, and the army followed. They rode after the enemy and never returned. The stratagem had kept all the news of Sheridan's intentions secret, as all his preparations were attributed to the hunt, and he was far on his way before the wile was discovered.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

1862.

The Fearless Hooker.—Burnside and the 9th Corps Immortalized.—Sumner Invincible.—McClellan Hesitates.

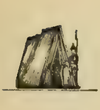
By REV. THEO. GERRISH, 20th Maine.

UPON the morning of September 17, 1862, the rebels before Antietam had brilliant expectations. The delay of our commanding general in not pressing battle has enabled General Lee to add the victorious column of Jackson and Lawton, from Harper's Ferry to his army, so that he confronted the Union forces with 100,000 men. His left wing is commanded by Jackson, his right by Longstreet, and his center by A. P. Hill. He has position in his favor, for, to reach them, the Union army under McClellan must cross the deep Antietam creek and storm the heights beyond. There are no means of crossing possible save by three bridges, which are heavily enfiladed by rebel artillery and infantry. General Hooker had carried the upper bridge near Hagerstown the afternoon before, and now after sleeping on his arms his gallant men with moving column and waving banners early open the fray. Two batteries supported by strong lines of infantry, advance from the woods into the cornfield, and the enemy attempt to seize the guns. It is a bloody reception. Back and forth the lines advance and recede; first one and then the other, victor. Whole lines melt away in the terrible carnage. A full hour the conflict rages, and then the rebel lines fall back amid the cheer of Union troops. Stonewall Jackson has found in Joe Hooker his match for desperate daring. Hooker's tall form, mounted upon his gray steed, had been for an hour in the thickest of the fight. General Meade's Penn. Reserves now move forward to follow up the advantage. They charge across the field, slippery with blood, to the woods where the rebels had disappeared. Great God, what a reception! The forest seemed to yawn and vomit forth a volcano of leaden fire; they reel and stagger under that fearful tempest. Brigades are reduced to regiments in a moment, and soon the re-enforced enemy charge back and hurl Meade from the field. It is a critical moment; a staff officer dashes to Doubleday with the order, "Send me your best brigade instantly," and Hartsuff's brigade, composed mostly of Massachusetts troops, double quick to the field, and in a wild and fearless manner charge upon the exultant foe. They struck the rebel line, seemingly five-fold stronger than they, with terrific force and it recoiled before them. They threw themselves upon the ground and for thirty minutes held the rebels at bay; then with exhausted ammunition, Hartsuff's line springs to its feet and rolls the enemy back to the woods from which they had assaulted the column of General Meade. 'Tis now 10 A. M., and, with four hours of carnage, no advantage has been gained by either side. Hooker's entire command is now moving for a grand and desperate effort. Hooker is at the front! Regiments, brigades, and divisions swing into line at the double quick. The hillside flames with fire. A terrific roar fills the air. Clouds of sulphurous smoke cover the scene and the ground shakes as with the agony of a great struggle. Hooker is wounded and borne from the field, and the enemy, re-enforced from the center, is crowding hard. General Sumner at an opportune moment assumes command, and in the thickest of the fight leads bravely on. The enemy meets shock after shock with invincible daring and soon the wavering Union lines give up the field. It is now past noon, and while Sumner is invincible to attack his force is too much reduced for assault. Just then the welcome sight of troops moving from the Hagerstown bridge greets the commander's eye, and a few moments later General Franklin's corps is there to his support. Smith's Maine and Vermont brigade retake the ground and like a holocaust sweep everything from the field and the woods before them. It is done and well done; a glorious victory, in which all must share. Down on the left the gallant Burnside had been doing noble work also. The 9th Corps had slept on the ridge overlooking the stone bridge, and at 9 A. M., Burnside in person led the assault. It was fearful. They reached the bridge amidst hundreds of bursting shells, while 20,000 muskets poured in their fire of death. They cross; deploy; form line of battle; dash up the hill; retreat, surge back and forth; join in a hand to hand conflict, and though the enemy have all the advantage, his first line is at length carried at the point of the bayonet. There is another terrific struggle; another death embrace, and at length another tumultuous yell rolls up the line and tells that Burnside's men have carried the heights. Again bursts forth a terrific fire at the right, but it soon dies out before the victorious Union host; but the lifeless form of the brave Mansfield is carried to the rear. Lee seeing his right to be the point of greatest danger, orders A. P. Hill there; but he arrives too late to save Longstreet from defeat. That position must be regained at any cost is the word from Lee. Burnside sees the gathering host, and a foaming steed dashes to McClellan with the word, "send me men and guns, and I will sweep all before me, but I cannot hold this position without re-enforcements." Fitz John Porter, with 20,000 men who as yet have only smelt the powder, stands ready for the order. To give it means the overthrow of Longstreet and Hill; the seizure of the Potomac fords, and the capture of Lee's army. McClellan hesitates. Oh, for one hour of Grant or the dashing Phil Sheridan! Rise, McClellan, to the greatness of your opportunity, and hurl the traitor army to the wall. Alas! too timid, and too weak! The word goes back, "Tell Burnside to hold on; it is the greatest battle of the war; I have no infantry to send; if he is driven back, he must hold the bridge, for if we lose that we lose all. 'Tis a fatal mistake. Burnside is overpowered and slowly but obstinately relinquishes the field. He holds the bridge and darkness ends the conflict. Lee sees the handwriting upon the wall; and what he cannot gain by fighting, he gains by cunning. An armistice must be had to bury the dead, and while this progresses the defeated rebel army skulks away and gain the fords of the Potomac, and the Union army curses the powers that be which after a sacrifice of 2,010 killed, and 9,416 wounded, robs them of the blood bought fruits of their victory.

Lee Troubled by Meade.—General Lee said that General Meade had given him as much or more trouble than any other general.

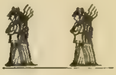
Cheapest Victory.—The cheapest victory ever won on the battle field was the battle of Darbeytown Road, Oct. 7, 1864.

The Artillery Duel at Antietam.



SEPT. 17, 1862.

H. H. BOWLES, CO. C, 6th Maine.

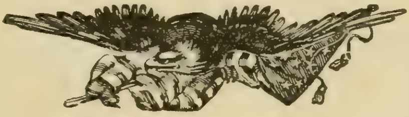


ONE of the most fearful artillery duels at short range that I ever witnessed occurred at the immediate right of the cornfield at Antietam on the morning of September 17, 1862. In that giant struggle for the mastery on that fearful field in the long ago, when division after division of the Union army was swept away in rapid succession by fighting at close quarters, when charge was met by counter charge, where Mansfield, Hooker, and Richardson were killed or wounded ere the sun had scarce risen, and Sedgwick's division in turn was sent hustling back in wild disorder,—it was just at this time that our brigade (Hancock's) came in on the double quick, meeting Sedgwick's division falling back. We were composed of the 6th Me., 5th Wis., 43d N. Y., and 49th Penn. It was a fearfully hot day, and we had been running all the morning to get on the field, and as we came up upon the double quick through a piece of timber, to the east of the cornfield, by the right flank, we saw abundant evidence of the rout or disaster of Sedgwick's division. The woods and fields were full of stragglers and wounded men. Cannon shot and shell were flying in all directions. It seemed as though the air was alive with missiles of destruction. General Sumner came riding up, bare-headed, his long, white hair streaming in the wind, his tall form erect, and gave some orders in a clear, distinct voice. Our brigade formed quickly into line and advanced to the edge of the cornfield and lay down, where the ground fell off considerably, so that we were partially covered, expecting every moment to be ordered to charge. As we came out of the field we passed Captain Frank's N. Y. battery on our immediate right in position, and "bellowing like mad." They were five-inch Napoleon guns. The cannoneers, many of them, were working with their sleeves rolled up, and some of them bare to the skin to their waist, and were black and grim with powder and smoke. The guns were vomiting forth grape and canister, double shotted at every discharge, and fairly leaped from their position at every shot. They were making a perfect hell of every inch of ground in front and on either flank. I never witnessed such rapid firing or saw guns worked as they were. Captain Frank was riding back and forth calling for supports for his battery, for, as we came up, his battery was wholly unsupported. In our immediate front the ground was literally covered with dead and dying. The gray coats of the Confederates were thickly mingled with the blue of the Union dead. The green coats of the U. S. sharpshooters and the red trousers and embroidered jackets of the 14th Brooklyn lay thickly among the corn hills, and along by the rail fence were whole windrows of dead of both blue and gray. The sunken road was filled with dead and dying. Way over by the edge of the field nearest the Union lines, by the east wood, lay the body of a rebel colonel shot all to pieces. The rebel sharpshooters were posted in the tree-tops in the west woods, and were picking off our men one by one. Little Charlie King—a bright eyed, dark-haired drummer boy of the 49th Penn., about twelve years of age, and the favorite of his regiment—was standing behind me, when a minie ball pierced his breast and he fell into my arms calling the name of his mother. The wound did not cause death at the time so we took him to the rear and gave him in charge of the surgeon. But we could not wait and leaving him in gentle hands we hurried back to the front with our comrades. The deep booming of cannon went on, and hilltop answered hilltop with thunder, flame, and smoke. As I watched the working of these batteries, the rapid firing, the wonderful precision of their shots, I could but think of Marshal Ney at Waterloo, when assaulting the English squares, struck with admiration for the English batteries in his front, he paused and gave them the military salute. The day wore on and gradually the firing ceased as by mutual consent, and the enemy were again compelled to retreat into Virginia and to their old lines across the Rappahannock.

* * *

Night on the Field of Fredericksburg.

GEN. J. L. CHAMBERLAIN, LL. D., Ex.-President Bowdoin College, Me.



ONWARD time moves. Many years have passed since "Fredericksburg." Of what then was not much is left but memory. Faces and forms of men and things that then were have changed—perchance to dust. New life has covered some; the rest look but lingering farewells.

But, whatever changes may beautify those storm-swept and barren slopes, there is one character from which they can never pass. Death-gardens, haunted by glorious ghosts, they must abide. No bloom can there unfold which does not wear the rich token of the inheritance of heroic blood; no breeze be wafted that does not bear the breath of the immortal life there breathed away.

Of all that splendid but unavailing valor no one has told the story; nor can I. The pen has no wing to follow where that sacrifice and devotion sped their flight. But memory may rest down on some night-scenes, too quiet and somber with shadow to be vividly depicted, and yet which have their interest from very contrast with the tangled and lurid lights of battle.

The desperate charge was over. We had not reached the enemy's fortifications, but only that fatal crest where we had seen five lines of battle mount but to be cut to earth as by a sword-swoop of fire. We had that costly honor which sometimes falls to the "reserve"—to go in when all is havoc and confusion, through storm and slaughter, to cover the broken and depleted ranks of comrades and take the battle from their hands. Thus we had replaced the gallant few still struggling on the crest, and received that withering fire, which nothing could withstand, by throwing ourselves flat in a slight hollow of the ground, within pistol shot of the enemy's works; and, mingled with the dead and dying that strewed the field, we returned the fire till it reddened into night, and at last fell away through darkness into silence.

But out of that silence from the battle's crash and roar rose new sounds more appalling still; rose or fell, you knew not which, or whether from the earth or air; a strange ventriloquism, of which you could not locate the source, a smothered moan that seemed to come from distances beyond reach of the natural sense, a wail so far and deep and wide, as if a thousand discords were flowing together into a key-note weird, unearthly, terrible to hear and bear, yet startling with its nearness; the writhing concord broken by cries for help, pierced by shrieks of paroxysm; some begging for a drop of water; some calling on God for pity; and some on friendly hands to finish what the enemy had so horribly begun; some with delirious, dreamy voices murmuring loved names, as if the dearest were bending over them; some gathering their last strength to fire a musket to call attention to them where they lay helpless and deserted; and underneath, all the time, that deep bass note from closed lips too hopeless or too heroic to articulate their agony.

Who could sleep, or who would? Our position was isolated and exposed. Officers must be on the alert with their command. But the human took the mastery of the official; sympathy of soldiership. Command could be devolved; but pity, not. So with a staff officer I sallied forth to see what we could do where the helpers seemed so few. Taking some observations in order not to lose the bearing of our own position, we guided our steps by the most piteous of the cries. Our part was but little; to relieve a painful posture; to give a cooling draught to fevered lips; to compress a severed artery, as we had learned to do, though in bungling fashion; to apply a rude bandage, which yet might prolong the life to saving; to take a token or farewell message for some stricken home; it was but little, yet it was an endless task. We had moved towards the right and rear of our own position—the part of the field immediately above the city. The farther we went the more the need deepened, and the calls multiplied. Numbers half wakening from the lethargy of death, or of despair, by sounds of succor, begged us to take them quickly to a surgeon; and when we could not do that, imploring us to do the next most merciful service and give them quick dispatch out of their misery. Right glad were we when, after midnight, the shadowy ambulances came gliding along, and the kindly hospital stewards, with stretchers and soothing appliances, let us feel that we might return to our proper duty.

And now we were aware of other figures wandering, ghost-like, over the field. Some on errands like our own, drawn by compelling appeals; some seeking a lost comrade, with uncertain steps amidst the unknown, and ever and anon bending down to scan the pale visage closer, or, it may be, by the light of a brief match, whose blue, flickering flame scarcely can give the features a more recognizable or more human look; some man, desperately wounded, yet seeking, with faltering step, before his fast ebbing blood shall have left him too weak to move, some quiet or sheltered spot out of sound of the terrible appeals he could neither answer nor endure, or out of reach of the raging battle coming with the morning; one creeping, yet scarcely moving, from one lifeless form to another, if, perchance, he might find a swallow of water in the canteen still swung from the dead soldier's side; or another, as with just returning or just remaining consciousness, vainly striving to rise from a mangled heap, that he may not be buried with them while yet alive; or some man, yet sound of body, but pacing feverishly his ground because in such a bivouac his spirit could not sleep. And so we picked our way back, amidst the stark, upturned faces, to our little living line.

The night chill had now woven a misty veil over the field. Fortunately, a picket fence we had encountered in our charge from the town had compelled us to abandon our horses, and so had saved our lives on the crest; but our overcoats had been strapped to the saddles, and we missed them now. Most of the men, however, had their overcoats or blankets—we were glad of that. Except the few sentries along the front, the men had fallen asleep—the living with the dead. At last, outwearied and depressed with the desolate scene, my own strength sunk, and I moved two dead men a little and lay down between them, making a pillow of the breast of a third. The skirt of his overcoat drawn over my face helped also to shield me from the bleak winds. There was some comfort even in this companion-ship. But it was broken sleep. The deepening chill drove many forth to take the garments of those who could no longer need them, that they might keep themselves alive. More than once I was startled from my unrest by some one turning back the coat-skirt from my face, peering, half vampire-like, to my fancy, through the darkness, to discover if it too were of the silent and unresisting; turning away more disconcerted at my living word than if a voice had spoken from the dead.

Having held our places all the night, we had to keep to them all the more closely the next day, for it would be certain death to attempt to move away. As it was, it was only by making breastworks and barricades of the dead men that covered the field that we saved any alive. We did what we could to take a record of these men. A testament that had fallen from the breast pocket of the soldier who had been my pillow, I sent soon after to his home—he was not of my command—and it proved to be the only clue his parents ever had to his fate.

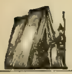
The next midnight, after thirty-six hours of this harrowing work, we were bidden to withdraw into the town for refreshment and rest. But neither rest nor motion was to be thought of till we had paid fitting honor to our dead. We laid them on the spot which they had won, on the sheltered edge of the crest, and committed their noble forms to the earth, and their story to their country's keeping.

> We buried them darkly, at dead of night,
> The sod with our bayonets turning.

Splinters of boards torn by shot and shell from the fences we had crossed served as headstones, each name hurriedly carved under brief match lights, anxiously hidden from the foe. It was a strange scene around that silent and shadowy sepulture. "We will give them a starlight burial," it was said; but heaven ordained a more sublime illumination. As we bore them in dark and sad procession, their own loved North took up the escort, and lifting all her glorious lights led the triumphal march over the bridge that spans the worlds—an aurora borealis of marvelous majesty! fiery lances and banners of blood and flame, columns of pearly light, garlands and wreaths of gold, all pointing upward and beckoning on. Who would not pass on as they did, dead for their country's life, and lighted to burial by the meteor splendors of their native sky?

The Last Night at Fredericksburg.

GEN. J. L. CHAMBERLAIN, LL. D., EX.-PRES. BOWDOIN COLLEGE.



AFTER a day of what was called rest from the stress of battle, but really of confusion and solicitude, a broken bivouac on the pavement in the town, amidst the enemy's shells crashing through the roofs and walls, by turns dreaming or wakefully expecting that Lee would take advantage of our situation to strike our right flank and drive us into the river, we had managed at dark to sink into a dismal sort of sleep.

But suddenly we were summoned — three regiments — to move forth to some unknown service. Picking our way amidst the terrible relics of the battle up to that fatal front again, we found here, mingled with the thick-strewn dead, and scarcely to be distinguished from them, a thin line of our troops, lying flat on their faces and fairly shivering with apprehension. And with reason. For it was not soldierly qualities alone that were tested by that experience. So far out beyond support, with only the ghastly lines of the dead behind, and the half-disembodied horrors around, scarcely more than a hundred yards from the enemy's fortifications, the rifle-pits of their picket-line close in front, strange, stealthy movements heard at intervals, then lost in dismal gusts of wind, and the murky darkness wrapping all as with a shroud, a sense of strange defenselessness might naturally seize the mind, a feeling of lurking evil against which all mortal weapons are vain. To be creeping about amidst these emblems of the satanic power to hurt, sure only that every living human being before you and perhaps around you is an enemy whose one object it is to compass your destruction —this is a situation and a business wherein the man of stoutest physical courage and the soldier of highest discipline may find that he has something of himself yet to learn.

We knew now that our business was to picket the front above the town. Of the rest we knew nothing. The troops whom we relieved informed us with the extreme of frankness that just after dusk a whole brigade of ours had been "rushed off" from that spot, and the enemy had planted a battery so as to enfilade the position and sweep away the whole line at the first dawn; and also had been pushing up their picket-line and rifle-pits all the night close upon our own. Our friends bade us a significant good-by—a curious mingling of emotion, half glad for themselves, half sad for us—and filed away silently down the slope.

"Hold this ground at all hazards, and to the very last." This was the only order or instruction we received. It was a long stretch for us, and the men had to be stationed by the rule of few and far between. Groping cautiously about, we got hold of some picks and spades that were scattered around, and each man went to work with a will to settle himself into the ground; that seemed about the surest way to "hold it." Each few or each alone threw up a little earthwork covering their front and right, as a man would protect his head from a blow by raising his right elbow. It was the right especially that must be made strong, to guard against the expected shelling from that quarter, so that a shot striking in the line would not be likely to kill more than the men in any one pit.

We worked in silence, speaking only in whisper, and with the least possible movement that might expose the person in relief against the sky, for, dark as it was, such a disclosure was sure to bring a shot. Often we were interrupted by vague alarms; the men would drop their spades, seize their muskets and sink on their knees, ready for the conjectured blow.

We were anxious that the men should keep their true bearings, so as to throw the earth on the angle needing protection. My over-anxiety for this brought some sharp and unexpected warnings. Feeling along what I believed to be my line, I came upon a man settling himself into his pit with what seemed to me more diligence than judgment. "Throw to the other side, my man; that's where the trouble is," my undertone braced with the confidence of superior wisdom. "Don't ye s'pose I know where them Yanks be? They're right on to us now!" was the imperturbable answer of the man, who, I was thankful to find, was thinking more of his own business than of mine. "Dig away then, and keep a sharp lookout for 'em!" was the somewhat rapidly enunciated reply, which advice I proceeded to put into prompt execution myself, after a figurative interpretation.

The men had now got themselves pretty well secured when a sudden clatter came up from the left, and a voice called out, "Where is the officer commanding this line?" He was excited and evidently not enjoying his mission. "The whole army is across the river. Get out of this as quick as God will let you!" was his highly condensed message. "Who are you, sir?" I asked with severity not wholly feigned. He gave his name and rank on the staff. "Report yourself to your general in arrest!" was my return to him for this intelligence. "You're crazy," he rejoins; "you've got all you can do not to be gobbled up as it is!" The men who heard this were scrambling out of their pits. "Steady as you are, my men, this is a stampeding coward." Some of the officers came running up. "Arrest this man for a spy, and hold fast your lines," was my word to them. Order being restored in the line, I took the staff-officer aside for mutual explanation. He was wrought up to a high pitch by the strain of the long effort to find us, along that dark and perilous front. Repeating that our army was already across the river, and that he had been sent to direct us to the remaining pontoon bridge, he apologized for his rashness in delivering his message, on the plea that he did not know the enemy's pickets were so near; and in turn I explained the necessity of my rough treatment of him, to seem to contradict and countermand him, that the men on both sides, who must have distinctly heard him, might be kept in their places; that ours especially, should not huddle in confusion out of the shelter of their pits, and draw the enemy's fire, and perhaps an overwhelming attack upon us.

With a manner intended to reassure their justly troubled minds, the situation of things and the plan of proper retiring were made known to the men. The movement was quickly organized and executed. Each alternate man was to stay fast in his pit and dig more demonstratively than ever, while the others, each company in charge of its second officer, should noiselessly retire to the nearest advantageous ground and form in extended order faced to the front, and there stand until the remaining line should in like manner have taken position in their rear, when they in turn were to retire behind this second line. In that way we could at least prevent the enemy from following us up too recklessly and could come off the field in good order.

Those who were the last to evacuate the rifle-pits had to use caution, trailing their pieces, and with anything but the soldier's erect bearing. We had fallen back but a few yards when the black flying clouds broke apart in rifts, and the moonlight struck us into full view and the gleam of the musket barrels made us for the moment a shining mark. "To the ground, every man of you," and they fell flat and motionless at the word. From that time we had to watch the favoring obscurity of the flying clouds. We, too, had caught a glimpse of the enemy creeping forward from their rifle-pits and were aware that they were following us, though perhaps in their ignorance of the field and of the meaning of our movements, quite as scared as we were; and possibly not wholly callous to the appalling images of havoc through which we had to pass. Mangled forms, rent and tossed as if the maddened beasts of the arena had run riot among them; limbs flung from their bodies and half trampled into the bloody mire; grim faces, stark and stiff, into which the light of the waning moon struck a more than deadly pallor—a phantom light as of something neither dead nor living, with a fixedness that was more than stillness; open eyes that saw not, but seemed to see more than human; hands that still grasped their muskets with a clutch no living strength could loosen; the ghostly gleam of the scattered musket barrels weaving an unearthly web, or a bright sword-blade flashing back as if still swung by the valorous arm that had given it life for its deadly stroke. Phantasmal martyr-pyres, the heaped, incongruous ruins of a lost battery—horses, cannoneers, dismounted guns, splintered ammunition chests, crushed wheels, overturned carriages, the tongue erect in air, the pole-yokes swinging gibbet-like on high, looming suddenly on you with a shuddering light, then vanishing as from the earth, when the swift dragon-cloud smites the face of the moon, and blackened night swallows up the hideous scene. All save where on the far edge of the field some solitary lantern sways and sails, like the weird, hovering will-o'-the-wisp, while unwearying love seeks still the living lost among the dead.

Midway in our course we passed a house around which terrible slaughter had raged, the wrecks still lying where they fell. I remember but too well how the night wind shrieked and howled about the desolate walls and rooms,—a voice as of innumerable spirits that could not rise,—while some swinging door or blind sounded like the flapping wings of the demon of doom. I do not think there has ever been a moment in my life since when the sound of that wind has been out of my ears.

We were able by our orderly movement, however hurried, to bring off such of the wounded as we encountered on the abandoned field. At the bridge-head we gathered and waited a little for all that should pass over before us; and lingered still, as if loath to turn away, held back by a sigh of the night wind, like the last wail of the stricken field, that took the breath from our bosoms and the strength from our limbs.

But the rain fell now in torrents; the bridge-boats creaked as the swelling current rushed by; the narrow plankway, bedded with earth to deaden sound, stretched out into the darkness, beckoning us to noiseless passage, as from world to world. For a little while it swayed beneath our tread; men stood by the anchor lines, a few lingered at the further fastenings. "Cut the guys!" the last order fell; the great pontoons swung to the hither shore, and the river ran, cold and dark, between us and our dead that had died in vain.

GREATEST LOSS.

The 1st Maine Heavy Artillery Regiment lost more men in killed and died of wounds than any other regiment, 18.8 per cent., the 2d Wisconsin comes next with 17.5 per cent., and the 140th Pennsylvania next with 16.4 per cent.

PLUCK AT STONE RIVER.

It was Gen. Wm. B. Hazen's command that saved the army and the day at the battle of Stone River or Murfreesboro', Dec. 31, 1862. His brigade was the only one that held its position unchanged during the fight.

Life at Chattanooga During the Siege.

FUN IN CAMP.

B. S. BATCHELOR, Company I, 2d Minnesota.

IN the fall of 1864, not long after the battle of Chickamauga, the 2d Minn. was camped on a small rise of ground near the four large hospitals that were built by the Confederacy and afterward occupied by our army. The rebels had a piece of artillery planted on Lookout Mountain, which they had named the Lady Davis, and it made it lively for us a good many times. If there were a group of men collected, the Lady Davis would be pretty sure to pay her compliments by way of a shot or a shell. As a number of the comrades of my company were playing marbles, quite a number of the boys gathered around and became interested in the game, when a souvenir in the shape of a solid shot came from the mountain without any warning. It passed just above our heads, and made a flying visit to a small camp-fire just back of us, where a German of our company was making a cup of coffee of two days' rations, which consisted of about two tablespoonfuls, and all he would get until the next issue. The ball struck in the fire under the coffee-kettle. That coffee-kettle shot up in the air like a sky-rocket, and the little camp-fire was no more. But there stood the German covered with dirt and ashes, and so mad that he did not know what his name was. He soon recovered and swore in three different languages at the same time. He was angry enough to go up on old Lookout

Mountain and throw that gun into the Tennessee river. But, as time is a great soother, he got over his passion and laughed with the rest of us, and was thankful that no greater damage was done. The kettle came down with the smell of coffee yet lingering about its precious sides.

As our communications between Nashville and Chattanooga at that time were often interrupted, our rations were very small, and soap was a luxury almost unknown. When general inspection was ordered, how to present clean faces and hands without soap was a problem hard to solve. At ten o'clock on one morning of inspection the boys fell into line with guns and equipments in splendid condition, but I cannot say as much of our clothes and faces. Comrade Claude Pritchard must have lovingly caressed the camp-kettle before falling in; for one side of his face was as black as possible, while the other side was comparatively clean. As the order was given, "Right dress!" Sergeant Bending said, "What nigger is that in our company?" And as he presented the black side of his face to the front, the captain said, "Pritchard, go and wash your face." Pritchard disappears with alacrity into his tent. In a very short space of time his head reappears from his tent with his face as black as ever, and very distinctly says, "Captain, have you got any soap?" The inspecting officer took one look and laughed aloud. The laugh was contagious, and we were soon all in a roar. The captain said, "Sergeant Bending, take that man to the guard-house!" and this ended the fun for that day. Pritchard was a faithful soldier, and I hope he fares now better than he did then.

GREAT TURNING POINT.

John E. Cooke (Confederate).

THE long struggle culminating at Gettysburg ended as completely as if Lee had laid down his arms there. After the repulse at Cemetery Hill the event of the war was decided, and any commander of respectable ability might have achieved the results of 1864 and 1865. Gettysburg was the great turning point of the war, and the commander of the Federal forces there, General Meade, was a soldier indeed.

GLOOMY DAYS.

TRAMP—Are you a Grand Army man?

Gentleman—Yes.

Tramp—Could you help a poor fellow who lost his leg during the war?

Gentleman (giving him ten cents)—What regiment did you belong to?

Tramp—Not any, sir. I was run down by a beer wagon a day or two after the battle of Fair Oaks. Those were gloomy days, sir.

FISHING UP TORPEDOES

PLANTED BY THE REBELS IN RED RIVER.

Fearful Explosion which Hurled the Picker-Up Two Hundred Feet.

By S. E. R.

I WAS among others detailed from the Federal steamer "Monongahela," to search the Red river between the Tensar and the Mississippi, for the torpedoes which had been planted by the Confederates. These torpedoes were of all makes, shapes, and sizes, from a pork barrel half-full of powder, to be fired by electricity from the shore, to a glass demijohn holding ten pounds, to be exploded by contact. Some were on the surface, some just under it, and some on the bottom. We went out in fours to hunt for these terrifiers, each boat being provided with grapnels, nets, boat-hooks, and whatever else was needed for fishing up the monsters. We had to exercise great caution, for the channel was tortuous and no one could guess at what point we would come across a torpedo. The woods were shelled two or three times a day by our gunboats, but the Confederate swamp-cats were by no means driven out. They had every chance to secrete themselves, and we realized that if we came upon an electric torpedo we ran every risk of being blown sky-high.

We had been at work three or four days and had fished up seven or eight ugly-looking fellows, when we got into a part of the channel which ran within fifty feet of the right bank. A colored man who had been lying in the swamps for several weeks waiting for deliverance, informed us that he had observed men planting something in this bend two weeks before. He thought there were wires leading to the swamp, but we scouted about for a couple of hours without being able to find that such was the case. The bank was a dense jungle in which one thousand men could have concealed themselves.

About an hour after dinner we moved up and began grappling in the bend. The boat turned her bow down stream, threw over her grapnels, and two men used the oars to give her headway. We had not pulled fifty feet when the irons took hold, and I drew the boat back to the spot by means of the rope. Then, standing on the seat in the stern, I lifted at the obstruction, and it came slowly up. It had just appeared sufficient for me to make out that it was a boiler-iron torpedo, when there came an awful explosion. The same instant our boat was lifted high in air and broken to pieces, and I scarcely comprehended what had occurred until I found myself in the water two hundred feet below the point of explosion. My hair, whiskers, and eyebrows were badly singed, and my clothing on fire, as I came down after the flight. While I had escaped, the other three were killed outright, and the wave created swamped a boat working a few hundred feet below us and drowned one of her crew.

While swimming for this capsized boat, a man stood on the bank of the river and fired four shots at me from a revolver, and with the fifth he killed the colored man who had given the information. The victim stood upon the bank, about midway between the two boats, and was shot through the head.

The torpedo was no doubt exploded by electricity, and the man who fired the shots was the operator who exploded it.

A PREMONITION.

KILLED AT SAVAGE'S STATION.

S. C. GALLUP, 3d Vt.

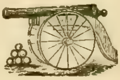
ONE day, while encamped near the Chickahominy river, a member of our company earnestly declared in the presence of several comrades that he would be killed in the next battle. I cannot recall his name, though I remember distinctly his countenance and general appearance. On this day, the 29th, we rested near Savage's Station, on the railroad by which we had received our army supplies. The day was clear and hot. Exposed to a scorching sun, we waited, ready to fall in at a moment's notice. Within a few feet of our company was a large pile of ammunition, burning and exploding. Some of the bullets and grape-shot were hurled within dangerous proximity to our regiment. As this pile was the property of our government, it was an unpleasant reminder of the fact that our army was retreating before an enemy eager to destroy us. On the other side of a cleared field in which we were resting were the tents of the general hospital, which were filled with our sick and wounded. Through a painful necessity, such of these as could not march would, in a few hours, fall into the hands of the enemy. Our division was left at Savage's Station to check the enemy. It was beginning to grow dark, when, according to orders, we fell in, faced to the rear, and advanced rapidly into a pine forest, and there formed line of battle. It was so dark that we could not see the rebel force which was approaching through the thick timber within musket range. Suddenly there burst upon our view a long line of bright flashes, followed by a terrible roar of musketry and a shower of bullets, which came pouring into our lines. Our brigade held its position firmly, and gave the rebels such a warm reception that they soon ceased firing, and fell back. Thus ended the battle of Savage's Station. In this battle a member of our company was killed, and he was the soldier who had said that he would be killed in the next battle.

BATTLE OF IUKA AND CORINTH.

Sept. 21, 1862.

How Rosecrans met the Confederates.—A Storm of Cannon Balls and Bullets.

By P. C. FERGUSON, Lieut. Co. I, 43d Ohio.



THE 21st of September, 1862, found Rosecrans in camp at Clear Creek, near Corinth, Mississippi. We had been there some time, battling with yellow jaundice and typhoid fever, when the Confederate army, under Price, Van Dorn, and Lovell, made their appearance near Bear Creek. One bright Sabbath morning we struck tents, and started out on the Jacinto road, seven miles distant from Corinth and about the same distance from Iuka Springs.

General Grant was in command on the Bernville road, about the same distance from Iuka. The order from General Grant was to move up to within three miles of Iuka and bivouac for the night, but the enemy would not allow us in such close proximity. We were not far out of Jacinto when we encountered the enemy's pickets, and where we thought to camp for the night, we found the ground bitterly disputed. Van Dorn threw his division against us with so much fury that we wavered and fell back for a short distance. We rallied, and the ball opened in good earnest, the enemy being in turn driven back. The battle became fierce. A brass battery of the 1st Ohio had hardly gotten into position before the Confederates charged it. The men stood by their guns until they had not a horse and but few men left. At this instant the 11th Mo. Infantry came to their rescue and saved the battery. The possession of this battery seemed to be what both sides were fighting for, as it was taken and retaken several times. For unknown reasons Grant did not move up on the right and we stood our ground about three hours before night stopped the carnage. The loss was about equal on each side.

The following morning the brigade moved in line of battle, momentarily expecting to be engaged, but the enemy had fled leaving tents, camp equipage, and all. The following Friday, they began to drive the Union forces in on Corinth. The latter now consisted of the 16th Army Corps, under Gen. W. S. Rosecrans. The enemy drove General Palmer's division all day Friday and Saturday, and gradually pushed us back towards our forts. Saturday, October 1, found the Union army disposed as follows: Palmer's division on the right, Stone's division on the left, with Davis in reserve, the Ohio brigade in support of Battery Robinet, a line of field guns, reaching almost from Battery Robinet to Fort Williams on the right, and still another small fort on the right of the railroad.

Early on Sunday morning, before it was light, the enemy ran a battery up the road to within a short distance of Fort Robinet and began firing. I was on the picket line, a few rods in front of the fort. They made it warm for a short time, but when the sun came up clear and bright, the heavy artillery in the fort opened on the battery and disabled it in a twinkling. We went forward and pulled it in. All this time the enemy were evidently preparing for some bold move. About nine o'clock they emerged from the woods in solid column, and led by Colonel Rogers, of the 3d Texas Rangers, made a desperate charge on Fort Robinet. The artillery played havoc in their ranks, but on they came. By some mistake they were taken for our own men, and our brigade lay flat upon the ground until the enemy were actually within the fort, when the word was: "Fix bayonets, double quick, charge!" The Ohio brigade sprang to their feet and in a minute the fort was cleared and the enemy sent flying in all directions. Some few prisoners were taken and a great many more of the Confederates never returned to their comrades.

The enemy next moved on our right and attacked Fort Williams. They made the grandest charge at that point that I ever witnessed, the charging column consisting of a brigade of Mississippi troops. They emerged from the roads in solid column, but our forts had a cross fire on them and mowed them down like grain before the sickle. Nevertheless, they closed up and moved on until they reached the fort. The fort was supported by Palmer's men, who failed to check them in the least. On they went right through the line of our artillery and men, right up to the town. Just when the day looked the brightest for the enemy, Davis's division, thus far held in reserve, came down on them like an avalanche, and swept everything back. None escaped the steel of Davis's gallant men, who drove them right past the fort they had captured but a few moments before. On they went until they reached the wood, when they came to a halt and gradually fell back to our line. All this time General Rosecrans was watching the proceedings with intense interest and giving orders as circumstances required. About four of that memorable day he came along the lines with his staff. Cheer after cheer went up from the men as General Rosecrans said, "Boys, the day is ours and the enemy is flying."

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

B. F. TAYLOR.

VESPASIAN'S royal edifice
Whose world of ruin nursed his name,
Would be a vestibule to this
Great amphitheater of fame.
Upon its parquet's rugged floors
Lie cities of the noiseless doors.
White drifts of camps like flocks of sheep
I see artillery asleep;
The six in hands of muleteers
Behind a picket fence of ears;
I see gray swarms along the hills;
I hear the bayonet coffee mills,
A snare drum snarling to itself,
A catch of song, a blue coat joke,
I smell the sweet red cedar smoke.
No sign of storm or anything,
The very standards droop and cling.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S HUMOR.

GENERAL HANCOCK was not much given to humorous declarations, but he said one exceedingly good thing in that line at Gettysburg. At a certain stage of that great battle it happened that some subordinate officer, acting upon his own responsibility, disregarded ordinary military rules and caused a decided advantage to be gained where, according to West Point philosophy, a disaster should have ensued. Hancock was both provoked and delighted.

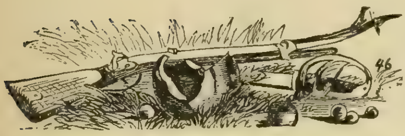
"If I knew the fool who ordered that movement," he exclaimed, "I would have him brevetted!"

Battle of Corinth.

THE ASSAULT ON FORT ROBINET.

OCTOBER 3, 4, 1862.

A 63d OHIO MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.



DURING the early part of September, 1862, a part of Stanley's division, to which Fuller's Ohio brigade was attached, occupied Iuka, Miss. We received orders to evacuate the place on the night of the 13th, leaving the 8th Wis., under Colonel Murphy, behind, with orders to destroy the government property, of which there was an immense amount; but that order Colonel Murphy failed to obey for reasons known only to himself, and the property fell into the hands of Generals Price and Van Dorn.

We encamped near Cedar Creek, a few miles from Corinth, on the 14th, and unceremoniously received orders on the night of the 17th to fall in, taking the back track for Iuka. The advance of Gen. W. S. Rosecrans's army drove in the outpost of the enemy about noon, September 19, at a farm house called Barnett's Cross-roads, from which point General Rosecrans sent a courier to General Grant, at Burnsville, eight miles from Iuka, informing him of the fact, and that he expected to meet the rebels in force that afternoon.

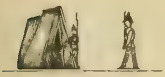
The messenger failed to reach General Grant, having lost the road before the real battle of Iuka commenced; consequently General Rosecrans had to fight alone against immense odds, and he won the field, after a desperate engagement. I picked up General Lytle's sword after the battle. I had charge of a detail burying the dead the next day, and examining our own men I came across a soldier of the 48th Ind., who had been hit in three places, one ball going clear through his body and lodging in a small Bible in his knapsack. He was about twenty years old, with red hair, and I think his name was Williams. After Iuka we went back near to Corinth, and while on this march an incident happened not very pleasing to our division commander, General Stanley. My regiment had its proportion of stragglers, and among them was one noted for his foraging propensities. At a farm house near which we halted was a lot of bee-hives, and this fellow wanted some honey. While getting it General Stanley came out of the house, which scared the fellow so that he dropped the hive and ran, and the bees went for the general. I presume the general has not forgotten the fact, or the licking he gave the fellow with one of the teamster's whips.

After lying a few days near the Tuscumbia river we got orders again on the night of October 2d, and crossing the Tuscumbia at sunrise the 3d, Colonel Sprague told us to fill all our canteens and take a big drink, as we would be likely to have a fight before we saw any more water, which was a fact, although we did not get into an engagement that day. In the afternoon of that day, the canteens being nearly empty, a call was made by company commanders for two volunteers to take the canteens and look for water, but I had been saving with mine and it was half full. That evening we took position near Fort Robinet, and Co. B of our regiment did picket duty on the Chewalla road, to the left of Robinet. It was just before daylight on the 4th of October, that we captured the rebel Captain Tobin and his bugler.

We were lying on each side of the road, a few rods from Robinet, when the rebel captain and the bugler came along in advance of his battery, and with perfect assurance, as they thought our army had evacuated the place, everything was so still. The rebel batteries opened before daylight, but our artillery did not take any notice of them until broad day, which accounted for Captain Tobin's thinking we had evacuated. Shortly after sunrise we received the first rebel assault, and it was in their second assault, but a short time after, that Colonel Rogers, of the Texas Legion, was killed.

We captured a handsome brass James rifle, made in England. It was taken before either rebel assaults, and the 1st

U. S. Inf. had the cheek to lay claim to the prize. A year after, while I was an ordnance officer, I recognized the same gun, with this inscription: "Captured at Corinth, Miss., October 4, 1862, by 1st U. S. Inf." Immediately in the rear of Robinet was Fort Williams, and to their guns, as much as any, were the rebels indebted for their defeat, as a perfect storm of shot and shell fell upon them. Fort Madison, an inside earthwork mounting heavy guns, was manned by part of Co. D, 63d Ohio, and did good execution.



SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED HYMN.

Mrs NANNIE I. MILLER.

LET me go where saints are going,
To the mansions of the blest;
Let me go where my Redeemer
Has prepared his people's rest.
I would gain the realms of brightness,
Where they dwell forevermore;
I would join the friends that wait me
Over on the other shore.

Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe;
Let me go and bathe my spirit
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victors' song triumphant
Thrills my heart; I cannot stay.

Let me go; why should I tarry,
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares, and toils, and sorrow,
What but pain, and death, and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished
Blasted 'round me often lie;
Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers
But to see them fade and die.

Let me go where tears and sighing
Are forevermore unknown;
Where the joyous song of glory
Calls me to a happier home.
Let me go, I fear not dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
I would join the myriad harpers,
I would chant the rapturous strains.

Let me go, there is a glory
That my soul has longed to know;
I am thirsting for the waters
That from crystal fountains flow!
There is where the angels tarry,
There the blest forever throng,
There the brightness wearies never,
There we'll sing Redemption's song.

Nicknames of War Leaders.

GEO. F. WILLIAMS.

EVERY general of prominence had a nickname bestowed upon him by his troops. Some of these names were sarcastic, but usually they indicated the confidence of the men in their leaders. General Grant was commonly known in the Army of the Potomac as "Old United States," from the initials of his name, but sometimes he was called "Old Three Stars," that number indicating his rank as lieutenant-general. McClellan was endeared to his army as "Little Mac." Meade, who wore spectacles, was delighted to hear that the soldiers had named him "Four-eyed George," for he knew it was not intended as a reproach. Burnside, the colonel of the 1st R. I. Regt., rose to the dignity of "Rhody" when he became a general. Hooker never liked the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe," though he always lived up to it on the field. Pope was saddled with the title of "Saddle-bag John," in memory of his famous order about headquarters being on horseback. His men used to say that their headquarters moved pretty rapidly at times. Sigel, the German general, was known in the corps as "Dutchy." Hancock won the brevet of "Superb," from a remark made by General Meade at Gettysburg when the Second Corps repulsed Longstreet's men. Humphrey, being a distinguished engineer, was invariably styled "Old Mathematics." The Pennsylvania Reserves used to call Crawford "Physics," he being a surgeon at the beginning of his military career. Logan, with his long black hair and dark complexion, was "Black Jack." Sheridan, the cavalry leader, was "Little Phil," and Sherman's troops spoke of him as "Old Tecumseh." The sterling nature and steadfast purpose of Thomas earned for him the significant name of "Old Reliable." Alexander McDowell McCook, like Hooker, was called "Fighting McCook." The New York City regiments in the 5th Corps changed Sykes to "Syksey." Halleck was derisively named "Old Brains," and Rosecrans had his name shortened to "Rosy." Lew Wallace was "Louisa" to the soldiers under his command; he was a great favorite for his fighting qualities, and the soldiers adopted that inappropriate name for want of a better. Kearney, who had left an arm in Mexico, was invariably known in the ranks as "One-armed Phil." Butler was styled "Cock-eye" for obvious reasons. Kilpatrick was nicknamed "Kill," while Custer was called "Ringlets" on account of his long, flowing curls; and so the catalogue might be prolonged indefinitely.

Among the Confederates, familiar nicknames were not as common as with the Federals. The soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia usually spoke of General Lee as "Bob Lee." Little Mahone was best known as "Skin and Bones." Early was called "Bad Old Man," and Jackson will live in history as "Stonewall."

A FIGHTING CHAPLAIN.

1862.

EXPERIENCE AT THE BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.—FIERCE MORTAR DUELS.

By **REV. GEORGE G. SMITH**, Chaplain in the Phillips Georgia Legion.

If you will permit, I will tell you about the afternoon at South Mountain, in 1862, when I received a bullet through my neck, and when night alone saved General Lee's army from capture. A year before I had been the pastor of a charming little church in a beautiful valley in upper Georgia. I was just married, and ought to have been content to have staid at home, but in my veins was the blood of those who had fought in the Revolution, and when I saw my parishioners going to the front I went too, as the chaplain of the Phillips Legion. We had fifteen companies — nine of infantry, five of cavalry, and one of artillery—commanded by Col. William Phillips. We had had our share of hard work, but until the summer of 1862, we had no serious fighting. On the Sunday morning (September 14) on which the battle of South Mountain began, we were in camp at Hagerstown. We were expecting quite a time of repose when the order came to return towards Boonsboro'. I had not the remotest dream of any hot work, nor do I think any of us had, for we had no idea that the army of the Potomac could be reorganized and mobilized so soon. We thought the assault upon our lines was merely a feint of cavalry. This was evidently General Lee's opinion, or else he would not have allowed Jackson to have crossed the Potomac; but it was soon evident from the rapid motion of the artillery and infantry that hot work was before us. My regiment had gone and I ambled off as rapidly as I could toward the front.

Somehow I got the name of the "fighting chaplain," and candidly I did not like it, for it was neither just nor complimentary. I did not go to the army to fight; I did not fight after I got there. I had as little stomach for fighting as Falstaff had. I went to the army as a chaplain, and as a chaplain I did my work, and yet that day I got a bullet through my neck. I ought not to have gone where the bullets were flying, but I did go and I got hit, and this is how it came about. I found Generals Lee, Longstreet, and Jones, standing at the base of the pass, and with them was one of the staff officers of our brigade, Captain Young. Inquiring of him for my regiment, he told me that it was behind a stone fence on the right of the Boonsboro' and Frederick pike, and I immediately repaired to that place. A battery of light artillery was firing overhead and we lay quietly looking toward the south. Suddenly the order came to change front. We were now to face towards the west. The turnpike was narrow, and the enemy were upon us. The change of position called for a change from line of battle to column, and then from column into line. My own regiment did beautifully and for a moment we looked to the woods expecting the Federals to charge upon us, but instead we were ordered to leave the protection of the stone wall and to charge into the woods. As we entered the woods I saw a poor fellow fall and heard him say, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." I went to him and said, "My friend, that's a good prayer, I hope you feel it." He answered, "Stranger, I am not afraid to die; I made my peace with God over thirty years ago." Just at that moment I heard Cook, our commander, say in a loud voice, "For God's sake don't fire; we are friends!" I turned and saw a body of our troops about ready to fire. I said, "I will go back, colonel, and stop them." As I ran back to the fence, I looked down the very road we had left, and saw a body of Federals moving on us. Something must be done, and I ran to General Drayton, our commander, and told him the position. A feint certainly must be made; if the Federals should know that the stone fence was abandoned, they would sweep upon the fence and thus capture the last man. Major Gest, when he saw how matters were, placed the few men he had in position; and I started for my regiment. As I came to the pike, I saw a soldier shooting towards the east. It took but a moment for me to see that the Federals were east, south, and west of us.

The firing was now fierce, but I felt that my regiment must be brought out of that pocket at all hazards, and I started to warn it, when I found it retreating. Poor Ellis, a Welchman, had run the gantlet and given them warning, and the regiment was now retreating in a broken and confused manner. One of the boys, Gus Tomlinson, in tears, said: "Parson, we've been whipped; the regiment is retreating." "And none too soon either," said I, "for we are surrounded on all sides but one." Just then I felt a strange dizziness and fell, my arm dropping lifeless by my side. I knew that I was hit, and I thought mortally wounded. But where was I hit? Was my arm torn off by a shell? No, here that is. Was I shot through the breast? or—yes, here it was—blood was gurgling from my throat. The dear boys rushed to me, laid me on a blanket and bore me off the field. I thought I was mortally wounded; so did they. "Yes, parson," said they, "it's all up with you." The ball had entered my neck, and ranging downward, came out near my spine, paralyzing my arm. How does a man feel under such circumstances? Well, one thing I felt, and that was, that it's a good thing in such an hour to have faith in Christ and love toward all men. I had been in battle but there was not one of the soldiers in the Federal ranks for whom I had any feeling other than love. As we came out Hood's division went in, but it was the caution of the Federals and the cover of the night that saved our army that day from a worse defeat and from capture.

* * *

THE ANGLE.

At the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, called "The Angle," it is claimed that there were more dead men found on the ground than in any other battle of modern times to the same number of acres.

A WORD FROM GEN. PORTER.

Colonel James McQuade, of the 14th New York Volunteers, was the only regimental commander of Griffin's brigade who escaped death during the Seven Days' Battles on the Peninsula.

THE BLACKWATER NAVAL CONTEST.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

A Brave and Daring Act of the Gallant Commodore, C. W. Flusser.

W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass.

GENERAL DIX desired the naval forces in the North Carolina waters to co-operate with him in an attack upon the enemy at the Blackwater river, and six o'clock, Sept. 27, 1862, was the hour fixed for the attack. The Commodore Perry, under the gallant commander, C. W. Flusser, and the Hunchback, under the "old reliable" Captain Calhoun, were ordered to this duty. General Dix sent to have a later date fixed for the attack, but before his messenger arrived our vessels were far on their way up the Chowan. At six o'clock, our vessels were at the assigned point and fired the signal gun. They cautiously ascended the Blackwater until the stream was so narrow that a desperate foe might board them from either bank. Suddenly a musketry fire raked the Perry and cut down her flag. Everything was ready for close action, and for four hours these vessels kept up the unequal contest with grape shrapnel and half-second shells, hoping each moment to hear the sound of friendly arms to their relief. Twice Commodore Flusser sent forward a man to raise his flag, each of whom fell lifeless at the foot of the flag-staff. He then went and raised it himself amidst a storm of bullets, and returned, his clothes riddled by shot but himself unharmed. He then went to a gunner, saying, "I'll show you how to cut a fuse," and suiting action to his word stooped and cut the fuse close to the shell. As he did so a ball passed over him and pierced his gunner's heart.

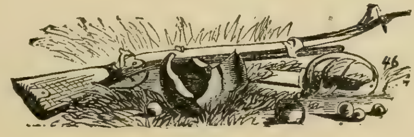
Their ammunition was running low, and failing to hear from General Dix, they reversed their engines to drop down the river. Fortunately the two vessels were armed ferry boats and could move with equal facility in either direction, as they could not turn if they would. But a new difficulty now beset them. During the engagement the enemy had felled trees from both banks in the river below, completely obstructing the channel. These men were not the men to be caught in such a trap. Chaining the two steamers stern to stern the engine of the foremost was stopped, and with a full head of steam at the rear they ploughed their way through the obstruction. Huge guns meantime thundered forth storms of iron in answer to the incessant musketry from the shore. These two vessels had been the terror of the North Carolina waters, and now that they were seemingly within their grasp the enemy were determined to make sure of them. The shock of heavy guns answered to shock and the roll of small arms told of the desperate determination of the contestants. At length the vessels reached clear sailing and the sullen enemy quickly retreated from the reach of their guns. It was well done. Just like Flusser! and when any one challenged Captain Calhoun he was sure to get a "Hunchback."

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

IONE L. JONES.

"A RUDE wooden cross 'mid a tangle of grasses—
Poverty's tribute of love;
I would that I knew who lies 'neath the wild masses,
Swaying in silence above."
Then she dropped a white rose 'mid the shadows and masses,
And passed with her burden of flowers.

Alas! 'neath the weeds that the fragrant breeze tosses
Sleepeth, thro' sunshine and showers,
The form of a soldier, beloved and believing,
Borne from the battle field dead;
And the hands of a maiden whose heart broke with grieving
Placed the rude cross at his head.



MY ESCAPE FROM THE REBELS.

Tale of Prison-Pen and Stockade.

HOW COLUMBIA, S. C., CAME TO BE BURNED.—TWENTY DAYS WITH SHERMAN'S "BUMMERS."

CAPT. IRA B. SAMPSON, 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery.

AFTER a few weeks' stay at Savannah, the movements of General Sherman necessitated the removal of prisoners to a place of greater safety. We were therefore taken to Charleston, S. C., and quarters assigned us at the jail and contiguous yard. We were here within range of the Union guns of Morris Island, and such exposure was a specimen of rebel barbarity seldom paralleled. Toppled steeples and chimneys, yawning house walls and grass-grown streets were graphic witnesses of the effective work of "Gillmore's swamp angels"—or as they were more familiarly called by the prisoners, "Gillmore's morning reports." For weeks I slept beneath the old gallows within the jail-yard, and though it was grimly suggestive it furnished me protection and comfort others would have been glad to secure. The waning heat of summer brought with it the dreaded scourge, yellow fever.

Reaching Columbia at night we lay upon the ground in a soaking rain,—a bath we much enjoyed. The next morning we were removed to "Camp Sorghum," an old cotton field near the Congaree river, a short distance above the city. Having no stockade, it was surrounded with a cordon of guards and equipped with the usual number of blood-hounds, the former with instructions to shoot any one approaching the dead line.

At first our supply of wood was obtained by a loop guard thrown out in the timber, but later a daily parole was substituted. Some broke their parole and endeavored to escape, but most of us were too reduced in strength to make such an attempt. There were some 1500 officers confined in the field, living in holes in the ground and in booths made of sticks and leaves until quite late in the fall, when with the aid of a few axes some rude huts were constructed.

Late in December the weather and insufficiency of clothing forced the removal of the camp to a stockade near the city. This inclosed two acres of the state insane asylum grounds and was therefore styled "Asylum camp." Within the inclosure were two buildings used as hospitals. These hospitals were provided with nurses from our numbers while occasional visits of a Confederate surgeon supplied us with a scanty amount of medicines. Our rations were inadequate in quantity and quality. We slept during the day in the sun and walked the camp at night to keep warm.

Believing our forces were surely pressing toward us, we expected the enemy would attempt a removal of the prisoners, and hence our leisure moments had been spent in devising "retreats" in which to seclude ourselves when marching orders were received. Lieut. R. B. Sinclair, Co. G, 2d Regt. Mass. heavy artillery, had been acting as nurse in the larger hospital and had his bunk at the front of the second upper hall. Along the front of this building was a piazza wainscoted overhead, and he conceived the idea of hiding between the ceiling and roof. Using a case-knife with notches for a saw a hole was cut during the nights underneath his bunk into this space. The boards were replaced, the cracks filled with soap, and we waited events. On the night of February 13, 1865, we received orders to move. Nine of us stowed ourselves within the hiding place, filling it to its utmost capacity. A comrade outside generously replaced the boards, refilling the cracks with soap and then left us to our fate. Our party now consisted of Major Reynolds, 14th N. Y. artillery, Lieuts. R. B. Sinclair and William Hamilton, 2d Mass. heavy artillery, Lieutenants Devine and Byers with three others, now unknown, besides myself. The drums beat, the line was formed, and the prisoners moved out of the pen to the cars and started for North Carolina. This was about one o'clock at night.

During the rest of the night the rebel guards searched the grounds for prisoners, and in the morning we saw them through the cracks form a line across the camp and march slowly to the other side, testing every inch of its surface with their ramrods and bayonets. Some fifty or more comrades were exhumed, for it was an old trick and fully understood by the rebels. Guards came within the building where we were concealed, searching every nook and corner except where we were, and their conversation showed that we were overlooked. Our quarters allowed no room for movement, and no utterance above a whisper was thought of. The rebel guard withdrew during the night of the 14th. On whispered consultation, we determined to break our seclusion that night before nine o'clock, as citizens at that hour were required to be within their homes.

It was scarcely more than eight o'clock when we emerged from our hiding place, and after a reconnoiter it was decided that each man should shift for himself. Entering the deserted grounds, now still as death, our own breath and footfall startled us with a strange nervousness. The entrance was closed, but by the aid of a stick I was enabled to climb the stockade and stand within a sentry-box recently occupied by one of our guards. I could see nothing but the glimmer of lights in the suburbs of the city, and guided by these I soon found myself on a street leading into a thickly settled portion. Having the utmost confidence in the blacks, who had always proved faithful in the protection of escaped prisoners, I determined to throw myself upon their generosity. I found myself near a cabin not far from a city mansion, and thought it must be the servants' quarters. My knock at the door was answered by an old "aunty," who looking at me in astonishment, grasped my hand and, drawing me into the house, exclaimed, "I know you!" The only other occupant was an old colored man, who beckoned me to follow him. He took me to a barn, and from a scaffold I worked my way around two sides of the barn under the hay and made a cozy nest—a safe hiding place—from which I could watch operations without.

It is needless to add that I was at once supplied with an abundance of food. On the morning of the 16th I found my position to be on the east side of the city and nearly opposite to where the Union army afterwards entered. The day passed. My faithful keepers gave me from time to time the flying rumors as to Massa Sherman's whereabouts and supposed intentions. First he was certainly crossing the river above, and then below, "for shure, massa." Out of it all I was certain the blue coats were coming and the hour of deliverance was at hand. There were ominous sounds of hurrying troops and the distant peal and reverberation of cannon, which gathered strength as the day wore away. My strength increased with the boom of the cannon, and for once I found myself thriving on the enemy's misfortunes.

The morning of the 17th of February opened with the hasty evacuation and attempt to burn the city of Columbia by the enemy. It was hardly more than ten o'clock before a body of Wheeler's rebel cavalry issued from the city a quarter of a mile distant, firing several buildings, including the railroad depot and warehouses, filled with grain and other stores, and then passed across the fields on the outskirts of the city and disappeared. There was no chance of a mistake as to who they were or what their intention was in firing the buildings. I was well satisfied that the evacuation had begun. This was some little time before the appearance of General Sherman. My colored friends had been instructed to watch events and bring me the first blue-coat which entered the city. A little before noon I was summoned to appear. Never was order obeyed more eagerly as I jumped from the scaffold and was presented to an officer of one of Iowa's brave regiments. With one bound I was in his arms and beyond that I never knew or felt little responsibility for what happened. I have been told that the prisoners as they met acted more like crazy men than rational beings.

In passing into the city it was noticed that the streets were lined with broken bales of cotton, and from the amount consumed there was no escape from the conclusion that it must have been fired some time previous to the coming of the Union forces by the rebels before their retreat. It was so stated to me by a number of citizens.

The fire from the first had been urged on by a high wind, but during the excitement attending the evacuation of the enemy and occupation by the Union army, little attention had been paid to the progress of the flames. It soon became evident that it would require energetic work to stop the conflagration. The Iowa brigade aided by others battled bravely against its advance, but the strong wind carried the burning brands far and wide with destructive effect. It was plain that the fire was beyond control, and but for the presence of an army of disciplined men there could hardly have been a building left to mark its former site. I never worked harder than that night in saving life and property, and yet it was in sight of the hated stockade where but a few hours previous I had been confined as an outlaw. When the morning of the 18th dawned the fire was stayed, but five hundred houses, five churches and a convent lay in ruins.

As we were about to leave Columbia, Captain Greble and myself were invited to look after a party of refugees—ladies and children desiring to go North. We confiscated a family carriage with a good team and took turns as gallants for three or four days; but this was too monotonous for such exciting times, so we secured a colored "brudder" for this duty and joined in the more satisfactory work of Sherman's bummers.

On reaching Fayetteville, N. C., we found a Union tug-boat which had come up the Cape Fear river to meet our forces. The tug had met with considerable opposition in ascending the river. I offered my services as artillerist to take charge of the guns on the return to Wilmington. Bidding adieu to my comrades and an army unequaled for endurance and bravery, the tug turned its prow down the river, reaching Wilmington in a single night without opposition. A few days later I reported at Washington and received thirty days' leave of absence for having made "an escape." Not many hours later I rejoined the loved ones at home in "God's country."

BAND OF HEROES.

THE most remarkable instance, perhaps, of a small band of heroes, successfully opposing a vastly superior force, occurred at the very close of the battle of Gettysburg. "The enemy were temporarily checked," says General Doubleday in his history of the battle, "by a desperate charge on their flanks made by only sixteen men under Captains Treichel and Rogers, and Chaplain Newhall, of General McIntosh's staff.

This little band were every one killed or disabled, but they succeeded in delaying the enemy until General Custer came up with the 7th Michigan regiment." The gallant Treichel (now Colonel) still lives, and is the efficient auditor of the New York Custom House.

Capture of Walker's Rangers.

DECEMBER, 1862.

HOW IT WAS DONE.—A GREAT SURPRISE.

By W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass.

IN December, 1862, six companies of the Mass. 27th, under Maj. W. G. Bartholomew, were the garrison of Plymouth, N. C. Learning the whereabouts of a detachment of Walker's Cavalry Rangers, Lieutenant Pliny Wood, with three non-commissioned officers and twenty privates, left Plymouth at night for "up country." In spite of darkness, rain, and snags, they toiled up the river and through branches and creeks until three o'clock in the morning of the 21st, when they had made a distance of twenty-five miles. After landing, they marched four and a half miles through woods and swamps to the Williamston road, a mile above, and to the rear of Shiloh church, where the "rangers" were quartered. After a full understanding of what was to be done, Lieutenant Wood divided his force into four squads and advanced, a squad taking position upon each side of the church. It was gray of dawn and quite difficult to distinguish objects. Lieutenant Wood now shouted, "First Division, halt! Front! Ready!" which was responded to on the other sides of the church. "Second, Third and Fourth Divisions, halt! Front! Ready!" Lieutenant Wood's squad marched to the front door and in the name of General Wood demanded an immediate and unconditional surrender. Sixteen men came out and surrendered, while the other squads came up and secured their arms and the horses tethered close by. At length the rebel sergeant asked, "Where in h—l are you uns mens?" and when told to "see them" angrily exclaimed: "Is that all? If we had known that, you uns would have had a merry fight, by——; but you uns ain't got the pickets yet." The countersign was extorted from one of the prisoners, when a detail was made to relieve the pickets, and soon after the detail returned with four additional prisoners and their horses. The party arrived at Plymouth about noon with twenty prisoners and their arms and equipments, twenty-five horses, twelve mules, and forty contrabands; all without the firing of a gun.

AMERICA'S ANSWER.

H. BERNARD CARPENTER.

1861-1885.

NOW twice twelve years ago,
  When we, thro' fields of woe,
Weeping, went forth to sow
  Our blood's bright seed,
We cried to the old-world land:
"These fresh wounds crave your hand;
Help us to balm and band
  In our sore need."

Then back their message ran:
"Renounce your cloud-born plan,
Deeming that man with man
  Can live thus free;
Unbind your lictor's rod,
Teach old disdain to nod,
Throne custom for your God
  And—live as WE."

Those twice twelve years are gone,
War's harvest work is done,
All our stars sing as one
  From sea to sea,
While far across the main
Their skies grow black with rain,
Where the old world cries in pain,
  "Your help need we."

Back flies our answering word:
"Free your soil, sheathe your sword,
Live ye in love's accord
  As men; be free;
Be one—till peace creates,
High above gods and fates,
A World's United States,
  And—live as WE."

BATTERY D.

The most daring and desperate act of the war by any battery has been credited by both Union and Confederate authority to Battery D, 5th U. S. Artillery, Lieut. Ritterhouse, and occurred at the battle of Spottsylvania, May 13, 1864.

GREATEST NUMBER OF BATTLES.

The 85th Pennsylvania participated in a greater number of battles (up to Nov., 1864,) than any other regiment in the 5th Corps. It took part in twenty-five, next came the 1st Michigan, twenty-four, and then the 16th Michigan, twenty-two.

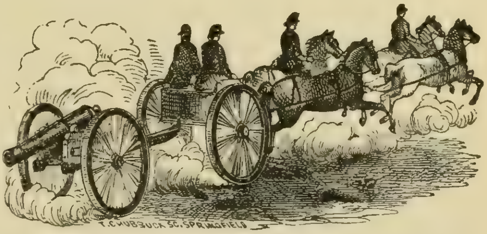
Capture of Fort Hindman, Arkansas Post.

A DESPERATE ARTILLERY DUEL.

A BRILLIANT SUCCESS FOR THE FEDERAL ARMY.

JANUARY 11, 1863.

JOHN W. FRY, Company H, 42d Ohio.



JANUARY 11 was such a day as in the latitude of Ohio comes sometimes to break the gloom of November. The Confederate reveille was blown, clear and shrill, at dawn. The Federal bugles took up the strain, and the eventful day was opened with as tuneful a morning call as ever woke an army to battle. The rebels were at their posts as soon as the growing light made their position visible. Through the center of the isthmus of solid ground, between the swamp and the river, upon which Fort Hindman and the earthworks were built, ran a road. Sherman's corps was ordered to take the right of this, Morgan's corps the left. Admiral Porter with the gunboats was to assail the fort from the river, while the troops should drive the rebels into the fortifications and carry the works by storm. DeCourcy's brigade was early astir. It had lost more than a third of its numbers at Chickasaw bayou, and General Morgan decided to hold it in reserve that day. General Morgan, with the remainder of his corps, pushed up to the front. He had A. J. Smith's division of two brigades, and Lightburn's brigade of Osterhaus's division, the other brigade of Osterhaus's division (DeCourcy's) being left to watch the White River road and guard the boats.

Smith's division was on Morgan's right, joining the left of Sherman's corps, and to the left of Smith, Lindsay, whose line reached to the river. McClernand felt sure of his game and did not force the fighting. He could afford to take the fort scientifically and spare his men. It was preferable to disable the casemate guns, and give the garrison a healthful morning's work before making the assault. All being ready at eleven o'clock, the gunboats engaged the fort at short range. They fired rapidly and with such effect that before noon the nine-inch barbette gun was split and broken away nearly back to the trunnions. Two twenty-pounder Parrotts of Foster's battery were run up behind a large sycamore log on the river bank, three hundred yards from the fort, and sent shells into the embrasures of the casemates. These two guns were fired with the deliberate accuracy of a sharpshooter, and dismounted and capsized a twelve-pounder iron gun during the morning. The other batteries of Morgan and Sherman engaged the field guns behind the parapet, and after a sharp duel, pretty effectually silenced them. An hour of sharp fighting drove the enemy within his works. The assailants were so near also that no further advance could be made without a direct assault. The gunboats were directly under the fort—so near, in fact, that they actually passed and opened a reverse fire upon it. General Sherman extended his attack so far around to the right that his line was weakened on the left, and he called for re-enforcements. Morgan sent him three regiments of Smith's division, and dispatched a courier to bring up DeCourcy. This veteran brigade on receiving the summons hurried forward and was soon to the front. It was put between Lindsay's brigade and Smith's division. While this was taking place a fierce artillery fire opened from the point across the river. At first it was thought to be a hostile re-enforcement from Little Rock; and Lindsay's guns were trained upon it; but just as they were about to fire, it was discovered that their guns were firing into the fort and along its west front, enfilading the rebel outworks with terrible effect. It was Foster, who had been sent above the night before to intercept any re-enforcements from up the river, and who, after watching the battle some hours, had come down on his own responsibility to take a hand in the finish. His fire set fire to buildings hitherto sheltered by the fort, swept the plain in its rear, and hastened the surrender.

DeCourcy's assaulting column moved rapidly forward through the brush across the open space in front of the works. The fire that met this advance was vigorous and rapid, but the enemy aimed wildly. They saw the storming column coming from all directions, and knew that further resistance was useless. Suddenly a white flag was run up at the northeastern angle of the fort. The firing suddenly ceased, and DeCourcy's men began to cheer. Then the white flag was pulled down, and a thin scattering volley sputtered along the rebel line. The flag had been unauthorized. The whole Federal line poured in a final broadside, and this proved the finishing stroke of that day's work. Instantly the signals of surrender appeared all along the enemy's line. White handkerchiefs, tufts of cotton, and gray hats were held up on ramrods and bayonets from behind their parapet. The command "Cease firing!" was given, and in a moment all was hushed excepting a few irregular shots far round to the right. The rebels stood up behind their works, and the victorious army gave round after round of such cheers as we hear but once in a lifetime.

Five thousand men, with all that was left of the fort and its armament, were unconditionally surrendered after a gallant resistance against overwhelming numbers. Soon after dusk, when everything had become quiet, two Confederate regiments, a re-enforcement from Pine Bluff, came marching in and found themselves prisoners of war. They piled their guns and were marched to the river bank, venting their wrath, meanwhile, in the hard and picturesque swearing for which Texas civilization is distinguished.

* * *

UNION PRESERVED.

FIRST order that the Union must and shall be preserved.—It was in 1833 that President Andrew Jackson issued the memorable order, "The Union—It Must and Shall be Preserved"; and it was Admiral Farragut who was sent to South Carolina by the President to support his mandate.

FIRST CHECK DRAWN.

THE first check drawn to send troops forward in defense of the Union in 1861 was given by Hon. Edward Learned, of Greenfield, Mass. Mr. Learned was at the time visiting the Chamber of Commerce of New York, and it was while there that his check for one thousand dollars was given.

THE BATTLE OF IRISH BEND.

UP THE TECHE WITH GENERAL BANKS.

SHARP FIGHTING, WITH SUNDRY PERSONAL EPISODES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

APRIL 14, 1863.

Prof. H. M. WHITNEY, Beloit, Wis., Sergeant-Major 52d Mass. Volunteers.

> Before them
> Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
> On the banks of the Têche are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin. .
> Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees. . .
> They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.—[EVANGELINE—Part II., section 3.

TO-DAY, April 14, amends are to be made, for the time lost. Miserably wet, weary, and hungry, we throng the road, and stop only to find ourselves the reserve and spectators in a sharp action that has already begun. A bullet occasionally reaches here and hits a man. The enemy are strongly posted in dense woods and cane-brake before us, and protected by a fence, while our men have to charge across rough open corn-fields for half a mile. With faculties benumbed by the hardships of the past few days, we try to make out what is going on. It soon appears that the 3d Brigade are trying to dislodge the enemy from the woods. The Texas sharpshooters, of whose marksmanship we had so uncomfortable an experience before Port Hudson the following June, would seem to be represented here, for the loss is heavy among the officers; the 159th N. Y. loses its colonel, its lieutenant-colonel, its adjutant and other officers. A lieutenant of the 25th Conn., after having a bullet through his blouse and another through his cap, takes a

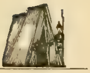
wounded man upon his back to carry him to the field-hospital, but lays him down again because another bullet has struck the poor fellow, inflicting a second and mortal wound. The firing on both sides is sharp and continuous, with frequent yelps from the field-pieces throwing shells over the 3d Brigade into the edge of the woods. The surgeons choose their location at a neighboring sugar-house, and are soon at work—you can tell where, by the direction taken by those who carry the wounded, perhaps dying, men. Some limp unaided in the same direction, their heads bleeding, or their clothes dripping blood. Now you hear a sudden crash of musketry; the enemy saved their fire till a body of our men almost reached them, and then mowed them down, as the British were served at Bunker Hill. Rebel prisoners in considerable numbers are marched to the rear or stay to identify their dead. The 3d Brigade seemed to be spent; in that little time they have lost 320 men. They are withdrawn, and the 1st Brigade takes the brunt of the action. The 2d Brigade essays to protect their right flank and does so; but the 52d gets tangled in a tall, thick, and thorny blackberry hedge that no Confederate force could pass, and sheds more blood in that way than in fighting with men. They are about to follow the 1st Brigade into action, when the firing slackens. The enemy have attained their object of protecting the flank of their main army, which is now in full retreat before Emory and Weitzel; so they give way before us and are gone. Our cavalry pursues them; the artillery whip after them and shell them; the infantry remain for that dreadful gleaning which has to follow so stiff a fight. Explosion after explosion is heard, near and far, as the rebels blow up their fleet on the Têche; the Newsboy, the Gossamer, the Era No. 2, and the gun-boat Diana are burned in this part of the Têche; the Cornie, a most valuable boat, is captured full of wounded men. Later, near New Iberia, four transports and the gunboat Hart are burned and the Cricket is sunk further up. Immense stores of food and ammunition are destroyed.

Our little battle is known among the men as "Irish Bend." It does not make much of a figure in history because only a division was present and not all of that fully engaged, but it was sharp, obstinate, and bloody, was skillfully handled, and was as truly a battle as Gettysburg or Shiloh. The enemy were commanded by "Dick" Taylor, son of President Zachary Taylor.

WHAT WAS IT?

A * WONDERFUL * MYSTERY * UNEXPLAINED.

By CAPT. J. W. DENNY, 25th Mass.



IN marching to Bachelor's Creek the column was halted a short time for a rest. It was far beyond the hour of midnight, and therefore, the wonted time had passed when churchyards are supposed to be haunted by all sorts of spirits, and the air is said to be filled with the harmonious music of the spheres. It is not to be supposed that the men forming the 25th Mass., educated as they were in the schools of New England, and possessing all the general intelligence marking the New England character, had gone down to North Carolina to be frightened by ghosts, owls, or live rebels, or that they would be inclined to believe in stories about ghosts, fairies, witches, and apparitions. We say this while we well remember that so great a poet as Robert Burns said, "Though no one can be more skeptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle fears." But if poor Betty Davison had concentrated all her ghost stories upon the 25th Mass. Regt., as it was halted in the woods upon the darkest of nights, the terror could not have exceeded that occasioned by the swift passage of the apparition, the phantom rider, the frightened deer, or whatever else it was or might be supposed to be. Briefly, while the battalion stood halted in the road, something struck the flank of Co. K, which had the advance. It came like the rushing of a mighty wind, and, suddenly, the regiment opened to the right and left, and just as suddenly the men were heaped in either ditch, without any order or regard to rank — captains and lieutenants, sergeants and corporals, men of the front rank and men of the rear rank, indiscriminately piled together like the pying of a printer's form, while each man's hair upon his head stood erect like quills upon a fretted porcupine. The 46th Mass. Regt., which followed at the time, met the same experience.

A COMRADE'S MOTHER'S SONG.

BENEATH the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?

"And shall I fear to own his cause—"
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song, the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends, good night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us some more," the captain begged,
The soldier bowed his head,
Then glancing 'round with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing that old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

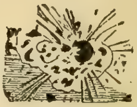
Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

THE STORMING OF MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

A Tornado of Shot and Shell.



GALLANT SCENES OF HEROISM.

LIVING WALLS SINK BENEATH THE TERRIBLE FIRE.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.—A GRAND VICTORY.

MAY 3, 1863.

H. H. BOWLES, Co. C, 6th Regiment Maine Volunteers.

DURING the winter of 1863 there was organized in the 6th Corps what was known as the "light brigade." It was composed of the 6th Me., 5th Wis., 31st and 43d N. Y., and 61st Penn.—all volunteer regiments. These regiments were put under the command of Brig.-Gen. C. L. Pratt, of New York. Their badge was a "green cross," worn upon the cap. On the afternoon of April 29 it was understood that we were soon to move, and that evening we broke camp and started for the Rappahannock river. All night long we made pack mules of ourselves, lugging pontoons down to the river, and so quietly was this done, that when we had launched the pontoons no intimation of our doings had reached the enemy across the river. A detachment of our regiment and details from other regiments were ferried across, and captured the rebel pickets on the south bank of the river before they knew what was up. This was about two miles below the city of Fredericksburg. The next morning, May 3, dawned bright and clear, and the thunder of guns told us the battle was on. Our heavy batteries on Stafford Heights commenced shelling the rebel works in a steady and deliberate manner, and, ever and anon, shells burst within our own lines. The light brigade marched, by the right flank, up the river and took position directly in the rear of the city, and under Marye's Heights. To the surprise of all, came the news that General Pratt had resigned and the command of the light brigade had devolved upon Col. Hiram Burnham, of the 6th Me., and that we were soon to assault the heights. Everything was got in readiness, and that calm which precedes a storm rested for a few moments over the scene. The brigade was formed, as my memory serves me, 5th Wis., Colonel Allen, in advance, with five companies of this regiment as a double line of skirmishers; following the 5th Wis. came the 6th Me., under command of Lieut.-Col. B. F. Harris; on the right was, if I mistake not, the 43d N. Y., and the 31st N. Y., while farther to the right was the 61st Penn., Colonel Spear. Between ten and eleven o'clock the order was given to advance. The gallant Burnham, disdaining the bugle call, rode down the line, and in stentorian voice gave the order: "Forward!" The command of Colonel Harris to the 6th Me. was: "Boys, we're going to charge those heights yonder, and we're going to take them, too. Arms aport, double quick, march!" And no grander sight was ever seen in the battles of the Army of the Potomac. Steadily the lines swept on over the beautiful green grass, soon to be reddened with the blood of so many of my comrades.

The shot and shell flew like missiles from a tornado. The grape and canister hurled through the ranks, cutting great gaps in the living walls. Orders were: "Close up; steady, boys!" and the next time another voice gave the command. A case-shot or shrapnel had exploded at the head of the 61st Penn. regiment, killing Colonel Spear and fifteen men, and for a time throwing the regiment into confusion. We were now on the very ground where the brave Meagher and his noble Irishmen were so fearfully cut up on December 13, 1862. Of the 6th Me., Major Haycock had fallen, shot through the heart, and Captains Gray, Young, Ballenger, Buck, and Roach were down. We had reached the first line of rifle-pits, and the 6th Me. and the 5th Wis. wildly broke over the rifle-pits, carrying all before them, the rebels in this line throwing down their arms and marching to the rear. A few rods further on, just at the foot of the hill, we came to the second line of rifle-pits. Here the fighting was desperate. The Johnnies would not yield a foot of ground, and our boys would not turn back. Our line was intact and firm. Although nearly every commissioned officer was killed or wounded, and companies were commanded by sergeants and corporals, the best of discipline prevailed, and the men fought with the courage of despair, maddened by their heavy loss, and the perfidy of the rebels who had surrendered in the first line, and, seeing us temporarily checked, attempted to shoot us from the rear. Men became fiends. The lumber men of Maine and Wisconsin, who had handled pick and spike all their lives on the rivers and log-jams, used their guns in the same manner. Mike Carey, a stalwart Irishman from the town of Topsfield, Me., when he saw the Johnnies breaking, cried out: "Hang Palfrey, boys! hang! boom 'em, damn 'em! boom 'em!" and jumping upon the earthworks he kicked a giant Confederate to the ground and drove his bayonet to the hilt in his breast. Corporal Brown used his gun as a club, and, like a mad demon, brained five men. A wiry little Frenchman, Willet by name, bayoneted man after man, and when implored by a rebel to spare him, for God's sake, cried: "Me know no God; you kill me, me kill you!" And above all this bellowed the guns above our heads, so near now that they could do but little harm.

The line swept on, and now up the steep hill and over the escarpment of the stone wall pell-mell. Sergeant Gray, the color sergeant of the 6th, was knocked down and the colors badly shattered and torn. Sergeant Hill, of Co. C, 6th Me., grasped the flag, and springing upon the parapet just as a cannon was discharged, the smoke of which blackened his face, planted the standard firmly in the earth, and the stars and stripes floated gloriously from Marye's Heights, and the day was won. The Washington Battery was captured, and in our immediate front seven hundred men of Barksdale's brigade. The courage and heroism of the 5th Wisconsin in this action was not surpassed by that of any regiment in the field. Colonel Allen, badly wounded in the hand, fought like a tiger. Springing through an embrasure, sword in hand, he sabered a gunner at his post and mounted the gun in triumph. The other regiments in the brigade did equally well; and I must not pass by unmentioned the 7th Mass. on our right, under command of the heroic Colonel Johns, who led his men so well. The loss of the 6th Me. was one hundred and thirty-five officers and men, and that of the 5th Wis. about the same. Colonel Burnham, Colonel Allen, and Lieutenant-Colonel Harris went with their men up the heights, and were among the first to enter the enemy's works. Comrades, this was the storming of Marye's Heights as I saw it. All honor to you of the 7th Mass., and the Green Mountain boys on our left; but bear in mind this fact: The 6th Me. flag was the first one planted upon the Heights of St. Marye.

OUR BRAVES.

By COL. CHAS. CLARKE.

(*Music, Keller's American Hymn.*)

BLEST be the ground where our braves are at rest,
Honored each shrine where our martyrs repose.
On through the ages to come shall be bless'd,
Those who defended our land from its foes;
Guarded our land from its traitorous foes.
Comrades, advance in the East and the West!
Scatter fresh garlands where martyrs repose,
Plant the old flag where our braves are at rest!

Blest be this day bringing mem'ries so bright,
Throughout the length and the breadth of our land.
Stout were these hearts who fought stern for the right,
Brave were the deeds of this strong patriot band.
Valiant the heroes of our army grand!
Comrades, advance and make sacred this rite,
Twine your fresh laurel wreaths over the land,
Hallow this day charg'd with mem'ries so bright.

Bless thou our nation, thou God of the free,
Vouchsafe that liberty our Fathers gave;
Guard thou our country from sea unto sea—
Soil which our heroes long struggled to save,
Land of our sires, and redeemed by the brave.
Comrades, this trust keep for millions to be,
Ages to come will remember each grave,
Cost of our nation so dear, yet so free!

BATTLE OF RAYMOND.

MAY 12, 1863.

How Gregg's Brigade Fought the Advance of Grant's Army in Mississippi.

By **WILLIAM E. CUNNINGHAM**, Captain Company F, 41st Tennessee.

THE morning of December 11, 1863, was bright and pleasant. Our men after a march of two hundred miles from Port Hudson, La., were scattered about our camp one mile north of Jackson, Miss. Our march had been tedious, as Grierson's raid a short time before had played sad havoc with the railroad to New Orleans, leaving nothing for fifty miles but the hacked road-bed. The men were in groups about camp or enjoying a cool plunge in the waters of Pearl river, which ran close by. Many were the surmises as to our destination and as to the object of our march. Many an eye gleamed and brightened as some comrade ventured the prophecy that we were bound for Tennessee, for, with one exception, our brigade was composed of Tennessee regiments. These surmises were cut short by the sharp bugle blast which sounded the assembly. In a few minutes we were ready, and a short march brought us to a hill overlooking Jackson. Halting to form, we began the march through the city. The 41st Tenn., Colonel Farquhasson, was followed by the 3d Tenn., Colonel Walker; then came the 10th Tenn. (Irish), Colonel McGavock; the 30th, Colonel Head; the 50th, Colonel Sugg; and the 1st Tenn. Battery, Major Combs. The rear was brought up by Colonel Granbury, 7th Tex., all under command of that lamented soldier and gentleman, General John Gregg, of Texas. As we moved down the wide road to the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," I glanced back with a feeling of pride in the splendid array of gallant men, nearly all of whom I knew personally or by regiment. The streets and windows were crowded as we marched along, until we passed the depot and took the Raymond road. Raymond is the county seat, although Jackson is the state capital, both being in the same county. We soon met straggling cavalry, who stopped long enough to tell us of a cavalry raid up from Grand Gulf. We had been itching for a fight and could not have been suited better than to meet the raiders. The country was green with growing grain and presented a peaceful, happy, and contented appearance. The citizens met us kindly and wonderingly. No sound of strife had yet reached that retired spot. Early on the morning of the 12th, the town was overrun with soldiers, having what we called a "high old time." In the midst of fun and feasting the long roll sounded and every man answered promptly. As General Gregg moved through the town, hundreds of people eagerly watched him, little dreaming of the carnage so soon to follow. He formed his command with the right, composed of the 41st Tenn., overlooking the Edwards depot road, and at intervals of fifty or one hundred yards successively, with Captain Graves' three-gun battery in the center, on the Grand Gulf road. This battery was supported by the 10th. We were expecting nothing but cavalry, which we felt we could whip. Skirmishers were advanced in the thick black copse, and almost instantly the quiet was broken by the crack of the rifle, answered by the first big gun in our center.

Suddenly the sound of the skirmisher's rifle was lost in the roar of musketry, while our three pieces belched defiance at the six gun battery of the enemy on the hill opposite. The force of the enemy was developed suddenly, for from right to left along our front of a mile, the battle opened at close range. At this junction, Colonel McGavock advanced to charge the battery, supported by the 3d. We all saw him as with gallant bearing he led his men forward, capturing four guns. This was as gallant a charge as was ever made against terrible odds. In the moment of success, McGavock fell, shot through the heart. Major Grace took command only to fall from a severe wound. The fighting around the battery was bloody in the extreme. The 3d moved up in support, and in ten minutes 190 of the 500 men, comprising their number, were killed or wounded. By this time the battle along the whole line was raging with incredible fury. At the one hundred and thirteenth round one of Bledsoe's guns burst. Still we held our ground and had possession of the captured guns. General Gregg believed that we had encountered something heavier than cavalry, and by examining captured prisoners found that they represented eighteen different regiments. A whole corps was in our front. There was a choice of two things left us—to retreat in the face of such numbers or to wait until we were entirely surrounded. He decided upon a retreat and this we accomplished successfully, even moving our shattered guns to Mississippi Springs, six miles from the battle-field, where we bivouacked for the night. On our retreat through Raymond, we saw ladies with quilts and bandages tenderly caring for our wounded. They would not leave even after the enemy's shells were flying and crashing through the streets and houses. Mournfully we took up our line of retreat, carrying off our slightly wounded prisoners to the number of 280.

With 6000 men, Gregg had met the advance of Grant's army and had resisted him in a regular battle of eight hours. Our loss was over ten per cent., or 650 men killed and wounded. The history of the war furnishes few instances where the heroic gallantry of Southern soldiers showed to better advantage. After the lapse of years, the memory of Raymond, fought by a single brigade of Confederates against fearful odds, stands out as one of the most remarkable and hard fought battles of the war. Not one of the regimental commanders are now alive, and Gregg himself fought his last fight in front of Petersburg and sleeps with the rest. This fight proved to be the second act in Pemberton's grand drama of the "Fall of Vicksburg."

* * *

In the Wilderness.—The battle of the Wilderness was brought on by General Griffin advancing two brigades, Ayres's and Bartlett's, and those two brigades first grappled with the brigade of rebels under General Heath.

Remarkable Record.—Company H, 4th Wisconsin, numbering nearly two hundred men, served for five years, and only lost three men by disease, a record said by the Surgeon-General to be without parallel in this or any other war.

The Episode of Patrick Connolly.

By REV. JOHN F. MOORS, 52d Massachusetts Regiment.

AFTER we had been in camp several weeks at Baton Rouge, and had received several mails from home, I saw a little Irish fellow, Pat Connolly, looking sad and disconsolate, while the others were reading their freshly received letters. I asked him if he had not received any letters. He replied: "No. There is no one to write to me. I never had a letter in my life." "Have you no relatives?" I asked. "No," he said, "not one." I learned his story, and took care ever afterward to have a kind word for him whenever I met him, which he repaid with the affection of a warm and generous nature. If when on guard or picket he was able to secure a canteen of milk or some fresh eggs, he was careful to see that the chaplain had a share. On the night after the battle at Irish Bend I secured a length of rail fence for my own use, while the rest was speedily turned into kindling-wood, to cook the coffee. I took off the top rails and laid them over the bottom ones to secure a shelter for the night. When thus employed Pat came up and said he was looking for me, as he had heard I was sick and without any blanket. I was a good deal used up, and my blanket and horse had been left behind and would not be up for a day or two. Pat at once offered to share his blanket with me. I declined, as kindly as I could. Pat was not neat, and I knew that if I accepted his offer to share his blanket, I should have more bed-fellows than I wanted. As I crawled from under the rails next morning, Pat stood by, waiting to offer to carry my haversack. He had his own gun, cartridge-box, knapsack, and haversack to carry. I told him we were to have a forced march that day and he must look out for himself. I had nothing but my empty haversack. It was a hard march. At night our horses came up, and I had a blanket to wrap about me as we lay in an open field.

The next day I found Pat, as our straggling line made its way over the broad plains of western Louisiana. He had confiscated a horse, which he was leading by a rope; too unselfish to ride, he had piled as many knapsacks of Co. B men as he could upon the horse, and thus relieved the tired and footsore men of a portion of their burden. At night Pat's horse and the chaplain's were tied side by side, and shared their rations between them, Pat close by as guard to both. The next day came an order to have all confiscated horses turned over to the quartermaster. I was eager to save Pat's horse for the good he was doing the company in carrying their knapsacks. While I was meditating how we could save the horse, the quartermaster rode up and ordered the knapsacks off, and the horse turned over to him. Some one near me called out, "That is the lieutenant-colonel's horse, sir." "Well, let him go then," replied the quartermaster. It was a stretch of the truth, but it was not the only time the truth was stretched all it would bear during the war. Pat kept his horse through all that long march, and then turned him over to the quartermaster.

All went well with Pat till the siege of Port Hudson. On the day before the assault of the 14th of June, Pat was made happy by the arrival of two letters which I had caused to be written to him, one by my wife. He showed them to me with great delight. He passed unscathed through the fierce battle of June 14. The next day as he lay behind a log, near the enemy's works, he thought he saw a head he could hit; he fired, and, in the excitement, popped up his own head to see if he had hit. A dozen bullets flew at him and one struck him in the forehead and killed him instantly. The following night two men crept in to where the body lay. They found in his pockets the cherished letters. That was all. They threw a few shovels of earth over the dead body, and that was the last of the good-natured, affectionate, unselfish, friendless Irish boy, Pat Connolly. There was no one at home to mourn his death. I shall always cherish his memory with tender affection.

A SURGEON'S

FIRST AND LAST SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL SILKEN BANNER.

A * Brave * Lover * Buried * with * the * Flag * Upon * His * Breast.

JULY 4, 1863.

DR. H. L. RUSSELL, Surgeon Alabama Regiment.

"COLONEL ALTON," said a fair young Alabama lady, "in behalf of the ladies of this village and vicinity, allow me to present to the regiment, through you, this silken emblem of our country, made by our own hands, a fitting tribute to the valor displayed in the uprising of the regiment to protect our homes."

"Ladies," responded the colonel, "in behalf of the regiment I thank you. Trust me, the flag will be held sacred by us all, and we will protect it with our lives, ever looking forward hopefully to the time when, our mission accomplished, we can with honor bring it back again to Alabama."

"Now," said the colonel, "who among us considers this flag worth his life and will volunteer to carry it?" It seemed as if there was a forward movement of the whole regiment, but like a flash of light, in front of all stepped a young man, the finest type of Southern manly beauty that I ever saw. "Colonel Alton," he exclaimed, "let me carry the flag."

The young lady stepped quickly forward and touched the colonel lightly on the arm.

"Please let Louis have it," she pleaded; "I know he will be worthy of the trust."

"Well, so be it," replied the colonel, as taking Louis Peyton's musket he returned in its place the staff of the beautiful banner.

Engagement followed engagement, but no man looked in vain for his colors. Always at the front, cool and determined, stood our color-bearer, and as one after another of the color-guard were brought back I began to think that Louis Peyton bore a charmed life.

July 4, 1863. What a day for history! Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Helena, the first of a downward grade of disaster, the end of which was Appomattox. It was extremely necessary, owing to the fact that Vicksburg and Port Hudson were doomed, that some other point on the Mississippi should be held by the Confederates or else the Confederacy would be cut in twain.

So we were marching to attack Helena, a fortified position on the west bank of the Mississippi, held by about 4,500 Federals under General Prentiss, while the Confederate commands under Generals Price and Holmes were considerably above that number. Anticipating an easy victory, as our scouts had reported the river free from gunboats, we pressed close to the Federal position on the night of the 3d, and at daybreak, the 4th, commenced the attack.

A fog had formed in the night, shutting the river from our view, but it gradually disappeared, and we beheld upon the stream one of our most powerful enemies, the famous gunboat Taylor, whose terrible rain of shot and shell forced the Confederate reserves from the field, and destroyed Beauregard's great charge in the first day's fight at Shiloh. She roared this day, and every roar of her guns meant death in our ranks; 650 shots in two hours and a half she poured into the ranks of the gray. Neither iron nor steel, let alone flesh and blood, could stand that terrible fire.

After several unsuccessful attempts to hold captured positions on the left, my regiment, with others, were ordered to charge a battery situated upon a hill, the key of the Federal position, in hopes to turn the guns against the boat.

The men advanced quickly out on the grassy clearing, which sloped gently downward into a narrow valley, then rose again to the battery.

As with wild cheers they went, the fire of every available point was brought to bear upon them. Boom! boom! whiz-z, bl-bloop, the terrible shells from the gunboat tear through the ranks of gray, but still they go on. The air is filled with shrapnel from bursting shells. The gunboat's sides fairly blaze with fire; still the gray ranks waver not. They have reached the valley, are ascending the hill; once within the battery they are secure from the gunboat's shells, and they press grimly on.

I watched the scene with fearful interest, and noted how steadily the colors moved, and I thought of Louis Peyton, and felt grateful that his anxious lover in Alabama could not see him there. A moment more and I beheld him at the parapet, and in spite of all the endeavors to prevent it I saw the colors pass over the wall, and then there came to my ears the curses, yells, and cheers of a hand-to-hand fight. I noticed the Stars and Stripes fall to the ground, but only for a moment. Through the rift of smoke I saw it again held aloft by its brave defenders, who rallied around their beautiful banner and fought on.

A regiment of Federal cavalry, stationed close to the river, dismounted and leaving their horses to the care of a few, started up a steep, narrow path, leading to the battery, and with surprising coolness entered the battery, and were soon engaged in the death grapple. It was but a few moments until the Confederates broke over the parapet in retreat. As the mass reached the open space again, I saw the colors of our regiment, but in an instant they vanished. Boom, boom, boom, the terrible shells crash through struggling mass of gray, and in the intervals between the bursting of the shells I heard the bursting of the grapeshot and saw the dead fall in windrows, obstructing the living. In that terrible scene our colors reappeared for an instant and then went down.

In the maddening rush that followed I was carried from the field.

Being in the rear, I soon found myself a prisoner to the Federal cavalry, and in looking up to the officer, was agreeably surprised to hear my name spoken, and to recognize an old college friend. A quick grasp of the hand, a few kind words, and I started for the Federal lines under escort. I asked permission to go upon the field to assist in alleviating the suffering of the wounded, which request was granted. With little difficulty I reached the "Valley of Death," finding to my intense satisfaction a number of Confederate surgeons, like myself, bent on aiding suffering humanity. Stumbling along, looking for those to help, I heard my name called by a brother surgeon. I hastened to his side.

"Here is your color-bearer!" he exclaimed, pointing to a prostrate form, which I instantly recognized as Louis Peyton.

But what a change! The silken flag he had so proudly carried lay upon his breast, torn into such small strips a finger would cover any one of them. A burly dead Confederate soldier lay across his limbs, which we found were both shattered by grapeshot. A quick examination revealed a slight movement of the heart, and quick as thought I put my brandy flask to his lips. His eyes opened, slowly, wearily; looking at me the old light seemed to spring to their orbits again. He struggled to speak, and bending low I listened.

"Doc—Doc—the colors—Doc," he hoarsely whispered.

"Yes, Louis, the colors are here," I replied.

"Don't—let—them—take it—Doc."

"No, Louis, they will not take it," I answered.

"I—tore it—Doc—tell—the girls—that—I—I—" and with a smile he closed his eyes on this world, and the grim ranks of death had taken in our color-bearer.

In a short time I found my friend, the Federal officer, and taking him to the body, I told him the story of the flag. Leaving me abruptly, he soon returned with a burial party, and although they were burying the Confederate dead in the trenches, they gave our color-bearer single burial, leaving his flag upon his breast as they found it, excepting two pieces that I sent home to Alabama.

* * *

DECORATION DAY.

FLOWERS for the feet of Peace,
Sweet rose and lily white,
As she retreads the road,
The blood-red road of fight;
The waving corn and wheat
For the long, hot lanes of war;
For bastions fringed with flame,
The light of Freedom's star.

Flowers for the resting brave!
So every grave shall be
An altar fresh and green
Sacred to Liberty,
An altar green and sweet
For the true heart beneath—
For each the rose of love,
For each the laurel wreath.

Peace, peace, and sweetest fame
O'er all the land to-day!
No anger and no blame
Between the Blue and Gray.
To you, heroic dead,
Resting in dreamless calm,
We bring the rose of love,
The victor's stainless palm.

LIBBY'S BRIGHT SIDE.

A Silver Lining in the Dark Cloud of Prison Life.

A Reduced Fac-Simile Hand Bill of a Famous Christmas Entertainment. Pastimes and Amusements.

By FRANK E. MORAN, Captain 73d N. Y. Volunteers.

THE popular belief concerning Libby prison is, that it was a gloomy dungeon, where social pleasure never entered, and where horrors accumulated upon horror's head. A full and fair investigation will establish the fact that this popular conception is erroneous to a considerable degree, and it is my present purpose to bring to light a few of the pleasures of the place. I shall not attempt to present them in symmetrical order, but to give them as they arise in memory, after the lapse of years. If what I shall recall partakes somewhat after the nature of a personal recollection, it must be remembered that every prisoner had a personal experience that materially differed from that of his comrade.

It was my misfortune to fall wounded into the hands of the Confederates in the battle of Gettysburg, and to remain a prisoner for twenty months. The first part of the time was spent in Libby prison and the remainder of the time in Macon, Ga., and at Charleston and Columbia, S. C. Having been captured the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, I witnessed the final struggle from behind the Confederate line, and was directly in the rear of Pickett's division when its magnificent charge was made to break the Union left center. A column of prisoners accompanied the retreat of the Confederate army, crossing the swollen Potomac at Williamsport in a torrent of rain. Our route toward Richmond was through the devastated valley of the Shenandoah, our journey on foot being not much less than two hundred miles. The column arrived in Richmond on July 18, 1863, and we were conducted under guard toward the southeastern border of the city, followed by a boisterous mob of men, women, and children. We halted in front of an antiquated building, over the office of which there creaked upon rusty hinges a small weather-beaten sign, bearing the inscription, "Libby & Sons, Ship Chandlers and Grocers."

The man Libby was a native of Maine, who, prior to the war, owned and occupied the premises, never dreaming that the modest sign—scarcely larger than a washboard—would be the means of linking his name forever with the most noted of military prisons, and withal the most interesting landmark of the rebellion. The building had a frontage from east to west of 145 feet, and a depth from north to south of 105 feet. It stood isolated from other buildings, with streets passing its front, rear, and west ends, and with a vacant space on the east of about sixty feet in width. The portion of the building devoted to the use of the prisoners consisted of nine rooms, each 102 feet in length by forty-five feet in breadth. The ceiling was eight feet high, except in the upper rooms, which were higher, better lighted, and better ventilated, owing to the pitch of the roof. Rickety, unbanistered stairs led from the lower to the upper rooms, and all the rooms of the upper floors were connected by doors, leaving free access from one to the other. With the exception of a few rude bunks and tables in the upper and lower west rooms, which were respectively termed "Streight's room" and "Milroy's room," and four long tables in the lower middle or "kitchen room," there was no furniture in the prison. The north windows commanded a partial view of the hilly portion of the city. From the east the prisoners could look off toward the Rocketts and City Point. The south windows looked out upon the canal and James river, with Manchester opposite and Belle Isle, while from the windows of the upper west room could be seen Castle Thunder, Jefferson Davis's mansion, and the Confederate capital.

Libby prison was a vast museum of human character, where the chances of war had brought into close communion every type and temperament; where military rank was wholly ignored, and all shared a common lot. At the time referred to, there were about 1200 Union officers there, of all ranks, and representing every loyal state. They were not men who would have sought each other's society from natural or social affinity, but men who had been involuntarily forced together by the fortunes of war, which, like politics, often "makes strange bedfellows." There were men of all sizes and nationalities. Youth and age, and titled men of Europe, who had enlisted in our cause, might be found among the captives. There were about thirty doctors, as many ministers, a score of journalists and lawyers, a few actors, and a proportionate representation from all trades and professions that engage men in civil life. Among them were travelers and scholars, who had seen the world, and could entertain audiences for hours with narratives of their journeyings; indeed, among the attractions of the prison was the pleasure derived by intimate association with men of bright and cultured minds; men who had often led their squadrons on the tough edge of battle and who in their history presented the best types of modern chivalry. It was indeed a remarkable gathering and the circumstances are not likely to arise that will reassemble its counterpart again in this generation. All in all, Libby prison, from the vast mixture of its inmates, and from all its peculiar surroundings, was doubtless the best school of human nature ever seen in this country.

It will not seem strange, therefore, that men of such varied talents, tastes, and dispositions, shipwrecked in this peculiar manner, should begin to devise ways and means to turn the tedious hours of prison life to some account. To this end meetings and consultations were held to set on foot amusements and instruction for the prisoners.

A minstrel troupe was organized, and its talent would compare favorably with some professional companies of to-day. A number of musical instruments were purchased, forming a respectable orchestra.

Refreshing music often enlivened the place when the weary-souled prisoner had laid down for the night. If there ever was a time and place when that old melody, "Home Sweet Home," touched the tenderest chords of the soldier's heart, it was on Christmas Eve of 1863, behind the barred windows of Libby prison. Chess, checkers, cards, or such other games occupied much of our time. Some busied themselves with making bone rings or ornaments, many of them carved with exquisite skill.

In the upper east room General Di Cesnola—then colonel of the 4th N. Y. Cavalry—instructed a class of officers in the school of the battalion. In the upper east room Colonel Cavuda, of the 114th Penn., wrote his book afterwards published and widely read, entitled "Libby Life." The dream of his life was to free his native island from Spanish rule. At every hour of the day learned linguists taught classes in French, German, Spanish, and all popular languages. Phonography was taught as well as grammar, arithmetic, and other branches. A book in Libby was the object of immeasurable envy, and I remember on seeing an officer with Hugo's "Les Miserables," I sought out the owner, put my name down on his list of applicants to borrow it, and my turn came six months afterwards. Dancing was among the accomplishments taught, and it was truly refreshing to see grave colonels tripping the "light fantastic." Under the ministers daily and nightly prayer meetings were held. It was not infrequent to see a lively breakdown at one end of the room and a prayer meeting at the other; to hear the loud tum of the banjo mingling with the solemn melody of the doxology. The doctors endeavored to enlighten audiences by occasional lectures on "Gunshot Wounds," "Amputation," "The effect of starvation on the human system," and other cheerful topics.

Gen. Neal Dow, of Maine, eloquently warned his fellow prisoners against the blighting evils of intemperance. While the general was a prisoner his cotton mill at Portland was burned, and one of the Richmond papers copying the news substituted for "mills" the word "distillery," a cruel joke on the earnest general. A debating society was formed, and all manner of subjects were discussed, bringing to light a goodly number of eloquent speakers, who have since achieved fortune and distinction throughout the country. A form of amusement at night when the lights were out was what was termed the "catechism," which consisted of loud questions and answers, mimicries and cries, which when combined and in full blast, made a pandemonium, compared with which a madhouse or a boiler foundry would have been a peaceful refuge.

Such cries as "Tead, of Reading!" "Pack up!" "Who broke the big rope?" "Who stole Mosby's hash?" and "Who shaved the nigger of the truck?" were as intelligible as Choctaw to the uninitiated, but plain enough to those who used them, alluding as they did to events and persons of the prison.

At night the prisoners covered the floor completely, lying in straight rows like prostrate lines of battle, and when one rolled over all must necessarily do the same. It was inevitable that among such large numbers there should appear the usual infliction of snorers, whose discord at times drew a terrific broadside of boots, tin cans, and other convenient missiles, which invariably struck the wrong man. Among our number was one officer whose habit of grinding his teeth secured him a larger share of room at night than was commonly allowed to a prisoner, and his comrades hoped that a special exchange might restore him to his family; for certainly he was a man that would be missed wherever he had lodged. On a memorable night when this gentleman was entertaining us with his "tooth solo," one comrade who had been kept awake for the three previous nights, after repeatedly shouting to the nocturnal minstrel to "shut up," arose in wrath, and, picking his steps in the dark among his prostrate comrades, arrived at last near a form which he felt certain was that of the disturber of the peace. With one mighty effort, he bestowed a kick in the ribs of the victim, and hurriedly retreated to his place. Then arose the kicked officer, who was not the grinder at all, and made an address to his invisible assailant, employing terms and vigorous adjectives not seen in the New Testament, vehemently declaring in a brilliant peroration that it was enough to be compelled to spend wakeful nights beside a man who made nights hideous with serenades, without being kicked for him. He resumed his bed amid thunderous applause, during which the grinder was awakened and was for the first time made aware of the cause of the enthusiasm.

The spirit of Yankee enterprise was well illustrated by the publication of a newspaper by the energetic chaplain of a New York regiment. It was entitled *The Libby Prison Chronicle.* True, there were no printing facilities at hand, but, undaunted by this difficulty, the editor obtained and distributed quantities of manuscript paper among the prisoners who were leaders in their several professions, so that there was soon organized an extensive corps of able correspondents, local reporters, poets, punsters, and witty paragraphers, that gave the chronicle a pronounced success. Pursuant to previous announcement, the "editor" on a stated day each week, would take up his position in the center of the upper east room, and, surrounded by an audience limited only by the available space, would read the articles contributed during the week.

"The Prison Minstrels" were deservedly popular. The troupe was organized and governed by strictly professional rules. Nothing but the possession and display of positive musical or dramatic talent could command prominence, and as a natural consequence it was a common occurrence to see a second lieutenant carrying off the honors of the play, and the colonel of his regiment carrying off the chairs as a "supe." Our elephant, by the way, deserves especial mention, not only because of his peculiar construction, but because both intellectually and physically he differed from all elephants we had previously seen. The animal was composed of four United States officers, which certainly gave him unusual rank. One leg was a major, a second a naval officer, a third a captain of cavalry, and the last leg was by the happy thought of the astute manager an army surgeon. A quantity of straw formed the body; the tusks and trunk were improvised from the meager re-

THE
LIBBY PRISON
MINSTRELS!

MANAGER, - - - -	Lt. G. W. Chandler
TREASURER, - - - -	Capt. H. W. Sawyer
COSTUMER, - - - - -	Lt. J. P. Jones
SCENIC ARTIST, - - - - -	Lt. Fentress
CAPTAIN OF THE SUPERS, - - -	Lt. Bristow

THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 24th, 1863.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

OVERTURE—"Norma"	TROUPE
OPENING CHORUS—"Ernani"	TROUPE
SONG—Who will care for Mother now	CAPT. SCHELL
SONG—Grafted in the Army .	LIEUT. KENDALL
SONG—When the Bloom is on the Rye	ADJT. LOMBARD
SONG—Barn-yard Imitations . . .	CAPT. MASS
SONG—Do they think of me at Home	ADJT. JONES
CHORUS—Phantom	TROUPE

PART SECOND.

Duet—Violin and Flute—Serenade from "Lucia."	Lieuts. Chandler and Rockwell
Song and Dance—Root Hog or Die .	Capt. Mass
Banjo Solo	Lieut. Thomas
Duet—Dying Girl's Last Request	Adjts. Lombard and Jones
Magic Violin.	Capts. Mass, Chandler and Kendall
Song—My Father's Custom . .	Lieut. McCaulley
Clog Dance	Lieut. Ryan

RIVAL LOVERS.

JOE SKIMMERHORN	CAPT. MASS
GEORGE IVERSON	LT. RANDOLPH

PART THIRD.

COUNTRYMAN
IN A
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

PROPRIETOR	CAPT. MASS
BOY	LT. RANDOLPH
COUNTRYMAN	MAJ. NEIPER

MASQUERADE BALL

MANAGER	ADJT. JONES
DOOR-KEEPER	CAPT. MASS
MUSICIAN	LT. CHANDLER
MEMBER OF THE PRESS	LT. RYAN
MOSE	LT. WELSH
BLACK SWAN	LT. MORAN
BROADWAY SWELL	LT. BENNETT
RICHARD III.	CAPT. McWILLIAMS

THE WHOLE TO CONCLUDE WITH A

Grand Walk-Around

☞Performance to commence at 6 o'clock.☜

ADMISSION FREE—Children in Arms Not Admitted.

Adjt. R. C. KNAGGS,
Business Agent.

sources of our "property room." The whole was covered ingeniously by five army blankets. Indeed the elephant, seen by the "footlights" (four candles set in bottles), was pronounced by the critics of *The Libby Prison Chronicle* "a masterpiece of stage mechanism."

It happened one evening when it was determined to compliment the efficient management with a rousing benefit, that two officers, whose duty it was to impersonate the hind legs of the elephant, were unable to appear on account of sudden illness, and their places had to be filled at the last moment by two other officers, who volunteered for the emergency. This was an acknowledged kindness on the part of the volunteers, but their acceptance of the parts without sufficient rehearsal proved exceedingly embarrassing to the management and positively disastrous to the elephant himself, or, to speak more accurately, to themselves. At the appointed time the elephant appeared, his *entree* being greeted with the usual round of applause. In spite of the lack of preparation the wonderful tricks of the animal were very creditably performed and enthusiastically recognized by the crowded house. The anxious manager was happy as he gave the signal at last for exit. Most unfortunately at this vital moment certain strange convulsive actions of the animal revealed the painful fact that a positive difference of opinion existed between the fore and hind legs of the animal as at which side of the stage the exit should be made. In vain the perspiring manager hissed from the wings: "To the right, gentlemen! For God's sake, go to the right!" A murmur of excitement ran through the audience, the convulsions of the animal grew more and more violent, and excited people in the audience shouted loudly: "The elephant's got a fit!" "The monster is poisoned!" "Play the hose on him!" "Down in front!" "Police!" A perfect babel ensued, in the midst of which the seams of the blanket gave way and the shrieking audience witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of an elephant walking off in four different directions, each leg fiercely gesticulating at the other and exchanging epithets more pungent than parliamentary. The despairing manager had no alternative but to ring down the curtain, but in his excitement he pulled the wrong rope, the sky fell down on the heads of the orchestra, and the show ended for the evening. The stage was at the northern end of the kitchen, and was formed by joining four long tables. The curtain was made of army blankets sewed together, and was suspended by small rings to a horizontal wire over the heads of the orchestra. It could be drawn together and apart at the manager's signal bell.

One of the best performances given was on Christmas Eve, 1863. That night the room was crowded with men who felt a homesickness that needed some mental physic such as we proposed to give. It was a time for thoughts of wives, children, and sweethearts at the North, and perhaps our play did them good. Programmes, neatly printed in the prison, from which a reduced fac-simile has been made, were freely circulated.

The most exciting event in the prison's history was the famous tunnel escape, February, 1864, by which 110 of the prisoners gained their liberty—or rather about half of them—fifty of the number being retaken outside the Richmond works, the writer being one of those recaptured. The tunnel was certainly an ingenious and perilous work, projected and completed under the direction of Col. Thomas E. Rose, of the 77th Penn. Regt., who escaped through it, but was unfortunately retaken.

Considerable excitement was caused by the arrival of a woman at Libby in the uniform of a Union soldier, she having been discovered among the prisoners on Belle Isle in an almost frozen and famished condition. Inquiry revealed the fact that she had in this garb enlisted in a Western cavalry regiment in order to follow the fortunes of her lover, who was an officer in another company of the same command.

In a skirmish in East Tennessee she had the ill luck to be made a prisoner. Her case naturally awakened active sympathy amongst her fellow prisoners, and a collection of money was made by them to procure her a supply of clothing, so that she might be sent home by the next flag of truce.

It would fill an interesting volume to sketch briefly the lives and experience of the men who have been within the walls of Libby or to trace their career since. Many have since fallen upon the battle field, and a sad number have died from the effects of their long imprisonment.

Some have since become the governors of states and some have held seats in the Cabinet. Their voices have been heard in Congress, at the bar, and in the pulpit, and their names will remain a proud heritage to their children and their country.

BATTLE OF VICKSBURG.

MAY 22, 1863.

Heroic Charge of the 1st Brigade.

MINIE, GRAPE, CANISTER, AND SHELL.—A SCORCHING SHEET OF FLAME.

C. D. MORRIS, Company E, 33d Illinois.

THE 22d of May, 1863, is a dark spot in the memory of many, and there is scarcely one of the old guard who either does not carry a reminder of it on his person or points to that fatal day as the last on earth of some cherished comrade.

Carr's division had hot work on the 21st in moving into position near the railroad. Every move was greeted with storms of grape and canister and the ever-present song of the minie. The 1st Brigade, consisting of the 33d Ill., 8th and 11th Ind., and 99th Ill., commanded by Brigadier-General Benton, was moved up to within three hundred yards of the enemy's works the evening of the 21st, and passed the night under the shelter of an abrupt hill. We had muskets as bed-fellows, and empty stomachs and full cartridge-boxes, with which to dream of the morrow. Those of us who had been sharpshooting until daylight of the 22d knew something of what was before us, and when another company came and relieved us at dawn of the 22d, so that we might lead the charge that day, the gallant Major Elliott said that he appreciated the compliment, but that many a brave boy would fall that day. A spirit of solemnity seemed to pervade the brigade as it massed in view of the enemy. Men congregated in little groups conversing in undertones. Letters conveying a last farewell were hurriedly written, messages and keepsakes were given to comrades by those who knew this was to be their last charge. Yet they did not hesitate; and to my personal knowledge their sad presentiment was verified in almost every case. Officers, outwardly calm, moved aimlessly about, anxiously consulting their timepieces. Aides from brigade headquarters came and went, running the gantlet, and dodging the shells that came shrieking down the ravines. As the hour of ten drew nigh the four colonels—Lippencott of the 33d, Washburne of the 18th, Schenck of the 8th, and Baily of the 99th—held a consultation, and, to see who should lead the brigade, cast lots for position. It was won by Colonel Baily of the 99th; the 33d next, then the 18th and 8th. Our artillery were emptying their limber-boxes as fast as muscle and powder could do it, and as the decisive moment approached, it seemed as though their exertions were redoubled, and that the sulphurous blast of flame and smoke, and the murderous roar would stifle and crush us. Men sprang to their feet, grasping their muskets with a grip of iron. Officers tightened their belts, and in quick, fiery words gave the command, "Fall in!" In an instant the brazen mouths that for three hours had spoken, were for the first time, silent. The men forming Grant's army crouched with nerves of steel, ready to spring upon their foe. They came as conquerors, and were anxious to try issues with their enemy, even in his stronghold.

Colonel Baily—divested of coat and vest, and with arms bared to the elbow—sprang to the head of his regiment, and with the single word, "Forward!" sent the hot blood tingling through our veins. The hour of nervous waiting—the hardest part to bear in patience—was over. Our course was around the base of a hill and up by the right flank, through a narrow defile, until the crest was nearly reached, and there, as we swung into line, not one hundred yards away, burst a withering, scorching sheet of flame, unmerciful in its intensity, sent forth by desperate men. Hundreds went down. The gallant Baily fell grievously wounded. The 99th could go no further. The 33d, charging over the same ground, fared not even so well, for as we came into line the same fearful blast struck and virtually annihilated us; for in that day's work, out of nearly sixty men there were only seven or eight to report for duty the next morning, and some of these were bruised and wounded. The 18th and 8th, coming up quickly, met much the same fate; some of them, with scattering ones from the two preceding regiments, turned to the right, and Colonel Washburne, of the 18th, found partial shelter in an angle of their works, and there, with the missiles of death raining around, the hot sun pouring down, amidst the wail of the wounded, the fierce yell of the victors, the incessant roar of musketry, we kept them down in our front; death stared us in the face if we remained or if we attempted to get down. Some of our colors were planted on the walls of the fort. Washburne's ringing voice could be heard above the din, shouting encouragement to us.

McClernand, away in the rear, called loudly on Grant for help. We knew it was madness to send men there. Grant, as near to us as McClernand, thought as much. The rebel rifle-pits to our left could fire upon us, and every now and then some poor fellow would go down. The terrors of that day made men grow old. The appeal for help was answered. Boomer's brigade attempted to reach us, but they could get no nearer than two hundred yards. Boomer himself was killed. We then knew to stay longer was useless, and so, one by one, we stole away, running the gantlet for life and liberty.

No one can describe that terrible day. Individual deeds of heroism would fill a volume.

* * *

RELIEVED BY THE REBELS.

H. H. BOWLES, Company C, 6th Maine.

IN the affair at Salem Church, where the 6th Corps was nearly surrounded and came near being captured, Colonel Ellmaker, of the 119th Penn., was ordered to take his regiment out to the front as pickets or videttes and to stay there till relieved. It soon became evident that to hold position was no longer to be thought of, and that to save capture the regiment must be called in. In fact part of the line was captured. Just at this time General Sedgwick, seeing Colonel Ellmaker, hastily rode up to him and impatiently demanded :—

"Colonel Ellmaker, who relieved you? who relieved you, sir?"

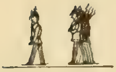
"Rebels, sir," was the laconic rejoinder of hero of the 119th. Sedgwick turned and rode away in silence.

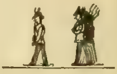
THE PLYMOUTH PILGRIMS.

HOW THEY WERE CAPTURED.

APRIL 20, 1864.

ROBERT P. BLACK, Co. E, 103 P. V. V. (Plymouth Pilgrim).





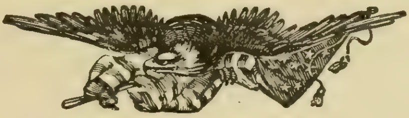
THE town of Plymouth lies on the right bank of the Roanoke river seven miles from the Albemarle Sound. At the time here mentioned, it was garrisoned by Wessell's brigade, consisting of the 85th and 96th N. Y., 101st and 103d Penn., and 16th Conn. Regts. There were besides two companies of the 12th N. Y. Cavalry, 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery, the 23d N. Y. Battery, 1st N. C. Union Vols., and some negro recruits. On the river were the gunboats Miami, Southfield, and Whitehead. The effective land force was about 1,800 men.

On Sunday evening, April 17, 1864, our cavalry pickets came in on the run, with the news that the rebs had driven in our picket line. A strong support was at once sent out, but they met a line of battle, four deep, backed by two batteries of artillery. This was at dark, and for nearly three hours a storm of shot and shell flew over us. The earth fairly shook, and the screaming of shot and shell was deafening. The rebs finally withdrew, taking only two whole guns out of the two eight-gun batteries that came into line three hours before. Their loss was terrible; ours, only trifling.

The next morning, about an hour before daylight, they again charged our lines, and took the 85th N. Y. prisoners and turned their swivel gun on us. They took the 96th N. Y. about the same time, but the guns at the latter place did not do so much harm, owing to their peculiar position. There was steady picket firing all day, and another heavy charge after dark, which was met and repulsed with slight loss. The next morning (Tuesday) the rebel ram Albemarle came down the river and was on us before we knew it, sinking the gunboat Southfield, and driving the others down the river. The channel of the river had been obstructed with torpedoes, but owing to the high water the ram passed safely over them. Captain Flusser, of the Miami, lost his life by a rebound of a piece of one of his own shells. Had he lived, it is more than probable we would not have been taken prisoners. They were now in possession of our front, right, and rear. That forenoon (Tuesday) we formed and charged the rebs time and again, but each time we were driven back, and the 85th Penn. was captured by piecemeal. At each charge we lost ground, and a few more prisoners fell into the enemy's hands. Night came on with our position entirely surrounded, and during the night the 101st Penn. lost, as the 85th had during the day, a few of its men at a time.

At daylight the 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery was also "gathered in," and the sun arose over about as helpless and forlorn a garrison as can well be imagined. Our nearest forces were sixty miles distant, and the country between held by the enemy. Our commanding general, Brig.-Gen. H. W. Wessells, hoped against hope, and refused to surrender, as there was a bare possibility of re-enforcements coming up the river to our relief. The enemy had by this time got into houses in the town and compelled us to fight them from the front of our works. The swivel gun on the 85th N. Y.'s works annoyed us fearfully, doing us more harm than all the others. It killed Sergeant Logan, took Corporal Burtner's foot off, grazed my cap and ruptured my left fore-arm with a single shell. The 16th Conn. were taken, a few at a time, early in the morning; the few that were left of us fought from the wrong side of our works until about 11 A. M., when General Wessells, seeing that further resistance was useless—permitted the flag on Fort Williams to be lowered. We all realized that we were in a sad fix. Our captors, Generals Ransom and Hoke, allowed us to take our clothing and private property, but a little sneak of a reb, spying my watch chain, and, being at some distance from his superiors, declared that if I did not give it up he would shoot me. That reb got the best watch in the regiment. It was an English open face, cap lever, full jeweled, gold hands, and No. 669. As soon as we surrendered we were placed under a strong guard and ordered to "fall in" by company and regiment, and were marched to the woods, on the road leading up the river, and in sight of our late camp. Here all the prisoners were assembled and searched by the 35th N. C. for deserters from their regiment. One of these deserters stood at my elbow and was passed and repassed by his cousin, yet not recognized. A roll was taken of all our names, with rank, company, and regiment. Of the negroes who were captured, a part had enlisted, but I think had not been mustered into the United States service, but were intended as recruits for some colored regiments. These were taken out the next morning to the edge of the woods and shot down like so many cattle. There must have been from sixty to eighty of them. It looked rough to see those poor colored men shot down in cold blood. Surely their blood cries from the ground! Yet, if I mistake not, this same General Ransom represents his state in the United States Senate! The next morning we were placed under the care of the 35th N. C. to be sent "up country" as prisoners of war. We were surrendered on April 20, 1864, and from that time until May 3, we were in transit to Andersonville, Ga. Old prisoners will readily recall the arrival of the "Plymouth Pilgrims," as we were called. A great many incidents happened on the way that amused us. I recall passing on foot near Tarboro, N. C., a big, frowzy-headed women, with a dozen or so equally frowzy children about her. She asked one of our guards where our "horns" were. She had always believed the Yankees had horns, and was surprised to see we had none.

When we crossed the Cape Fear river, at Wilmington, N. C., we were ferried over on an old tub of a ferry-boat that could carry only about 250 at a time. While the last squad was crossing one of the guards took three of us back of an old cotton shed, and one of Co. K (103d Penn. Vols.)—Mort Jones, I think—stopped close to me while the other and the guard passed on a few steps. Jones was smoking a pipe, and, reaching through the shed, he got a handful of cotton and set it on fire with his pipe. He then rolled it up and shoved it through the crack in the shed. Soon after we left Wilmington we saw a large light behind us. That evening, at Charleston, we saw an account of a big fire at Wilmington that morning, with a loss of more than a million dollars' worth of cotton belonging to the Confederate government. We quietly smiled. This was May 1, 1864.



GENERAL LOGAN.

By CHAPLAIN F. DENISON, Providence, R. I.

WHEN from our hills the slogan rang,
Quick to the call brave Logan sprang,
For law and liberty;
His statesman's robe he laid aside
To breast rebellion's bloody tide,
To save our land, or die.

The best was native in his blood
To battle for our brotherhood;
Intense his love for right;
All bonds of party and of clan
Gave way before the mightier man;
He knew but Freedom's fight.

Nor braver soldier bore a gun,
Amid the carnage of Bull Run;
E'en so upon Belmont,
Fort Henry, Donelson, and fields
A score, mid blood-wet swords and shields,
He dauntless held the front.

In him oppression found a foe,
To honest deal firm word and blow,
Until it humbly kneeled;
Then warmly was outstretched his hand,
Broad over all our ransomed land,
That woundings might be healed.

Among the brave Grand Army host,
He held the first commanding post—
An honor well deserved;
Devoted to the common good,
In every public place he stood
With loyalty unswerved.

To all the leaders that we scan—
Grant, Lincoln, Sherman, Sheridan—
His soul was closely wove;
Unselfish, fearless, ever true,
Elect among the deathless few,
Shrined in our country's love.

In field and forum, still the same,
Unmoved alike by praise or blame,
His nobleness confessed;
His record full, secure in fame,
Our nation will revere his name,
Aloft among her best.

BATTLE AND ASSAULT

AT PLAINS STORE AND PORT HUDSON.

How it Feels to be Struck by a Bullet.

THE 49th MASSACHUSETTS AND ITS BRAVE DEEDS IN LOUISIANA.

May 27, 1863.

By COL. SAMUEL B. SUMNER, 49th Massachusetts Volunteers.

* * *

THURSDAY, May 26, volunteers were called for for a storming party on the rebel works at Port Hudson. Major Plunkett, Lieutenants Sherman and Siggins and about fifty others from the 49th at once responded. Other regiments furnished volunteers in proportion, so that the required quota was speedily forthcoming. This day was mainly devoted to organizing the storming party, half of whom were to carry muskets and half facines—bundles of saplings five or six feet long—to be thrown into the ditch in front of the works to make a passage for troops and artillery. Lieutenant Colonel O'Brien, of the 48th Mass., was selected to command this forlorn hope.

The night of May 26 was employed in lively preparation and hasty thoughts, and writing hasty messages home. May 27, we were early in the line, and an aide-de-camp, riding along, exclaimed, "You will make history to-day!" We soon filed into some woods, out of sight of the enemy, over and through which shot and shell were rushing in a style decidedly promiscuous. Colonel Bartlett, of the 49th Mass., sat pale and collected astride his steed, as with his artificial limb, he must needs go into the coming fray mounted or not at all.

At last the supreme moment came, and we marched through the woods till we reached the open, where the familiar order was given, "On the right, by file, into line!" When the rebs saw that order executed, they knew well that the next move would be forward. We found ourselves confronted with an abatis between us and their fortifications. Charging at double-quick was out of the question, but it was remarkable how well we managed for some distance to preserve our line, which, however, was broken up soon enough by our antagonists. They opened a most determined fire of shot, shell, and shrapnel, with every projectile then known in the art of war. A rattling thunder-storm and hurricane, and an accompanying conflagration, I consider the nearest resemblance to it which the uninitiated can imagine. Who shall understand who has not heard it, the unearthly moan and shriek of the shell, and the zip-zip of musketry, as if a myriad of wood-choppers were swinging their axes in that prostrate forest! It became wofully apparent that we should never reach the parapet, or the moat for which our fascines were intended. Colonel Chapin, commanding our brigade, dashed passed us, waving his sword. A few minutes later he was shot through the head. Lieutenant Deming of the 49th was at about the same instant killed by a bullet crashing through his brain. All at once a glance at my left showed Colonel Bartlett reeling in his saddle. My place was then in the rear of the colors.

A moment later and it seemed to me that I was stricken by something of the size of a brick-bat, in the left shoulder. The sensation was not so acute as stunning. I put my hand between my fatigue coat and vest, and drew it away to find it dabbled in blood. I pushed for the nearest refuge of a fallen tree, where others almost immediately sought the same protection. The 2d Louisiana (a Federal regiment recruited by northern officers) marched over us as we lay there, but did not succeed in advancing far beyond our outpost. After a while the firing in our immediate front slackened somewhat, and we could see that the rebels were turning their attention to General Sherman's division on our left.

After great work and effort we at last reached the woods from which we had sallied, and measurably out of range of sharpshooters. There I remember being hastily examined by a surgeon, and placed upon a stretcher, and carried to the surgeon's quarters of the 49th. Almost the first person I recognized there was Colonel Bartlett, who lay at the foot of a tree with his arm in a sling and his head bound up with strips like so many lines of latitude and longitude.

Next morning, May 28, several of us were assisted to our feet and braced up to gaze upon the familiar forms of our dead which had been brought in during the night. They were the men who, in full life, had waded with us the afternoon before into that sea of blood. I cannot call the roll. Our loss had been sixteen killed outright, and sixty-four wounded, many fatally. The assault had failed and nothing now remained but the slow process of a siege, to which at last, the garrison succumbed.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

JUST before the battle, mother,
  I am thinking most of you,
When upon the field we're watching,
  With the enemy in view;
Comrades brave around me lying,
  Filled with thoughts of home and God,
For well they know that on the morrow
  Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Chorus.—Farewell, mother, you may never
  Press me to your heart again,
But, O, you'll not forget me, mother,
  If I'm numbered with the slain.

O, I long to see you, mother,
  And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner
  Till in honor I can come;
Tell the traitors all around you
  That their cruel words, we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers
  By the help they give the foe.

Chorus.—Farewell, mother, you may never, you may never
  Press me to your heart again;
O, you'll not forget me, mother, you will not forget me,
  If I'm numbered with the slain.

Hark! I hear the bugle sounding,
  'Tis the signal for the fight!
Now may God protect us, mother,
  As He ever does the right!
Hear the battle-cry of Freedom,
  How it swells upon the air!
O, yes, we'll rally 'round the standard,
  Or we'll perish nobly there!
Chorus.—Farewell, &c.

Battle of Brandy Station.

JUNE 8, 1863.

THE FAMOUS CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT.

BLADE TO BLADE, STEEL TOUCHES STEEL.

WM. F. MOYER, Sergeant Company D, 1st P. V. C., Logansville, Penn.

JUNE 7, 1863, was spent in the bustle of preparation, haversacks were stored, cartridge-boxes filled, horses shod, the sick sent back, and preparations for active campaigning gone through with. Then commenced irksome and wearying delays.

Evening came and night passed, and reveille awoke us to another day's expectancy; but at noon, the bugle at division headquarters sounded the "general." Tents were struck, saddles packed, and the regiments massed in close column. After a delay of an hour or two more for our trains to get on the road we heard the "advance" sounded. Slowly pursuing our way through heat and clouds of dust, raised by the march of a division of cavalry over parched and arid fields, we as length reached the vicinity of the Rappahannock river, and at 9 P. M. bivouacked about a mile from Kelley's Ford. The unusual precaution taken to prevent unnecessary noise betokened that we were in the neighborhood of the enemy and might expect an encounter. We were roused from our slumber at three o'clock the next morning, and before we had finished breakfast, we heard the thunder of Buford's cannon at Beverly Ford. He had already commenced crossing his division. The alarm brought us to the saddle, and soon we were drawn up on the river bank around Kelley's Ford awaiting our turn to cross.

In half an hour we had passed the river and were pressing forward into the interior, Duffie's 3d Brigade having the advance. After proceeding some miles we turned off in the direction of Stevensburg, while Wyndham's command moved rapidly towards Brandy Station, with orders to find the enemy and at once engage him. These were just the orders for gallant men and dashing brigade commanders. Moving at a brisk trot,—the 1st N. J. Cavalry in front, the 1st Penn. next, and Martin's battery and the 1st Md. Cavalry bringing up the rear,—in less than an hour we had reached the vicinity of the station and were engaged with the enemy's skirmishers.

Hurrying our columns from the wood through which the road had led the last two miles, Colonel Wyndham formed his brigade in columns of regiment in the open field east of the station, and, leading the 1st N. J. in person, ordered the line to charge. Our sudden appearance on the flank and rear of the enemy, took him by surprise, and for some minutes the hills and plains beyond the railroad swarmed with galloping squadrons of Johnny Rebs hurrying to a new position to meet our attack. The 1st Md., with Companies A and B of the 1st Penn. Cavalry moved down on the station. Colonel Wyndham led the 1st N. J. against a battery on the heights beyond the railroad, and the balance of the 1st Penn. directed its operations against the Barbour house—a large mansion on a high knoll just beyond the railroad and about half a mile north of the station.

The field presented a scene of grand and thrilling interest. A whole brigade of cavalry, in column of regiments, was moving steadily forward to the attack on our side, while the enemy's cavalry in new formation stood in glittering lines awaiting the assault, and his artillery, stationed on every hill, with rapid flash and continuous roar belched forth a concentrated fire on our advancing columns. Still, with undaunted firmness, the brigade moved forward—first at a walk, then quickening their pace to a trot; and then, as the space between the battle fronts rapidly shortened, the gallop was taken, and when scarce fifty paces intervened, the order to charge rang along our front. In an instant a thousand glittering sabers flashed in the sunlight, and from a thousand brave and confident spirits arose a shout of defiance which, caught up by rank after rank, formed one vast, strong, full-volumed battle-cry, and every trooper rising in his stirrups leaned forward to meet the shock, and dashed headlong upon the foe. First came the dead, heavy crash of the meeting columns, and next the clash of saber, the rattle of pistol and carbine, mingled with frenzied imprecations; wild shrieks that followed the death blow; the demand to surrender and the appeal for mercy—forming the horrid din of battle. For a few brief moments the enemy stood and bravely fought, and hand to hand, face to face, raged the contest; but, quailing at length before the resistless force of our attack and shrinking from the savage gleam and murderous stroke of our swift descending sabers, they at length broke and fled in confusion. We followed, and soon the whole plain for a mile in extent was covered with flying columns engaged in a general mêlée. This continued until the enemy came up with re-enforcements, when we withdrew and reformed.

When the 1st Penn. Cavalry emerged from the woods at the opening of the action, it was formed about half a mile from the railroad and immediataly on the left and supporting our battery. Scarcely half the regiment had gotten into position when the enemy opened at point-blank range from the Barbour house, hurling shot and shell into our ranks with great rapidity. We moved forward to storm the position, and capture the battery. As we marched toward the smoking cannon, they saluted us with spherical case, then hurled grape and canister into our faces, but our line moved on, and would have taken the guns had it not been for an intervening ditch, which enabled the battery to move off before the regiment could cross. Once beyond the ditch, we formed ourselves at the foot or base of the heights under a heavy fire from the buildings surrounding the mansion, and half of the regiment, led by Colonel Taylor, of 1st Penn. Cavalry, moved on the house from the front, while the other half, with Lieutenant-Colonel Gardner at its head, swung around on its left and rear. Both wings dashing impetuously forward, cleared the enemy from the intervening space, and held possession of the ground. Here occurred an incident which illustrates how utterly Southern chivalry detested the rough arguments of cold steel when wielded by Northern mechanics. Just as we were raising the hill on our charge, a bold and audacious rebel rode forward from their ranks and called out: "Put up your sabers! put up your sabers! Draw your pistols, and fight like gentlemen;" but the mechanics, farmers, and laborers of Pennsylvania placed too great confidence in their tried blades and the iron nerves of their right arms to accept his advice, and soon these kid-gloved gentry shrank from the weight of their sturdy strokes.

Here we met the flower of Stuart's cavalry, composed of his own body-guard and White's celebrated battalion, and, though unaware at the time, we had stormed and carried his headquarters. This we learned from his adjutant-general, who was taken prisoner.

* * *

FELL FOR HIS COUNTRY.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

DIRGE, FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

ROOM for a soldier! Lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover;
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches;
Where the whippoorwill shall mourn, where the oriole perches;
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the busy bee, his rest should be the clover;
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;
Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over—
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften;
He never could look cold till we saw him in his coffin.
Make his mound with sunshine on it
Where the wind may sigh upon it,
Where the moon may stream upon it
And memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain or colonel"—whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station—
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation!
Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,
Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall memory come to dream upon it.

BRAGG IN KENTUCKY.

INCIDENTS OF HIS MARCH THROUGH THE STATE.

By E. B. RANDOLPH.

IT was the latter part of the summer of 1862 that General Bragg concentrated his army at and near Chattanooga, Tenn., preparatory to his march into Kentucky. Shiloh had been fought, and the death of Sidney Johnston had caused the Confederates to fail of achieving a complete victory. The army of Bragg was the old Shiloh-Johnston army, recruited to a condition of splendid efficiency. Never were soldiers more enthusiastic, more thoroughly disciplined, or more eager for the fight. Cheerfulness and a magnificent "*esprit du corps*" pervaded the entire army. The Tennessee river was crossed, the lofty heights of "Waldron's Ridge" were ascended and descent made into the fertile valley of Sequatchie. On we marched, every one confident of in due time seeing the Ohio river and reveling in the delights of Louisville. The military bands struck up "Blue Bonnets over the Border" as we passed the Kentucky line. We were met along the march by citizens who sympathized with our cause. Many expressed the belief that the Federals would be unable to interpose any obstacle in Bragg's way, lead where it might. The army shared the same confident feeling.

The writer was one of a party that had to remain several days in the town of Glasgow, Ky., after the army had passed. While there the rumor came that a force of Federal cavalry were nearing the town. All was hurry and confusion. Wagons were hastened off to the town of Munfordville, a dozen or more miles distant, where the army was. A major quartermaster, being the ranking officer present, got together all the men; brought out two small cannon, mounted on rickety wheels, more resembling buggy wheels than any other kind, hitched two horses to each and started out of the town on the road the enemy were said to be approaching. The major commanded the leading piece in person. Before starting he loaded his guns (in more ways than one). Judge of his chagrin when upon driving up a small hill out rolled powder and ball, followed by loud imprecations from the major and hearty laughter from some artillerists that were along. With an oath about artillery not being his branch of the service, the major turned the gun over to some one else, saying that he would return to Glasgow and look after his papers. Arriving at the point for which we started we were joined by a battalion of cavalry, under Colonel Hagan, of Mobile, Ala., who assumed command. It was soon ascertained that the alarm was false, whereupon we returned to Glasgow, finding that our major quartermaster had left in hot haste for the main army.

Whilst in Glasgow the writer took meals with a lady of strong Union proclivities. She was peculiarly situated as regarded her relation to the war. One of her sons was an officer with John Morgan, and another was with Federal cavalry, under General Hobson. One daughter had a husband with Morgan, and another daughter, sweet sixteen, was as rampant a little "reb" as a "gray-jacket" would wish to see. It was plain that the sentiment of the townsfolk was pretty evenly divided. In fact, I was told that the dwellers on one side of the main street were Unionists, and those on the other side Confederates. Our hostess treated us kindly and fed us well, though she said she hoped we should find our graves ere we left the State. I never thought the old lady was in real earnest. Be that as it may, the hope was not realized, for the three who partook of her hospitality are yet alive.

* * *

Arming Slaves.

THE first person in authority, in the Confederacy, to urge the arming of slaves was Governor Allen, of Louisiana.

First Confederate Killed.

THE first Confederate killed on a battle field was Henry L. Wyatt, of the 1st N. C. Regt., killed at Big Bethel.

BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILLS.

JUNE, 1863.

GENERAL LOGAN'S ADVICE.

J. B. HARRIS, 34th Indiana.

AT the battle of Champion Hills, Miss., May 16, 1863, the 34th Ind. was sorely pressed by the rebels, and, after losing one-third of the regiment in killed and wounded and being out of ammunition, were ordered to fall back. As this was our first fall back, many of the boys forgot and were falling back at will—some, in fact, were on the double-quick for the rear. While on the retreat we came across General Logan, who shouted that he had been wounded five times and had never turned his back to the foe yet. "What regiment is that?" he asked; and hearing that it was the 34th Ind., he said that Indiana should not be disgraced and we must stop right there. Of course we stopped, and as our adjutant came riding up the general said, "Adjutant, get your men together." "General, the rebels are awful thick up there," replied the adjutant. "D——n it, that's the place to kill them—where they are thick," shouted the general. The boys and the adjutant saw the point and said no more. While we were waiting irresolutely, some shouts arose and we knew that the Johnnies had started for Vicksburg. The general then left us for his command, which was on our right.

GENERAL LOGAN AT FORT DONELSON.

GENERAL LOGAN was severely wounded at Fort Donelson in 1862. At the hospital where his wounds were being dressed was a desperately wounded soldier, whose entire lower jaw had been shot away. General Logan observing this man at once directed the surgeon to leave him and attend to the unfortunate soldier, which they did, thus, perhaps, saving his life. That soldier was Joseph F. Wilson, then a corporal in the 8th Illinois Regt., who afterwards attained the rank of major, and who now has a life position on the "soldiers' roll," House of Representatives, Washington.

BATTLE AT FORT BUTLER.

June 28, 1863.

A LIVELY LITTLE BATTLE IN LOUISIANA.

H. S. ARCHER, Sergeant Company H, 28th Maine.

EVERY comrade who was in this sharp fight vividly remembers that while the siege of Port Hudson was in progress the rebels raided the river banks from New Orleans up as close to Port Hudson as they dared to go, and cannonaded the transports passing up and down. In May and June, 1863, we were stationed in Fort Butler, at Donaldsonville, La. I was in charge of the fort, with Major Bullan of my regiment, as post commander. The rebels succeeded in capturing Brashear City, when it began to look rather warm for us; for it appeared as if we would have to accept rebel hospitality, as they had planted batteries above and below us on the river, and stopped the boats from going either way. The obstinacy with which Port Hudson held out encouraged them to make an effort to scoop us in. On the morning of June 28 they appeared before the fort with a large force of Texas troops and six or seven batteries, and demanded our surrender. We had been re-enforced by Captain Thompson, of our regiment, with his company (G) and some convalescents from the hospital, so that I think we numbered about one hundred and fifty men, with six thirty-two pounders and plenty of shot and shell. When we refused to lower our flag they made a fierce charge on us, but found that our few men were made of better material than they counted on. The battle raged all night with great fierceness. They got so near that they cut through our stockade, but whenever they forced themselves through the breach we captured all that got in and drove away the remainder. By morning we had more prisoners than there were men of us defending the fort. The rebel prisoners were naturally much enraged when daylight showed them how few of us had baffled their assaults all night. Soon glad tidings of relief came to us in the shape of a shell from the gunboat Winona, which screamed along the rebel lines and they hastily withdrew.

* * *

A TRIBUTE TO GRANT.

By **REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.**

THERE are some remarkable things about General Grant. No man ever heard him speak an irreverent word. No man ever heard him even in the narration of a story, use profane language. Never on the battle field, never in those exigencies where men are provoked, did any man ever hear General Grant speak a word that was not in moderation and good faith. I believe that the essential elements of his character are based upon religion, and he is altogether a church-going man; he has always believed in it.

See what a wonderful career he has had in the latter part of his life. His has been a hard life all the way through. His early life was not a pleasant one—I mean after he left West Point. I need not say anything about that great civil war, where he was the Atlas upon whose shoulders the nation rested. What toil! If he had not had an iron constitution it would have broken him down. When he came out of it and went to the Presidency, for which he had never had any training, and where his mistakes lay in fidelity to friends, he showed a great magnanimity of character. He did not doubt friends easily. If he took hold of one, he stuck to him, and he was in that regard credulous. And so his credulity was abused. The mistakes of his administration lay at the door of the good qualities of the man.

I have been with him a good deal, and I never heard him say a bad word about any human being. I never heard him utter a sentiment that might not become a judge sitting coolly and calmly on the bench. He came out from his public relations and entered into business, and then the storm came upon him. It struck him just where it was hardest to bear. It made him, as it were, the derision of men for the time. And as he was in the war and in the Presidential chair, he opened not his mouth in detraction, not even in answer, but stood and bore whatever was laid upon him. In all his financial troubles never a murmuring word! And then came disease, fateful disease, slowly undermining — going steadily down, down; and not a murmur! Sublime instance of fortitude and patience! I cannot help praying for him in my thoughts. My thoughts rise up round about the throne in his behalf.

Libby Prison's Tunnel.

HOW SIXTY-ONE UNION SOLDIERS ESCAPED FROM THE FAMOUS DUNGEON.

THRILLING NARRATIVE BY AN OFFICER.

Trying Experiences of Three Unfortunate Fugitives.

FRANK E. MORAN, Captain Company H, 73d New York Volunteers.

THE bold plan of escaping from Libby by digging a tunnel was conceived by Col. Thomas E. Rose, of the 77th Penn. Regt., in November, '63, and he was the director and supervisor of this perilous work. He was a brainy, cool, and intrepid man, coined for just such a daring enterprise.

At the time of the escape, there were not less than 1,000 Union officers confined in Libby, and "Rose" selected from among them, fourteen men, sworn to secrecy, as the working party. Absolute secrecy was considered essential to success, as the Confederates frequently sent spies disguised as Union prisoners among us to get information of any contemplated escape. The work of the tunnelers occupied the greater part of four months, day and night; the implements used being a common table knife, a broken trowel, and a small wooden spittoon, with a blanket rope attached. The dirt was hidden under straw in the east cellar, from which the hole, about two feet in diameter, began. The tunnel passing under the sentinel's feet crossed a vacant lot and terminated at the surface in a stable yard, about seventy feet outside the prison wall.

The men were baffled in their first beginning by contact with a large rock and with foundation timbers. Again, it was attempted to effect an opening into the main sewer on the canal side of the prison; but after a prodigious labor of many days and nights, water began to ooze in, finally coming with a rush that threatened to drown the four tunnelers and reveal the plot. After great efforts in plugging it, this tunnel was reluctantly given up—a severe misfortune, for this tunnel (so much more roomy than the one through which the escape was finally made) would have emptied the prison in three hours.

The last and successful tunnel was dug several feet above the bed of the cellar in the east wall. To effect an opening through the thick foundation wall was a work worthy of the proverbial patience of beavers, considering the feeble implements at hand. The tunnelers gained access to the cellar at night, by removing several bricks from the fireplace in the kitchen, and penetrating under the floor joists. These bricks were replaced when the working detail had descended, and all trace of the opening was removed by covering the replaced bricks by soot. At least two men were continually at the work, remaining until relieved the following night. The prisoners upstairs were carefully counted twice each day by the Confederates, and, to make the count appear correct, two of the working party, by an ingenious fraud, managed to be counted twice while the absentees were boring for life and liberty.

I had been a prisoner in Libby for over six months and had mingled freely among my fellow captives in each of the rooms, yet so well had "Rose" and his party kept their secret, that it was not until I had lain down on the night of February 8, 1864, that I learned of the existence of the tunnel. The startling information was given me by my friend, Col. Aaron K. Dunkel, who slept beside me in the "Gettysburg room." It was after "taps"; the tallow dips had long since been extinguished and the floor of each of the larger rooms (100 feet by 45) were covered by prostrate forms of hundreds of prisoners. I could see no evidence of an intended escape and half suspected my friend Dunkel of one of his practical jokes, for which he had a deserved reputation in Libby.

However, I sought Capt. W. H. H. Wilcox of the 10th N. Y., whom I found equipped for a march. He told me the tunnel was reached through the kitchen and that some of the prisoners had already gone out. He gladly assented to my proposal to attempt the escape together, and I made my toilet, which, owing to a scanty wardrobe, took less than a minute. Picking our way among sleeping comrades stretched in hundreds upon the floor of the "Chickamauga room," we descended the crazy stairway into the kitchen, which was dark and dismal as the grave. Reaching the bottom, we heard no sound save the familiar drip, drip, of the damaged water faucet. Formerly this room had been patrolled by sentinels, but as the floor was a perpetual puddle of dirty water and wholly untenable for sleeping purposes, the prisoners had entirely abandoned it for drier quarters and the guard had been withdrawn.

Wilcox and I groped along the east wall, and, when ten feet from the front door, we ran suddenly against a silent and densely packed crowd of men around the fireplace. "Colonel Rose" was the first man to go out, closely followed by the working party, who having completed their work, placed the tunnel at the service of all. Then followed Colonel Streight, Captain Reed, and other officers of his brigade. In my anxiety, I was magnifying minutes into hours; there seemed no perceptible reduction of the crowd in front, while the crowd behind had increased by hundreds and were pressing us to suffocation. The measured tread of the guard echoed on the sidewalk, within ten feet of where we were. Inquiries, as to the reason of the delay, were whispered from man to man; and fainting and weak men were begging for room and air.

At last all movement ceased. "A fat man was stuck in the tunnel and could not get either way." This news sent a chill of unutterable disgust through the crowd; muttered curses were rained thick and fast upon the unlucky victim's stomach. Meanwhile, the sensations of the luckless fat man in his appalling situation may be faintly conjectured, but the reader must paint the picture. The bare thought of my fat comrade's harrowing plight that night gives me a painful oppression of the heart. At last, the corpulent comrade, with forty feet yet to go, made a supreme struggle for life and reached the open air in the stable yard; and I rejoice to add that he was one of the happy sixty-one who reached the Union lines. The escape of our fat comrade was a deplorable loss to the Confederates. They had been pointing him out to distinguished visitors as a stupendous refutation of the damaging charges, that Union prisoners were being reduced to skeletons.

The way being reported clear, I was at last gratified to see that there were but three men ahead of me; pressing at my back, however, was a compact crowd of three hundred. Suddenly the muffled tread of feet was heard up stairs, and a voice shouted loud and shrill: "The guards, the guards!" Men bounded toward the unbanistered staircase like a herd of mad bisons. The stairs were ninety feet away, and, as the panic-stricken men struggled tôwards the "Chickamauga room," they fell under foot by the dozen. At the first alarm I had been lifted from my feet and borne swiftly across the room. I was dashed against an upright pillar with great violence, and, falling in the water, a hundred men trampled me under their feet, bruising my shoulder and hand painfully. Capt. Willard Glazier was hurt in the same manner as myself.

As soon as I recovered I arose to my feet. I realized that I was alone in the kitchen, and was grateful at not finding myself surrounded by Confederate guards. All noise had ceased up stairs and I concluded that it was a false alarm. I crept cautiously to the front door and looked out. The lamps on the streets were shining brightly and a sentinel at that moment was looking toward the heavy door through which I was watching him. He was less than eight feet away and appeared at the moment to be looking straight into my eyes. I did not move, fearing to betray my presence by the slightest motion.

The corporal of the guard approached and the sentinel, turning to him, demanded why in h——l he didn't get out the relief, and added, he reckoned the Yankees must have had a ration of apple-jack to-night, for they had been fighting and raising h——l inside.

I watched for the effect of this speech upon the corporal. He made no response whatever, but, lazily turning on his heel, slowly crossed the street and disappeared. My belief was confirmed, that, notwithstanding the unearthly racket in the kitchen, the Confederates had no suspicion of our desperate game. I determined to lose no more precious time, for I had a long and dangerous road to travel before the morning count in Libby should reveal the number missing and put all Richmond on our track.

I squeezed myself feet first through the narrow aperture in the fireplace, and through the chimney, into the east cellar, which was divided from the cellar containing the cells by a wall. These cells were at the front of the building and were alternately used for the confinement of hostages, "troublesome prisoners," and Union spies under death sentence. They were floorless closets ten or twelve feet square. A small stream of light from a narrow grated window half sunken in the sidewalk above stole into them a part of the day. They were guarded by special sentinels; were alive with enormous rats, and the air in them was sickening. From these dreadful cages many a brave fellow went forth to death. A wall divided this cell from the east cellar under the hospital room, and it was in the east wall of this cellar that the tunnel proper began.

Finding the fragment of a blanket rope hanging from the top of the opening, I let my feet down, hoping to touch bottom, but found none, and I balanced myself for a fall, whither or to what depth I knew not, for it was a pit of rayless darkness. With a sort of faith in fortune I shut my eyes and teeth and let go. Thanks to thoughtful comrades I fell into a pile of straw, and, rolling over two or three times, found myself among hundreds of squealing rats. Before I could recover my equilibrium a score of the repulsive creatures ran over me. Complying with my instructions, I placed my back to the wall and waded knee deep toward the opposite wall, through the straw that covered the cellar. The place seemed alive with rats that squealed and thumped against my ankle at every step.

At last I reached the wall and ran my hand along the cold damp surface, in search of the tunnel. I groped along until I reached the southeast corner, and, believing I must have passed the hole, I made my way back with increased anxiety and caution. I stopped a dozen times, to listen for some friendly token from comrades who had long preceded me, but no sound could be heard but the horrible chorus of rats. The thought of failure harassed me, as did the fear that I should be obliged to pass the night in the loathsome place. Great beads of perspiration came when I thought of being found by the guards in the morning, if indeed the rats did not long ere that battle for my remains.

It paralyzed me to think that through my blundering the tunnel would be discovered and that I should be loaded with the disgrace of having deprived hundreds of prisoners of their liberty. I thought I had surveyed an acre of wall and was on the border of despair, when, to my boundless joy, my hand fell upon a pair of heels. I knew they were live heels, for I had no sooner touched them than they vanished like magic in the wall.

"Who's there?" said a voice, as if from the grave.

"Moran," I answered, "from the Gettysburg room. Who are you?"

"Charley Morgan," the sepulchral voice responded, "from the Chickamauga room. Are the rebs coming?"

"No, go ahead and make room for me," said I, and away went the heels, sending a shower of dirt into both my eyes.

The hole had an average diameter of about two feet; at times descending and again rising. The earth was clammy cold and the air suffocating. My bruised shoulder got rough usage as I wedged myself forward. The hole grew narrower as I advanced, and notwithstanding my slight form, I found myself more than once in the position of the fat man who had preceded me. Morgan unhappily took a violent cramp in one of of his legs, and, to relieve his distress, I pulled off his shoe. This proved a somewhat troublesome charge, for, in order to save it for its owner, I had to push it ahead of me as I crawled onward. The length of the tunnel seemed interminable. I was gasping for breath and my shoulder was paining dreadfully.

At last, fainting with suffocation, pain, and fatigue, a ray of light gladdened my eyes and I felt the welcome blessedness of fresh air, certainly the most delicious air I ever breathed in my life. Morgan gave me a friendly welcome, as I rose to the surface, and, having reached terra firma, I made a minute survey of my surroundings.

I stood about seventy feet from the eastern wall of the prison and, looking through the dilapidated fence, saw the sentinels pacing their posts. By the light of the street lamps I could easily distinguish their features. An arched way, of sufficient width for the passage of wagons, led to the street on the south, next to and parallel with the canal. I noticed a third person in the yard, and Morgan, in a whisper, introduced Lieut. William Watson, of the 21st Wis. Regt. We decided to go down the street in an easterly direction, and meet at the second corner for consultation. We each removed our shoes that we might move noiselessly and also that we might run the swifter if challenged by the sentinels.

Watson went first and was followed in about two minutes by Morgan. As they moved away, I watched the two nearest guards, who halted on their posts and gazed at the retreating forms of my friends. I resolved, should they show a sign of firing, to shout to my comrades and dash down the street after them. The guards appeared to have no suspicions, and, without any audible comment, resumed the pacing of their posts. Feeling this to be my opportunity, I leisurely followed in the wake of my friends. It would be difficult to convey a clear idea of the peculiar sensation I felt, when, after an imprisonment of over six months, I first found myself in the open air and drank in the first fragrant breath of liberty; and yet I felt a pang of regret as I turned to look at the grim walls of Libby, where I was leaving, perhaps forever, many of the most valued friends of my life.

My feet stumbled over the uneven walk, as if I had just landed after a long sea voyage, and the cool February air had an intoxicating effect. I found my two friends at the appointed place. As I had served in McClellan's Peninsula campaign and was tolerably familiar with the topography of the vicinity, I was installed as guide and decided to attempt the passage of the breastworks on the north side of the city. We moved quickly, but with great caution, for we knew the streets to be thoroughly patrolled and that the provost guard compelled every one on the streets to exhibit the proper pass.

In spite of care we found ourselves almost in the hands of the patrol several times, and twice came upon sentinels posted in front of military hospitals. After repeated narrow escapes we turned a corner, and, before we had a chance to exchange a word, a dozen Confederates, without arms, passed us without a challenge, or a visible suspicion that we were escaping Yankees. Grateful for our good fortune we moved rapidly forward. Dogs rushed at us from every house and set up a hideous howl, as if the whole tribe had conspired to betray us. We were soon in the northern outskirts of Richmond and no longer had the aid of the gas lamps.

The ground was frozen and hilly. Dim lights appeared as we approached the breastworks. At times we came so near the sentinels that we could hear them conversing. Finally we reached the creek, too wide to jump and too deep and cold to ford, except as a last extremity. Following it eastward we found its southern landing unguarded, and, hoping the opposite landing was the same, we began a cautious crossing. I was in the advance and nearly over, when I heard a voice just ahead of me call out:—

"Corporal of the guard!"

We dropped upon our hands and knees and made a cautious retreat; expecting a shower of balls after us, but heard nothing but the confused hum of voices on the other side.

At last we found the creek nearly spanned at a narrow bend by a fallen tree. We mounted the trunk and made a safe landing. We made our way over numberless rifle-pits, huge earthworks, tangled brush and fallen trees that would have proved a bloody path to an assaulting column. In front of the works, deep and impassable ditches ran, and a dozen times we came within an ace of walking into the hands of guards. Having passed the city limits and the line of works outside successfully, our spirits rose in spite of empty stomachs and shivering limbs. We carefully avoided the roads, believing that we should be less likely to encounter the guards. The first gray streaks of day were appearing in the East as we saw ahead a number of small fires, and as they seemed to be at uniform distance we concluded we had reached the outer line of pickets.

We saw no advantage in going to the right or left, hence we made a hurried reconnoissance and voted to attempt a passage in our immediate front. We went forward to within one hundred yards of the nearest post and saw five armed Confederates round the fire while three more were grouped at the next one. Their faces were to the fire and their backs towards us. We dropped upon our hands and knees, and crept in single file, toward the center of the intervening space. In spots a low underbrush covered us, but most of the ground was nearly bare, and, as we crept along the frozen earth, the brittle brush snapped and cracked treacherously, while the blazing logs illuminated our perilous way. At every sound of the snapping branches we looked anxiously on both sides, resolved, if challenged, to take to our heels and run the gantlet. The Confederates were laughing and talking, their faces turned towards the genial fire.

Having passed the danger point, and well out of hearing, we rose to our feet, and giving three cheers (in pantomime), broke into a lively trot, with increasing hopes of success; for fortune thus far had singularly favored us. Sunrise found us several miles northeast of Mechanicsville. We had no means of knowing how far we were from Union troops; and we were alike in doubt as to the number and whereabouts of any enemy in our front. Farm houses began to appear frequently, and knowing the danger of being once seen in a hostile community, we reluctantly concluded it prudent to hide until night should return.

Accordingly we entered a swamp which covered from six to eight acres, thickly grown with a low underbrush that afforded the best available concealment. Selecting a spot at the base of a large oak tree well carpeted with leaves, we stretched our exhausted limbs and soon shivered ourselves to sleep. I was transported by a sweet dream to my country's capital. I was at the White House, in a new suit of clothes, and had been specially invited by Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet to a gorgeous dinner. The President was carving a huge turkey; Mr. Seward was uncorking the champagne, and General Grant was filling our pockets with fragrant bundles of his best cigars.

I became suddenly conscious that some one had seized me by the hair with a savage grip. Morgan was butting my head violently against the big oak, exclaiming: "Damn it! stop snoring or you will have us all captured." Before I could realize the cause of my comrades' alarm, I heard a rustling among the bushes and in another minute a small dog bounded into our hiding place, gave a quick, sharp bark and disappeared. This naturally gave us alarm, and within a minute we heard voices approaching from the south. We were preparing to run, when a number of armed Confederates appeared. We dropped upon our faces in the thick underbrush, clinging to the desperate hope that we might escape their notice. The party, dog and all, passed within ten feet of where we lay and in another minute had disappeared.

Was it possible that twenty men could pass so close and none of them see us? It seemed incredible. We were in a perilous situation and there was no time for parleying. I felt that we had been seen and believed that our only chance was a run for life. My two friends thought the chances of escaping twenty bullets too slim, and expressed the hope that we had escaped the notice of the Confederates. Our desperate situation demanded decision, so I volunteered to follow the path taken by the armed party and reconnoiter; it being understood that if I fell into the hands of the Confederates I should give warning by a whistle. I felt that I could endure anything rather than suspense. I followed the Confederates to the border of the open field. A small farm house stood at a distance of one thousand yards, but not a man was in sight. The sudden disappearance of the party was to me significant, and I concluded that they were deploying so as to encompass the swamp and close in on us. I turned quickly, expecting to hear the whiz of a bullet from a concealed Confederate. I had taken less than a dozen steps when a long clear whistle was heard to my right, answered by another on the opposite side of the swamp. My two friends, mistaking these for my signals, bounded through the woods like startled deer, toward the south side.

I stopped an instant and heard a dozen whistles, followed by the clear command of the Confederates, "Close in!" The thought of going back to Libby a captive was like a knell of death, and I resolved to take any chance short of actual suicide rather than be taken. I had heard no sound from the east of the swamp and I determined upon that as the point to run. I tore through the low bog, lost my left shoe in the treacherous mire, and to increase my speed took off the other and threw it away. I struck a path running eastward, and, without shoes, fairly flew over the ground. As I leaped to the ground from a fallen tree that crossed the path, a tall Confederate, who had not heard my swift and noiseless approach, sprang to his feet, leaving his carbine against the tree. He tripped and fell flat, uttering a "whoop" like a Comanche Indian.

I leaped squarely over him almost into the arms of three other Confederates, who leveled their carbines at my head and commanded me to halt. The fallen man, recovering his gun and his wits, came savagely toward me, and amid the laughter of his companions, in a fog-horn voice, shouted, "Surrender!" I hoped my two comrades might meet a better fate, but they were soon in sight, attended by guards. The Confederates hunted up my shoes and treated us with considerable kindness. They fed us liberally from their haversacks, admitted that our discovery in the swamp was a great surprise to them, and added that we were outside of their lines.

We were received at Libby with a smile of pleasant recognition by the clerk of the prison, E. W. Ross ("Little Ross"). The commandant, Maj. Thomas P. Turner, was seated in the office with his feet lazily resting upon a chair. His back was towards us, and he was seemingly reading the Richmond *Enquirer*—a very transparent trick of the major's, as we gave him to understand, by our answers to the questions which Ross had been instructed to ask. Turner was lashed into fury by the ridicule rained upon him for this escape. Finding us determined to answer none of his questions, he called Sergt. George Stansell, and ordered him to lock us up in the spies' cell.

As Stansell turned the key and bolted us in we found ourselves in a dark and horrible dungeon occupied by a single prisoner. This proved to be Captain Gates of the 33d Ohio Regt., who apologized for being glad to see us, as he said it was frightfully lonesome. Captain Gates was one of the tunnelers and it is a singular fact that of the 109 who got out through the tunnel he was the only one retaken within the city limits.

When the news of the escape reached General Winder, he was furious, and would not believe it until the prisoners had been counted for the third time. He placed the whole guard under arrest and locked the officers and men up in "Castle Thunder" pending an investigation. Curious crowds surrounded Libby daily, and particulars of the affair were eagerly sought. General Butler, learning of the escape, sent scouting parties in all directions to give aid to the fugitives.

The recaptured officers each refused to answer questions, and at last the brutal Turner had thirty of us packed in a twelve foot square dungeon. The recapture of Colonel Rose, the brave engineer of the tunnel, caused the deepest regret, for all felt that he had bravely deserved his liberty. The tunnel was at last discovered through the incautious answer of a recaptured officer, who supposed that the Confederates already knew of it, and so we were released from our horrible confinement and restored to our former quarters.

So ended the tunnel escape. Of the 109 who passed through the tunnel forty-eight were retaken and sixty-one reached the Union lines. Considering the meager resources of its daring constructors and the difficulties overcome, the Libby Prison tunnel takes rank among those achievements that put the highest test on human patience and endurance, while the story of the escape will always command a keen interest for students of our war.

Three Days at Gettysburg.

JULY 1, 2, 3, 1863.

THE HILLS ROCK AND TREMBLE UNDER THE TERRIBLE TUMULT.

The Air Full of Hissing, Whizzing Missiles of Death.

By CHAS. E. TROUTMAN, Lieutenant Company G, 12th N. J. Regiment.

ON the morning of July 1, the 3d Division, 2d Corps, moved along the Taneytown road, filed into a field, and awaited developments. About one or two o'clock that afternoon the sound of artillery told us that our distant front had found the head of the bold invader. At sunset we were met by dismantled artillery, wounded men, and ambulances slowly winding to the rear with the dying. Upon each ambulance and each cap was seen the full moon or the crescent, showing that the 1st and 11th Corps had been at it. About dark, we filed into a meadow near Rock Creek, just in the rear of Round Top. All was excitement; the battle had gone against us; Reynolds was dead, and thus night fell on the evening of the first day. At dawn we moved up the Taneytown road, past General Meade's headquarters, a two-roomed frame house, with sunflowers near the doorstep. Marching on we went up a gentle rise, in the rear of an orchard, on the crest overlooking the valley, the western edge of which was bounded by Seminary Ridge. There we remained during that long summer morning smoking and chatting, con-

jecturing as to the probable results of our next move. Two batteries were exchanging compliments with those of the enemy, whose shells plunged and tore up the sod around us.

Toward evening a body of North Carolina sharpshooters ensconced themselves in a house and barn midway between the lines, and rendered it unsafe to work the batteries on our right and left front. A battalion of the regiment to which I was attached was ordered to dislodge them, so down the slope we went—Col. Thomas A. Smyth, commanding the brigade, leading the way—until the Emmittsburg road was reached. Three cheers were given—a man fell dead for every cheer. Nothing daunted the battalion dashed over the intervening space of five hundred yards to where the enemy was concealed. Every minie that left that barn was distinctly heard from the muzzle of the rifle until it struck something. A captain of one of the companies running beside the writer was struck just above the right eye. It was zip, zip, all the way across the meadows. Over the fence we went, through the barnyard knee deep in manure, but not an enemy was to be seen.

A constant shuffling above told us that the foe was still in possession, but so were we. It was certain death to charge up the ladder to the loft above, but at last a venturesome youth, whose curiosity exceeded his fear, climbed the ladder until his eyes were above the level of the upper floor. The sight satisfied him, for with a shout he loosened his hold and came down among us, accompanied by three Confederates, who, in making a dash at him, had fallen through. I do not know how it happened, but this fortunate capture seemed to be the signal for the surrender of the whole force above. A detail of ten or fifteen men was then ordered to charge the house, as we were convinced that there was a body of sharpshooters there, too. We ran through the garden through lilac, rose, and raspberry bushes. The berries on the latter were temptingly hanging, but there was more serious business. A rattling, splitting sound, and the picket fence went down, and the remnant of us dashed into the kitchen door, where twelve men were captured. After capturing one more man—discovered in an old-fashioned cupboard—we heard the sound of the recall, and ran back over the meadow, under a live archway of shells.

Early the next morning, the barn and house were burned by a detachment of the 14th Conn., under the orders of Colonel

Smyth. The division was moved to the front, its left resting on Arnold's 1st R. I. Battery, its right on the left of the 1st Corps, that occupied the cemetery. The 71st or 72d Penn. had its right resting on the battery, leaving an interval between our extreme left and the 2d Division for the battery to play through. The right of the regiment to which I was attached rested at a small house and barn, which was used as the headquarters of General Hays, our division commander. In front was a low stone wall. The ground sloped gradually from about fifteen yards in our rear to the Emmittsburg pike, when the valley was apparently level for about six hundred yards. Then there was a gradual rise until it reached Seminary Ridge, top of which was crowned with a dense woody growth. Between us and the ridge were fields of ripening wheat and clover and growing corn, with fences intact; presenting such a picture as would delight the soul of an artist.

The morning of the third was quiet—ominously so. Occasionally the sharp sputter of the skirmish fire would arouse our interest. We conversed in little groups, wandered about, or sat under the shade, for the day got to be excessively hot. At 12.30 coffee was put to boiling, pipes were lighted, and the men were preparing to while away the afternoon as best they could. Just then, off to the enemy's left, a gun was heard. A second or two of anxious suspense followed, and immediately over our heads, close enough to feel the rush of air, flew a screaming shell. There was a chance to count five slowly, when about opposite Round Top, came a "boom," followed by another, and then the earth began to shake. Away went coffee pots, haversacks, pipes, everything, and each man flattened himself against mother earth. One hundred and twenty-eight guns opened their black throats all along Seminary Ridge and hurled murder and sudden death at us; the hills fairly rocked and trembled; the air was filled with hurling, hissing, whizzing, rattling projectiles. It seemed as if nothing could stand such a fire; aye, that the very soil itself would be swept from that crest. Orderlies dashed through the orchard to headquarters, crouching low over the saddle with shoulders drawn up, like men caught in a sudden hailstorm. Amid the unearthly clangor, and above it all, could be heard the clear voice of the commanding officer of a battery to our left, unconcernedly giving his orders.

This storm continued until about 4 P. M., when the slackened fire betokened the approach of the terrible infantry lines. The smoke of the opposing guns had settled low in the valley, and our division was in the hush of expectancy. Then the sputtering fire along the skirmish line told us of an infantry advance. A gentle breeze rolled away the curtain and opened to our view a magnificent array; Pickett's Virginians and Pettigrew's North Carolinians were moving over the intervening valley in two compact lines of battle. Hays rode down the line, sternly bidding every man to keep hidden from view. One man, in his eagerness to watch the approaching enemy, rose to his feet. "Lie down!" roared Hays, "lie down like that man;" pointing to a figure at his feet. "That man is dead, general." "I wish you were; be quiet." Then turning to his orderly, the division color bearer, he spoke: "Orderly! when we are attacked I expect to ride where danger is the thickest; do you think you will keep up with that flag, even if I ride to hell?" Touching his cap visor, "With pleasure," said the orderly. "General, if you reach hell, just look out the window and you'll see the little blue trefoil fluttering behind you." On came the enemy, pecked by the little skirmish line retreating before it. The bugle now sounded the recall, and the skirmishers came dashing to our lines. Then Arnold's and other batteries opened with grape and canister upon the advancing line. Men were literally blown into the air, but the gaps were closed; no hurry, no wavering, but steadily moving onward, the movement eliciting admiration from those who were so soon to mow them down.

When thirty yards distant general officers rode up and down the ranks, exhorting and inspiring our men. With a roar and a yell the enemy now rushed toward our position. Fences disappeared as if of pasteboard. There was silence in our division until the first line was just lapping the Emmittsburg road, when we heard the order, "*Fire!*" A sheet of flame, a clash of musketry, and the first line melted. On came the second, not in line, but in isolated groups, intent upon reaching the crest. The shouts of combatants, surging lines, and roar of artillery made a picture that cannot be imagined, much less described. Color Sergeant Cheeseman, of Camden, N. J., at this supreme moment leaped over the stone wall, ran hurriedly almost to the Emmittsburg pike, and with a fearful blow of his fist felled the color bearer of one of the enemy's regiments, grasped his flag, and gayly trotted back to the lines, waving it over his head, and this amid the heavy musketry fire of both lines. Brave fellow! He sleeps in the Wilderness. Mortals could not stand the terrific fire that swept the valley. Pettigrew broke and ran, the line crumbled and gave way. Pickett's division swept on and had a hand-to-hand conflict with the 71st and 72d Penn. Regts. of the 2d Division, and then went reeling back over the valley into the woods, from which it had so buoyantly and gallantly emerged.

GRANDEST CHARGE.

THE grandest charge of the war is said by General Sheridan to have been made by General Crook, at Fisher's Hill, September, 1864.

FUN ON PICKET POST.

BY A LEWISTON (MAINE) MEMBER OF THE G. A. R.

WHEN I was in the service, we used to tuck it pretty hard to the raw recruits, sometimes. I remember one fellow in particular, who joined our regiment when we were in Virginia. He was a raw-boned fellow, who had come to the war to gain a big commission in the army. He was about as green a chap in military affairs as I ever saw. This recruit was always talking about how he wanted us boys to teach him all the ins and outs of a soldier's life. He had heard a good deal about picket post duty, and was awfully concerned lest he would bring up wanting in this capacity.

Most of the boys found out, by what the raw recruit said about it, that his idea of picket post duty was being able to balance one's self on a picket post. So one day we knocked a picket off an old fence, stuck it in the ground, and told him to stand up on it and practice balancing awhile. Every man in the regiment kept his face as sober as a judge, and the recruit worked away trying to balance himself on that picket post till he was all worn out. The captain of my company came up about dusk and saw what we were doing with the poor fellow, gave us all a good blowing up, and comforted the recruit as best he could. Ever after that time that fellow went by the name of the Picket Post. But he was a brave soldier, and won a captain's laurels.

With Kershaw at Gettysburg.

JULY 3, 1863.

A Desperate Contest.—Confederates Win and Lose Little Round Top.

By W. T. SHUMATE.

WE broke camp near Fredericksburg, in June, 1863. Our march was through the towns of Culpeper, Winchester, Martinsburg, and Chambersburg, and at the latter place we took a much needed rest of two or three days.

On the morning of the 1st of July we started in the direction of Gettysburg, arriving near the battle field about dawn of the second, and halted in a clover field. After a short time we were ordered into line, and with beating hearts moved in the direction of the enemy, thinking that we would soon be engaged in mortal combat. From some unexplained cause Kershaw's brigade was maneuvering near the Federal lines, until late in the afternoon. Just before sunset we were ordered to form line of battle on a slight eminence, in full view of Round Top, and also of the hills or ridge in the direction of Cemetery Hill, now occupied by Federal infantry. A level plain of half a mile or more was in our front, and near a peach orchard some eight hundred yards distant from our lines a battery was planted, commanding every foot of our advance.

General Longstreet and his aids were in our front, scanning the strong and almost impregnable position of General Meade. The battery opened upon him, but the "old war horse" never flinched or changed his position until through with his observations, when, shutting up his glass, and walking to the rear, he ordered Hood's brigade, on our immediate right, to advance. With a yell, the Texans rushed forward, sweeping everything before them, until they seemed to have reached the summit of

Little Round Top, when, for the want of support, they were compelled to retire. It has been years since I heard that yell, yet it seems to be now ringing in my ears.

Kershaw's brigade moved over the level field in front of the battery near the orchard in perfect order, while grape and canister went crashing through the ranks. It seemed that none could escape. My face was fanned time and again by the deadly missiles.

We arrived within one hundred yards of the battery without having fired a shot. The artillerists were limbering up their pieces to seemingly retire, for in a few minutes they would have been in our possession. At this particular minute we heard in a clear, ringing tone, above the din of conflict the command, "By the right flank!" True to our sense of duty we obeyed the command. Why it was given or by whom, the private soldiers and company officers could never learn. The artillerists, seeing our change of directions, returned to their guns and poured destruction into our fast thinning ranks.

The adjutant of my regiment was by my side when he was struck on the foot with a grape or canister shot, and painfully but not dangerously wounded. Wishing to render him what aid I could, I asked what I could do for him. He said: "Please cut off my boot." I immediately complied with his request, cutting it from top to toe. He took one swift, eager look at the battery, turned his back to the foe, and made the best time on record, until he reached a place of safety. I can see him running now, with one foot naked, bleeding, and mangled, and the other encased in a long cavalry boot. The gallant fellow survived the war and has since been honored with public office. I have met him once only and when jestingly reminded of the great speed he made through the oat field, he did not seem to relish it. The battery of which I have been writing was afterward captured by Barksdale's Miss. brigade, which was on our immediate left. Our troops were severely punished however. Night put an end to the conflict, and when my regiment was reformed but a handful of men answered to their names at roll call. We bivouacked on the battle field and expected an early attack from the enemy, but no advance was made by either side until Pickett's tremendous assault and awful loss on the afternoon of the 3d.

* * *

ULRIC DAHLGREN.

A TRIBUTE TO A BRAVE OFFICER.

REV. CHAS. W. DENISON.

WE met at Harper's Ferry, in the gorges of the hills,
Where, chasing the Potomac, come leaping down the rills;
We stood in Union armor by Shenandoah's tide,
And ready for the battle; Sigel was by our side.
The frowning Heights of Maryland, with waving plumes of gray,
Through the autumnal twilight bade grand adieus that day;
The table rock of Jefferson gloamed in the darkness there,
And the spirits of the patriot seemed hovering in the air.

O, scene of desolation! The guilt and woe and shame
Of slavery in rebellion had burnt the land with flame;
The sleep of Justice wakened by Monticello's grave,
And in conflict with the master she sided with the slave.
In that historic temple where Washington had stood,
Before the shattered altars in old Virginia's wood,
Young Dahlgren raised his sworded hand and sacredly he vowed,
"My country's banner shall prevail, or be my winding shroud."

So spoke the boy that evening; then dashed along the right,
And in the name of Freedom put slavish hordes to flight;
At Fredericksburg embattled, he strode the crimson field,
His watchword of the column, "To traitors never yield!"
Through the dark haze of Gettysburg he flashed a living flame,
And on the scroll of heroes wrote his own immortal name;
With the torn flag of Hagerstown his body shrouded round,
He fought oppression's myrmidons stretched bleeding on the ground;
Then, torn and maimed and weak, he rose as valiant as of yore;
He was of age that day of grace—he was a man before.

O manful boy! O youthful peer! O Ulric, the brave!
The proudest of thy patriot deeds shall monument thy grave;
Around thy hidden sod at night the grateful slave shall cling,
And in fond tones through Libby's cells thy requiem shall ring.
Almost alone, without the trump and blazonry of war,
In darkness, hand to hand with death, thou wert death's conqueror.
Above that spot our flag will float, but not thy shroud; 'twill be
The pennon call to avenge thy fall borne over land and sea;
With Winthrop and with Lyon, with Foote and Shaw art thou,
And Dahlgren shines with them henceforth on Freedom's starry brow.

THIRD DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

General Pickett's Brave Charge and Repulse.

JULY 3, 1863.

WILLIAM MILLER OWEN, Colonel Battalion Washington Artillery.

AT daybreak, the 3d of July, 1863, we were awakened in front of Gettysburg by the booming of cannon over toward the peach orchard, where Longstreet's corps had fought on the afternoon of the 2d. Saddling our horses we rode in the direction of the firing, which ceased before we reached the battery engaged. I was acting on that memorable day as adjutant of the artillery division of Longstreet's corps, under Col. J. B. Walton, chief of artillery.

We were with the artillery officers, sitting upon our horses, in a little oak grove near the peach orchard, awaiting the opening of the fray, when a courier rode up and handed Colonel Walton a dispatch. It was from General Longstreet, requesting Colonel Walton to come to headquarters on the field. We put our horses to a gallop, and when we reached the spot indicated, met there several division commanders and Gen. R. E. Lee.

A plan of attack was being discussed. At a given signal—the firing of two guns by the Washington Artillery at the peach orchard—all the Confederate guns were to open upon the enemy's position, to prepare the way for our infantry to attack. The assaulting column was to consist of Pickett's division, supported left by Heth's division of A. P. Hill's corps, and right by Wilcox's division.

I was directed to notify the commanders of battalions to open fire upon hearing the signal. Upon my return to General Longstreet I found him dismounted and talking with General Pickett. The general said: "All right; tell Colonel Walton I will send him word when to open."

At 1.30 P.M. a courier dashed up in great haste, holding a little slip of paper, torn from a memorandum book, and addressed to Colonel Walton.

HEADQUARTERS, July 3, 1863.

COLONEL—Let the batteries open. Order great care and precision in firing. If the batteries at the peach orchard cannot be used against the point we intend attacking, let them open on the enemy on the rocky hill.

Most respectfully, J. LONGSTREET,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

The order to fire the signal guns was immediately communicated to Major Eshleman, commanding the Washington Artillery, and the report of the guns rang out upon the still summer air. Then came a roar and a flash, and 138 pieces of Confederate artillery opened upon the enemy's position. The deadly work began with the noise of heaviest thunder, echoing and re-echoing among the hills and valleys of Pennsylvania.

The Federal artillery, numbering almost as many guns as the Confederate, replied immediately, and the battle of the 3d of July had opened. Shot and shell tore through the air and plowed great furrows in the fields, and crashed through batteries, tearing men and horses to pieces. It was a grand but terrific sight.

For forty minutes the dreadful din continued, until the cannoneers, exhausted with their work, and fainting from the heat of that July day, slackened the fire, and finally hardly a gun was heard from either combatants. Then Pickett's brave Virginians formed for the assault, their gallant commander riding up and down his lines, talking calmly to officers and men. Longstreet could not bear to give the order to throw these men against the breastworks of the enemy, and when at last Pickett said, "Shall I go forward, sir?" Longstreet turned away his head. Pickett, proudly and impetuously said, with the air of an old crusader, "Sir, I shall lead my division forward."

Orders from the officers now rang out, "Attention!" and the brave fellows could be heard calling out to friends and comrades a few files from them, "Good-by, boys! good-by!" The final order came from Pickett himself, who, superbly mounted, seemed the very incarnation of war. "Column forward! guide center!" and the brigades of Kemper, Armistead, and Garnett moved forward in common time, their battle flags fluttering as they passed over the greensward. It was nearly a mile they had to charge, and the enemy's artillery made great gaps in the ranks, which were closed up as fast as made.

Heth's division, under General Pettigrew, emerged from the timber, and followed Pickett on his left flank and in echelon. Wilcox moved out upon his right. Pickett's lines were seen to halt, and under a tremendous fire he changed direction by an oblique movement, beautifully, coolly, and deliberately made. They then advanced again and the Confederate artillery reopened, firing over the heads of the advancing lines.

Forward the brave Virginians went until they were within range of the Federal infantry behind the stone walls on Cemetery Hill. Then the blue line arose, and poured a deadly fire into the Confederate ranks. The Confederates responded with a wild yell and pushed on unfalteringly. A body of Federals were seen emerging from a clump of trees on the left of Pettigrew. Taken by surprise they faltered, and fell back, as the best troops will do when taken at a disadvantage.

Pickett's men had crossed the Federal lines and had laid their hands upon eleven of the enemy's cannon, and were in the full flush of victory, when news came to Pickett, conveyed by Colonel Latrobe of Longstreet's staff, of the disaster that had befallen his supports. He galloped back to try and rally the fugitives, but they could not form under that storm. Finding himself unsupported, each of his flanks assailed, his generals, Kemper, Armistead, and Garnett, and all of his field officers killed or wounded, his men falling by scores around him, he gave his orders to fall back.

"Wagram" had been eclipsed, and they had won undying renown. Whenever Gettysburg is spoken off, by friend or foe, the charge of Pickett and his men will be recalled with the same pride Englishmen feel when speaking of Balaklava.

* * *

All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night.

“All quiet along the Potomac to-night,”
Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

’Tis nothing; a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men,
Moaning out all alone the death rattle.

“All quiet along the Potomac to-night,”
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon
And the light of the camp-fires are gleaming.

There’s only the sound of the lone sentry’s tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
And their mother—“may heaven defend her.”

The moon seems to shine as brightly as when
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

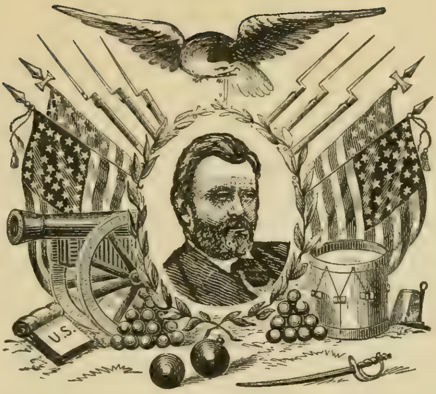
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes
He dashes off the tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to his breast
As if to keep down the heart’s swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
And his footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustles the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle. “Ha, Mary, good-by—”
And his life blood is ebbing and plashing.

“All quiet along the Potomac to-night.”
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
The picket’s off duty forever.

GRANT'S WORDS.



Quotations from His Speeches and Conversations.

His Opinions of Generals and Great Events.

The Man's Common Sense and Modesty Illustrated.

(THIRTY-EIGHT PARAGRAPHS.)

* * *

During the public career of this illustrious man, and while on his tour around the world (such a journey no man of this generation can hope to parallel), he gave utterance to many expressions that will live for centuries. Here are a few of the prominent ones.

LET us have peace.—*First inaugural address.*

I voted for Buchanan because I knew Fremont.—*Interview.*

I never had time.—*To an officer asking if he ever felt fear on the battle field.*

I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.—*In the Wilderness*, 1864.

The young men of the country have a peculiar interest in maintaining the national honor.—*First inaugural.*

When wars do come, they fall upon the many, the producing class, who are the sufferers.—*Newcastle speech.*

If I can mount a horse I can ride him, and all the attendants can do is to keep away.—*Private conversation.*

All of it. I should like to live all of my life over again. There isn't any part of it I should want to leave out.—*Conversation, but before he met F. Ward.*

Labor disgraces no man; unfortunately, you occasionally find men disgrace labor.—*To Midland International Arbitration Union, Birmingham, Eng.*

Although a soldier by profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace.—*Speech at London.*

The battle of Lookout Mountain is one of the romances of the war. There was no such battle, nor any action there worthy to be called a battle. It is all poetry.—*Conversation.*

No terms other than unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works.—*Message to General Buckner at Fort Donelson*, 1862.

I long to see a period of repose in our politics that would make it a matter of indifference to patriotic men which party is in power. I never removed men from office because they were Democrats. I never thought of such a thing.—*Conversation.*

Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church and the private school, supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the church and state for ever separate.—*Des Moines speech*, 1875.

I don't believe in strategy in the popular understanding of the term. I use it to get up just as close to the enemy as practicable with as little loss of life as possible. Then, up guards, and at 'em.—*In conversation.*

I am a soldier, and, as you know, a soldier must die. I have been President, but we know that the term of presidency expires; and when it has expired he is no more than a dead soldier.—*To the mayor of Liverpool.*

I regard Sheridan as not only one of the great soldiers of the war, but one of the great soldiers of the world—a man fit for the highest commands. No better general ever lived than Sheridan. —*Talk with Bismarck*, 1877.

Butler as a general was full of enterprise and resources, and was a brave man. * * * Butler is a man it is a fashion to abuse, but he is a man who has done the country great service and is worthy of its gratitude.—*In a conversation.*

I appreciate the fact, and am proud of it, that the attentions I am receiving are intended more for our country than for me personally.—*Letter from London to G. W. Childs, June*, 1877.

I yield to no one in my admiration of Thomas. He was one of the finest characters of the war. He was slow and cautious. We differed about the Nashville campaign, but the success of his campaign will be his vindication against my criticisms.—*A conversation.*

It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other general on the other side of the Atlantic; but there was never a time during my command when I would not have chosen some settlement by reason rather than the sword.—*A conversation.*

The one thing I never want to see again is a military parade. When I resigned from the army and went to a farm I was happy. When the rebellion came I returned to the service because it was a duty. I had no thought of rank; all I did was to try and make myself useful.—*In conversation with the Duke of Cambridge.*

I never held a council of war in my life. I heard what men had to say—the stream of talk at headquarters—but I made up my own mind, and from my written orders my staff got their first knowledge of what was to be done. No living man knew of plans until they were matured and decided.—*Conversation.*

As a commander of troops, as a man capable of doing all that is possible with any number of men, there is no man living greater than Sheridan. I rank him with Napoleon and the great captains of history. He had a magnetic quality of swaying men which I wish I had.—*Talk with J. R. Young.*

The most troublesome men in public life are those over-righteous people who see no motives in other people's actions but evil motives; who believe all public life is corrupt and nothing is well done unless they do it themselves.—*Speaking of advocates of reform.*

There are many men who would have done better than I did under the circumstances in which I found myself. If I had never held command; if I had fallen, there were 10,000 behind who would have followed the contest to the end and never surrendered the Union. —*Conversation.*

I believe that my friend Sherman could have taken my place as a soldier as well as I could, and the same will apply to Sheridan. And I believe that if our country ever comes into trial again, young men will spring up equal to the occasion, and if one fails there will be another to take his place, just as there was if I had failed.—*Philadelphia speech*, 1877.

Speaking of the great men I have met in Europe, I regard Bismarck and Gambetta as the greatest. I saw a good deal of Bismarck, and had long talks with him. He impresses you as a great man. Gambetta also greatly impressed me. I was much pleased with the republican leaders in France. —*Conversation.*

Lincoln was incontestably the greatest man I ever knew. What marked him was his sincerity, his kindness, his clear insight into affairs, his firm will, and clear policy. I always found him preëminently a clean-minded man. The darkest day of my life was that of Lincoln's assassination.—*Conversation.*

I do not want to detract from other civilizations, but I believe that we [English-speaking people] possess the highest civilization. There is the strongest bond of union between the English-speaking people, and that bond should and will serve to extend the greatest good to the greatest number. That will always be my delight.—*Speech at banquet at Newcastle, Eng.*

I always had an aversion to Napoleon and the whole family. When I was in Denmark, I declined seeing the prince imperial. I did not wish to see him. The first Emperor had great genius, but was one of the most selfish and cruel men in history. I see no redeeming trait in his character. The third Napoleon was even worse, the especial enemy of America and of liberty.—*Conversation.*

I never liked service in the army. I did not wish to go to West Point. My father had to use his authority to make me go. I never went into a battle willingly or with enthusiasm. I never want to command another army. It was only after Donelson that I began to see how important was the work that Providence devolved upon me. I did not want to be made lieutenant-general. I did not want the presidency, and have never quite forgiven myself for resigning the command of the army to accept it.—*Conversation.*

We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privileges under the government which we claim for ourselves; on the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage; but we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war.—*Speech at Des Moines*, 1875.

Stonewall Jackson was a courageous, energetic, deeply religious man, and a fine soldier, but it is questionable whether his great reputation is justified by his campaigns in Virginia. He had very commonplace men to deal with. If he had met Sheridan, and had tried on him, or on any of our great generals, the tactics which he attempted successfully on inferior captains, he would have been beaten and destroyed.—*A conversation.*

My advice to Sunday-schools, no matter what their denomination, is: Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future. "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."—*To Sunday-school children, June*, 1876.

I believe Porter to be as great an admiral as Lord Nelson. He was always ready for every emergency and every responsibility. The country has never done him the justice that history will do him. He has undoubted courage and genius. * * * It would have been a great thing for Porter if he had never been able to read and write.—*Conversation.*

I tried hard to be friendly with Greeley, and went out of my way to court him; but, somehow, we never became cordial. He had strange notions about the kind of men who should take office. He seemed to believe that, when a man was a helpless creature, a burden to his friends and drifting between the jail and the poorhouse, he should have an office.—*From an interview.*

I am conscientiously, and have been from the beginning, an advocate of what the society represented by you is trying to carry out, and nothing would afford me greater happiness than to know that, as I believe will be the case, at some future day, the nations of the earth will agree upon some sort of congress, which will take cognizance of international questions of difficulty, and whose decisions will be as binding as the decisions of our Supreme Court are upon us. It is a dream of mine that some such solution may be.—*To Arbitration Union, Birmingham.*

THE ADVANCE GUARD.

BY JOHN HAY.

IN the dream of the Northern poets,
The brave who in battle die
Fight on in shadowy phalanx
In the field of the upper sky;
And as we read the sounding rhyme
The reverent fancy hears
The ghostly ring of the viewless swords
And the clash of the spectral spears.

We think with imperious questionings
Of the brothers that we have lost,
And we strive to track in death's mystery
The flight of each valiant ghost.
The northern myth comes back to us,
And we feel through our sorrow's night
That those young souls are striving still
Somewhere for the truth and light.

It was not their time for rest and sleep;
Their hearts beat high and strong;
In their fresh veins the blood of youth
Was singing its hot, sweet song.
The open heaven bent over them,
Mid flowers their lithe feet trod;
Their lives lay vivid in light, and blest
By the smiles of women and God.

Again they come! Again I hear
The tread of the goodly band,
I know that flash of Ellsworth's eye
And the grasp of his hard, warm hand;
And Putnam, and Shaw, of the lion heart,
And an eye like a Boston girl's,
And I see the light of heaven which shone
On Ulric Dahlgren's curls.

There is no power in the gloom of hell
To quench those spirits' fire,
There is no charm in the bliss of heaven
To bid them not aspire;
But somewhere in the eternal plan
That strength, that life survive,
And like the files on Lookout's crest,
Above Death's clouds they strive.

A chosen corps—they are marching on
In a wider field than ours;
Those bright battalions still fulfill
The scheme of the heavenly power;
And high, brave thoughts float down to us
The echoes of that far fight,
Like the flash of a distant picket's guns
Through the shades of the severing night.

No fear of them! In our lower field
Let us toil with arms unstained,
That at last we be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they've gained.
We shall meet and greet in closing ranks,
In Time's declining sun,
When the buglers of God shall sound recall,
And the battle of life be won!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

SOLDIERS UNDER FIRE.

BY A VETERAN.

VERY little fun was to be found in the ranks when the army was arrayed in line of battle. Everybody was serious. Orders were given in a quiet tone and obeyed with celerity and in perfect silence. Here the private was of more importance than an officer, for on his courage and coolness rested the issue of the struggle. If the men in the ranks stood fast and used their weapons with effect, a victory would be won; if they failed to hold their ground, all was lost. The officers could only direct; the men were to execute. There was a feeling among officers and men that in the presence of an enemy they stood on a common plane as to danger. The bullets and shells screaming and shrieking in mid-air paid no heed to rank. One of the most trying experiences for a soldier is a moving of the line during a battle. The men have been fighting all the morning, only to find the fire of the enemy slackening and finally ceasing altogether. Skirmishers are thrown out and word comes that the enemy has fallen back. Orders are issued to move forward in line. Slowly, steadily, the several brigades follow their skirmish line over the fields, through woods, and across ravines and ditches, until at length the men catch a glimpse of the enemy's new line. "Halt!" comes ringing down the line, and as the men obey, they peer curiously at their adversaries, knowing well that the next minute will bring them into mortal combat. Silent and thoughtfully the soldiers lean on their rifles, their faces blackened with powder or bleeding from some slight wound which a veteran never heeds. They feel no desire to go forward, but are willing to do so if the general so orders. Each man knows that if an advance is made some of them will fall, and he cannot shake off the feeling that perhaps his turn may come to join the silent majority. Look down the line, and many a face which has been the life and soul of the camp is now serious; for, as the veteran gazes at the bodies scattered upon the field, he realizes the possibilities of the occasion. Suddenly the bugles utter their shrill notes and the silent line moves forward. Batteries behind open fire, and under cover of these the advance continues. They come within musket range, and the enemy greets them with a blinding volley of musketry. Men fall dead and wounded in every direction, the survivors coolly closing up the ranks and leaving them behind. The next moment they make a rush to seize the position. The musketry grows hotter and hotter, the cannonading fiercer and fiercer, until suddenly a ringing cheer rises above the roar and clash, telling that the movement has proved successful and that the enemy are in retreat.

Instances of personal heroism were frequent in both Federal and Confederate armies. The commonest of these was the rescue of wounded comrades under fire, and it was a proof of the generosity of the combatants that, whenever such efforts were recognized, the musketry would slacken and both lines join in cheering the rescuer. Scarcely a battle occurred without a dozen or more of such attempts, most of them being successful, though it often happened that, instead of helping his comrade, the brave fellow met death, or was stretched on the earth in an agony of pain. Such were some of the lights and shadows of army life on American battle fields.

◆

GRANT'S BEST BATTLE.

"The most elaborate of all General Grant's battles," says General Badeau, "was the battle of Chattanooga. It was more like a game of chess between skillful players."

IMPORTANT EVENT.

"The most important event of the war, with the exception of the fall of Richmond," says Admiral Walke, "was the capture of New Orleans and the Forts St. Philip and Jackson."

THE FIGHT AT SHEPHERDSTOWN.

JULY 16, 1863.

Hot Shots and Strong Shelling.

By N. D. PRESTON, Captain 10th New York Cavalry.

ON the 16th of July, 1863, we were the only troops from the Army of the Potomac on Virginia soil. We marched in the direction of Shepherdstown, arriving on the hills above the village, early in the afternoon. After reaching the open fields beyond the town, the horses of the command were allowed to eat of the clover, which was found in abundance. The poor creatures were already weak from having been fed so long on nothing but clover, and every time they ate of it, added to their exhaustion. The animals would drool profusely and stagger about like drunken men. Regular issues of oats and corn were out of the question, and as a matter of necessity we were compelled to feed them on the sweet, but suicidal clover. A squadron from my regiment was detailed to picket the Winchester and Martinsburg roads.

The division was seemingly unsuspicious of the near proximity of the enemy. Many of the men were strolling through the village while others were collected under trees, playing cards. About 3 P.M., several carbine shots were heard on the Winchester pike, which brought the men quickly to their respective commands. Soon after, a courier came flying down the road. Meeting General Gregg in the outskirts of the village, the rider drew his horse up, and, saluting him, exclaimed, "General, our pickets have been attacked!" With deliberation and coolness, characteristic of him, the general moved the pipe from his mouth, tapped the ashes from the bowl, and, placing the pipe in his side pocket, asked, "On which road?"

The attack was made by a large force of the enemy, with the intention of forcing the pickets and reserves back upon the main body before serious opposition could be made. It chanced that at the time the charge was made, the 1st Maine Cavalry were on their way out upon a foraging expedition, and, although they had left their carbines in camp, retaining only their sabers and revolvers, they were enabled with the aid of the picket force, to repulse the charges of the enemy until aid arrived. The day was well spent before all the division had become engaged. Most of the fighting was done dismounted.

From the position occupied by my regiment, large bodies of mounted troops were plainly seen, clearly indicating the presence of a largely superior force. It was evident also that the enemy had a larger artillery force present.

Notwithstanding these facts, we maintained our ground. The enemy's batteries obtained good range of our position, and from dusk until well into the night kept up a continual shelling.

The firing on our left indicated the heaviest of the fighting to be there. Long after dark the crack of the carbine, the roar of the cannon, and bursting of shells, reverberated through the woods and over the hills. The increased din of battle on our left was not at all pleasant to our ears. It indicated the enemy's desire to get possession of the road over which we had advanced from Harper's Ferry, if indeed they were not already in possession of it.

After dark we were drawn in from the extreme right to a point nearer the town. The situation was becoming serious, and we could only judge from the direction in which the fighting was progressing, that the enemy must have worked around and got possession of the Harper's Ferry road.

It must have been about two o'clock in the morning that instructions were received to withdraw as quietly as possible and join the division. It was evident that an attempt was to be made to get out of our awkward predicament. Details were made to bring the men together, as many of them were asleep, notwithstanding the screeching and crashing of shells. We quietly moved out upon the road, and thence to the village, where we took our position in the moving column. Instead of marching back upon the road over which we entered the town, we moved through the town and down a narrow lane toward the river. The writer, with two or three men, was detailed to remain in the village to direct the pickets on their arrival, in which direction to proceed. Wearily the time passed, every moment seeming hours to us. Of course we expected the enemy would swoop down and take us prisoners.

As the light of coming day began to show itself, we concluded that our comrades had either been captured or had joined the division by some other route. Our presence would soon be known to the enemy if we remained where we were, but we determined to wait and take our chances. Daylight coming on, we espied a "solitary horseman" approaching and bearing a flag. It proved to be our color sergeant, who had remained and enjoyed his night's sleep, all unconscious of the departure of his comrades. Following the sergeant, came various others of the division who had remained behind for the same reasons. Then came the surprising information that the enemy had withdrawn under cover of the darkness. They had also barricaded the roads to prevent our pursuit.

The picket force coming up, we all pressed on to Harper's Ferry, where we found our infantry crossing. The battle of Shepherdstown was hardly fought—and hardly won by either side; but as it was anybody's victory, it was ours, anyhow.

* * *

First Confederate Soldier killed at Gettysburg.

THE first Confederate soldier killed on the first day of the battle of Gettysburg was Henry Rison of Co. B, 7th Tenn. Regt.

Carl Schurz.

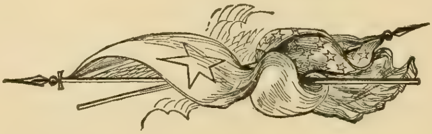
THE first cavalry colonel of the war was Carl Schurz—1st N. Y. (Lincoln) Cav.

Balloons in War.

THE idea that balloons could be made useful in reconnoissances was first conceived by Gen. Fitz John Porter during McClellan's Peninsula Campaign.

Soldiers' Orphan School.

THE first Soldiers' Orphan School was founded by James P. Barr, of Pennsylvania.



Two Classmates at West Point
MEET IN DEADLY COMBAT.

FITZHUGH LEE'S LITTLE JOKE ON COLONEL TANNANT.

BY A STAFF OFFICER.

IN 1861, Fitzhugh Lee, now governor of Virginia, was commanding the Confederate outpost in Fairfax county, as colonel of cavalry. Colonel Tannant, who was an intimate friend and classmate of Lee's at West Point, was in command of the Union cavalry outpost near Alexandria. One day Tannant received orders to advance and feel the Confederate position in front. A battalion of men, made up from the departments and the city of Washington, called the President's Body Guard, was assigned him to make the advance. He said to a friend before leaving:—

"I want soldiers with me on this expedition. I know Fitz Lee. I have slept with him, and whenever we come together somebody will have to do some good fighting or fast running. I know Fitz will fight. If I had soldiers, and not these dress-parade fellows, I would be delighted to give my friend a brush, just to let him see how nicely we can whip him back into the Union."

In the mean time, his wife had packed his valise with clean linen and a bottle of old Hennessy brandy. When everything was ready, Colonel Tannant took up the line of march, along the Fairfax and Alexandria turnpike, in the direction of Fairfax Court House. After the command had advanced a few miles and come to a halt to rest, the colonel addressed his men in the following words:—

"Attention, battalion: I am now speaking to you as soldiers who have enlisted to defend your country, and not as fellow-citizens. I want every man to do his duty in the time of battle as a soldier should. If there are any of you who are not willing to do this, step three paces to the front."

Not a man moved. They stood like a wall of granite. This gave the colonel much encouragement.

"Now, my soldiers," said he, "with this determination on your part, we will continue our advance and drive the enemy back, or capture the entire force."

Within a few miles of the Court House they encountered the Confederate pickets, and succeeded in driving them back. This gave the command new courage. On they pushed. But alas! soon, Turner Ashby, with his Black Horse Cavalry, came charging on their flank, while Fitzhugh Lee pressed them in front. The engagement began to get interesting, when suddenly Pelham's horse artillery unlimbered on the left flank and began to pour a galling fire into Tannant's ranks. He rode to the front, leading the charge against Fitz Lee on the other side. The men, seeing the situation, became demoralized and retreated in confusion to Alexandria. The Union forces lost a few killed and some prisoners. Colonel Tannant's headquarters ambulance was captured, with his rations and baggage.

A few days after the fight, a dilapidated team drove up to his headquarters with the letters "C. S. A." branded on the skeleton mules, and in dim white letters on the side of the topless ambulance also appeared "C. S. A.," and the driver instead of wearing the blue had on a suit of gray. The driver entered Colonel Tannant's tent with a military salute, bearing in his hand the colonel's valise.

"Where did you come from?" demanded the colonel. "I came from Colonel Fitz Lee's headquarters," was the reply. "He swapped teams and clothes with me, and told me I could come back and bring your valise, and here it is, colonel."

"All right, my man," said the colonel. "Go to your quarters and change your uniform and report for duty."

Colonel Tannant took the valise over to his wife's room and opened it. The contents of the valise were a note, which ran in the following words:

OUTPOST CONFEDERATE ARMY, VIRGINIA.

MY DEAR "TANT":—I have opened your valise, appropriated your biled shirts for a change, and also your bottle of old Hennessy for a bad cold. I traded ambulances and teams also. When you come out again bring more commissary and quartermaster stores.

FRITZ.

Colonel Tannant kept the note until the close of the war, telling no one about it but his faithful and loving wife. Tannant has heen living in Tennessee since the war. Recently he and Lee met, and the bottle of old Hennessy was discussed.

CAHAWBA ❁ PRISON,

ALABAMA.

A LONG EXPERIENCE OF CRUELTY AND HARDSHIP.

One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixty Hungry, Ragged Skeletons Plunged into Hot Water, Steam, and Fire.

H. C. ALDRICH.

I WAS captured at Athens, Ala., on the 24th of September, 1864, by Forrest's cavalry, who robbed us of our blankets, watches, etc., and then took us to Cahawba, on the Alabama river, near the center of the state. There they searched us again, and confined us in a brick building 200x300 feet, with a roof over a part of it, the center being left open. I shall never forget the first glimpse I caught of the inmates as we marched in. The poor fellows had been there six months; they had cut their hair as close as possible in order to keep off the vermin, and some of them had nothing on but a pair of drawers—and were nearly all as black as a colored person. I asked one of them what had become of his clothes and he said he had sold them to the guard for something to eat. One of our company, finding his brother there, took the blouse from his own back and gave it to him. Soon after we got there we drew a skillet for every squad of ten men, and this was the only dish of any kind that they let us have. We had to make wooden spoons and sharpened sticks with which to eat our food. We had a small yard outside of the wall for a cook yard, and you can imagine what a place that was when we got one hundred and eighty fires or smudges started. The smoke was too thick to breathe, and one could not stay there long enough to bake his pone, but had to be relieved by some of the squad that remained inside of the walls. There was a dead-line around, inside of the wall, where the guards marched up and down, and we knew that death would be our portion if we got across it. Being a sergeant I drew the rations for our squad and I knew just what we had. We got for rations, a pint of unsifted meal to a man per day. Sometimes, however, we would go two days without any, and every second or third day we had one forward quarter of beef (with the leg and shoulder taken off) for one hundred men. I drew my tenth of that for my squad. Once in ten or twelve days we drew a little salt (a spoonful and a half to a man). We drew some lard two or three times while I was there, enough to grease one or two pones. We had to spread it on with a stick. Once I had salt enough left to sprinkle on top of the lard. The rest of the time it was rather fresh eating. When we had meat we put it into the skillet, cooked it a little, and then stirred our meal into what we called fresh mush. We would sit on the ground around the skillet and each one take a spoonful when it came his turn until it was all gone. It did not last long. We got some pumpkins twice. I got four small ones once for our squad. They were quite sweet, and some of the boys ate theirs raw, while others boiled them with meat. These were all the rations we had for the six months I was there.

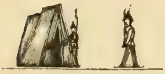
When any of the prisoners got too noisy they were punished. There was a ladder standing against the outside of the prison, and when they took a prisoner out for punishment they made him go up on the under side of the ladder, put his toes on the third or fourth round, and reach up as high as he could with his hands and hang there twenty minutes. The guards were ordered, in case the Yank fell before that time, to run a bayonet through him. I have seen the boys so lame the next day that they could hardly walk. I shall long remember the looks of the sandy headed boy who stood guard at the door that we passed through to go into the cook yard. One of our men had been out into the cook yard with a little cup or pail he happened to have, and which had a wire bail. He took a little stick about a foot long to hang it on while cooking his mush over the fire, and after the mush was cooked he started into the prison, out of the smoke, to eat it. As he did so the guard halted him, and said, "You can't go in here with wood." The man halted, and looked around, but not knowing that the guard referred to the little stick in question, started on, whereupon the guard struck him in the back with the bayonet and ran it through his body. He fell to the ground and soon breathed his last. The guard did not come back the next morning to his post, and we learned that they had given him a furlough for doing his duty and killing a Yank.

Colonel Jones had command of the prison. One night, there came a heavy rain, and all the prisoners at the lower side of the prison had to get up and stand the remainder of the night. We were forced to sleep on the ground without blankets or anything to keep us out of the mud and wet. One day the colonel went through the prison and I saluted him and asked if he would let us have some straw to keep us out of the mud. He replied that he would send some the next day, and all the boys hurrahed in anticipation of the treat. The promise was never fulfilled. No farmer would put his hogs in such a pen as we were confined in. Many a time the tears ran down our cheeks on account of the cruel and unmerciful treatment which we received of our captors. On one occasion we had to stand nearly three days in the water during a freshet, but we were benefited by it in two ways; it drowned the rats out of their holes in the walls so that we got a few to eat, and it drowned out the graybacks. Some of the rebs got up a petition to let us out on an island that was near there. They got over sixty to sign it, and handed it to Colonel Jones, but he declared that the Yanks should stay in there until they were carried out to be buried, and that was not long for some of them. I have seen ten in one morning laid out on the sill we cut our meat on. The rebs would come in with the stretchers and four or five of our boys would help them carry our dead comrades out and bury them.

After waiting long for an exchange, the spring of 1865 brought us our long delayed relief. But of the many who started on the homeward journey, few lived to tell the story. Fourteen hundred of those who survived the horrors were drowned by the explosion and burning of the steamer Sultana on the Mississippi river. Fortunately, I was one of the saved that night, but I shall never forget the horrors of the scene. I can still hear the pitiful cries of the victims for help. Imagine such a calamity if you can—1,960 poor, hungry, ragged skeletons roused from their sleep at two o'clock in the morning by the explosion of the boilers, and plunged in hot water, steam, and fire! I was in the water six hours and picked up for dead, but recovered and am yet alive.

ASSAULT ON FORT WAGNER.

Famous Charge of the 54th Mass. (Colored).



JULY, 1863.

Capt. L. F. EMILIO.

“BATTERY Wagner” was of bold profile, and stretched from the sea to Vincent’s creek, six hundred and thirty feet, its front, except thirty-three yards, covered by an easterly bend of that creek and its marshes, but a short distance south of the work. It was of irregular form, consisting of two salients at either extremity of the southern or land face, connected by a curtain, with a sea-face in rear of the southeast salient. Only an infantry parapet closed its rear or northerly face. Along its front was a deep moat with sluice gates. Its armament was three guns bearing on the sea, ten guns and one mortar bearing on the land, and some field-pieces.

Upon that memorable 18th of July, 1863, at 10 A. M., the first gun was fired from our mortar batteries, and soon the cannonade was general. The navy joined action at 12.30 P. M., and threw in a stream of shells. Sumter, Wagner, and Gregg replied with vigor the whole afternoon. Great clouds of smoke hung over the iron-clads, batteries, earthwork, and Sumter’s massive walls. Shells and solid shot crossed each other’s course; and the air was rent with countless explosions. By sunset the earthwork seemed to be beaten out of shape. Every shell that struck sent a column of sand high in air; great furrows scarred the slopes, while avalanches of sand were driven into the battery, burying the men, or obstructed the entrances, and half filled the ditch. It was the general opinion that every gun in the work had been silenced; that the garrison had been driven from their shelters and that any supporting force had been driven away. They were mistaken.

The garrison, consisting of 1,700 men—South Carolinians, North Carolinians, and Georgians—under Brigadier-General Talliafero, still clung to the work, and despite the terrible fire had had but four men killed and fourteen wounded. The afternoon passed with ebb and flow of thundering cannon. At the summons of General Gillmore his principal officers gathered for a momentous conference, and it resulted in the determination that Wagner should be assaulted that night. General Truman Seymour was to command the assaulting column. Seymour organized his force as follows: Strong's brigade of the 6th Conn., 48th N. Y., 3d N. H., 9th Me., and 76th Penn. was to storm the earthwork; Putnam's brigade of the 7th N. H., 100th N. Y., 62d and 67th Ohio was the support. Brig.-Gen. Thomas G. Stevenson's brigade of the 24th Mass., 10th Conn., 97th Penn., and 2d S. C. (colored) was the reserve. Our batteries were managed by regular and volunteer artillerymen, and the 7th Conn. battalion. At 6 P. M. a single regiment marched toward the front, along the road, which ran to the west of the sand-hills. Over the line fluttered the national flag, and nestling and caressing its folds was the great white banner of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. While passing over the low ground to the left of our artillery line the long blue column drew from James Island several ineffective shots. The only response of the 54th Mass. (colored) was to double-quick, that it might the sooner close with the foe. On every side the killed and wounded were falling; still the survivors pressed on, stumbling over the prostrate forms of comrades, or into the pits made by the great shells of our navy and batteries. Darkness had gathered, and the gloom was more intense from the momentary gleams of cannon explosions or the flashes of musketry. It was in rushing over the short distance separating them from the work and through the fierce line of fire from the light guns outside and the flanking pieces in the salients that probably the greatest loss was sustained. Every cannon flash lit up the scene and disclosed the ground strewn with victims. Over the sanguinary field, the indomitable Shaw had led the stormers; then down into and through the ditch, and up the parapet of the curtain. There he stood a moment shouting to his followers, and then fell dead. Both of the regimental colors were planted on the work, the national flag carried and maintained there by the brave Sergt. William H. Carney of Co. C.

As the 54th mounted the parapet, they were met with determination by the brave garrison, and for a few moments a hand-to-hand struggle went on. Such contests, however, are not long protracted, and the result always favors the stronger force, if equal bravery is exhibited. The weakened ranks of the 54th soon gave way to superior numbers, and they fell back upon the slopes of the work. Hardly a shot had been fired by the 54th up to this time; but now were heard revolvers, and the louder reports of musket shots. It was seen that the garrison was stronger than had been supposed, that the supports had failed to take advantage of the fierce attack, and that the heroic attempt to take the work at the first rush had failed. Still, by encouraging the men to remain, it was hoped help would be afforded the other troops as they came up. While engaged in this, many brave men fell. Capts. Cabot J. Russell and William H. Simpkins were killed, and Capt. George Pope wounded severely in the shoulder. The enemy supplemented their musketry with hand-grenades or shells, which they threw down the slopes into the mass of men in the ditch below.

All of these events occurred in a brief period of time. The 54th had been repulsed before the arrival of Strong's brigade. Those clinging to the bloody slopes and lying in the ditch with the dead and wounded, hearing fighting going on to their right, began to think of preserving their lives. Some crept through the ditch and entered the salient, taking part in the close fighting there. Among them were three officers of the 54th,—Captains Appleton and Jones, and Lieutenant Emerson, the two former being wounded. Others made their way singly, or in squads, to the sand-hills in the rear.

INDIVIDUAL DEEDS OF HEROISM.

Owing to darkness, individual deeds performed that terrible night are but little known. Sergeants Simmons of Co. B and Carney of Co. C, Corporal Peal of Co. F, and Private Wilson of Co. A, were mentioned in the report of the action as worthy of especial merit, and subsequently all received the Gillmore medal. Sergeant Simmons was wounded and captured; after suffering amputation of the arm in Charleston, he died there. Sergeant Carney and Private Wilson were wounded. The color-guard was almost annihilated, and the losses among non-commissioned officers were very great. Lieut. Orin E. Smith was severely wounded, and remained on the field until the next day. Lieut. J. A. Pratt was also wounded, but crawled from the fort during the night, lying concealed in the marsh until rescued two days after, covered with mud and his own blood.

To retire was as deadly and dangerous a task as to advance. Some of the regiment held positions in the sand-hills, until ordered to retire by General Strong. How Sergeant Carney kept the stars and stripes flying on the work until all hope of success was gone, and then brought his flag away safely at the cost of grievous wounds, has been the subject of song and story.

The writer went into the assault as the junior captain of the 54th, and by the casualties of the field came out in command of the regiment. Finding a line of breastworks entirely unoccupied, and believing that the enemy would attempt a sortie, dispositions were made to hold the line. Other men were collected as they came in, and Lieut. R. H. L. Jewett and Charles E. Tucker of the 54th, both slightly wounded, also came to that point. That line was held until 1 A. M. of the 19th, when the 10th Conn. was sent to relieve us. When Strong's brigade advanced, it was led by the 6th Conn. That regiment attacked the southeast salient, defended by the 31st N. C., but they entered, supported by the 48th N. Y. The 3d N. H. did not advance beyond the marsh of Vincent's creek, and Strong's other regiments, the 9th Me. and the 76th Penn., did not gain a foothold on the work, so far as is known to the writer. General Strong advanced with his men, and exhibited the utmost bravery.

General Seymour, perceiving the failure of his leading brigade, ordered Colonel Putnam to advance his regiments, and that officer led a portion of his 7th N. H. into the salient, followed by the 62d and 67th Ohio. His 100th N. Y. advanced near to the works, but in the confusion and darkness poured a volley into our own men in the salient, and then retired.

All these regiments suffered severe losses. Fighting was continually going on over the inner parapet, and about the gun chambers. There we lost many of the bravest officers and men, among them Colonel Putnam and Lieutenant-Colonel Green, of the 48th N. Y., who were both killed. Attempts to expel our men were successfully resisted for some time, and the position gallantly held in the hope that support would come and win the victory which almost lay within their grasp. It was not to be, and at last Maj. Lewis Butler of the 67th Ohio, the ranking officer, sent the regimental colors out, and gave orders to retire. General Stevenson's brigade advanced toward the work, but it was then too late, and his men were withdrawn.

The Confederates lost 174 killed and wounded. The Federal loss was 1,517, which included over 100 officers, and embraced General Seymour, wounded; General Strong, mortally wounded; and Colonel Putnam, killed; of the ten regimental commanders, Colonel Shaw was killed; Col. J. L. Chatfield of the 6th Conn., mortally and five others severely wounded. Such casualties stamp the sanguinary character of the fighting, and mark the assault as one of the fiercest struggles of the war, considering the numbers engaged.

The 54th Mass. suffered more severely than any other regiment. Col. R. G. Shaw, Capt. William H. Simpkins, and Capt. Cabot J. Russell killed; and Lieut.-Col. E. N. Hallowell, Captains Appleton, Jones, Pope, Willard, Adjutant James, Lieutenants Smith, Homans, Jewett, Tucker, and Pratt, wounded. Of enlisted men, the report gives 20 killed, 102 missing, and 125 wounded. Of the missing, some sixty men (about twenty of whom were wounded) were captured, and the remaining forty-two of those reported missing were probably killed. Those captured were held in the hands of the enemy in Charleston jail and other prison-pens until the spring of 1865, when the few survivors were released.

* * *

THREE TIMES.

THE 1st N. Y. Cavalry claim to have been the first to enter the war, the first to lose a man, and the first to lose an officer.

FIRST GUN AT SHILOH.

THE first gun of the battle of Shiloh was probably fired by Robinson's (rebel) battery, of Gladden's Brigade of Hardee's Corps.

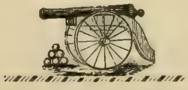
WITH CUSTER,

At * Yellow * Tavern * and * in * the * Raid * Around * Richmond.

L. E. TRIPP, 1st Sergeant 5th Michigan.

AT Todd's Tavern General Custer led his brigade with drawn sabers, driving the rebel line and taking their position. A battery in our right front, behind a knoll and near the woods, made terrible havoc with our horses. General Custer ordered our regiment (the 5th Mich. Cavalry) to the right, into the woods, where we dismounted and charged the battery. They succeeded in drawing the guns away, but left twenty-one dead and wounded; among them, I think, the captain of the battery. After two days we started towards the rear wondering "What next?" Along in the afternoon we were cautioned against loud talking, and our coffee-pots had to be adjusted so that they would not rattle. About this time we were passing around in rear of Lee's army, when, between sundown and dark, we struck Beaver Dam Station, gobbling up, among the rest, about four hundred of our men who had been taken prisoners. Yes, they were a happy lot of men and were glad to see the cavalry. They went to work and armed themselves from the captured arms that had been sent back there, and took up the line of march towards Richmond with us. Just what regiment or brigade opened the fight at Yellow Tavern I do not know, our brigade being in the rear of the column. I well recollect the column being halted and our standing in the road, while some fighting was going on in front, and that some shells came over our heads rather too close for comfort. Finally our brigade was ordered to the front, where we found a large field with a rail fence running east and west through the middle, with woods mostly on three sides. We supposed that some of our troops had been driven out of this field. We found several of Sharpe's carbine cartridges lying on fence rails and concluded they were left there when our men fell back. Our regiment and the 6th Mich. were moved down on the north side of the field in the woods, where we were formed and dismounted for a charge across the field. I well remember that when we were about to leap the fence into the field (for we were under fire at the time) the colonel said: "Now, boys, keep a good line, for General Sheridan is watching us." (General Sheridan and quite a body of troops were on an elevation to our right, overlooking the field.) I well remember that my tent-mate and friend (Daniel F. Miller) remarked: "Now, Tripp, let's keep together." We had not advanced over twenty rods, I think, before a murderous cross-fire was opened upon us out of the woods on our left and rear. Words cannot picture the scene that followed out there in that level field, without any chance of cover. We were trying to return the fire, shooting in three different directions. Poor Miller received his death wound while on one knee shooting in the direction that the left of our line had come from. Our brave and noble Custer rode up on his horse into that field among us—always cool—with the words: "Lie down, men—lie down. We'll fix them! I have sent two regiments around on the flank." His words of cheer and sympathy to the wounded were deeply appreciated. All of this was of short duration, but it seemed like an age then. Right there in that field I think General Custer decided on taking that battery. Custer's brigade (the 1st, 5th, 6th, and 7th Mich. Cavalry) were now all engaged; but the 1st Vt. had formerly belonged to our brigade, and to it Custer went for help. The story went at the time, that General Custer went over and told the 1st Vt. what he wanted, and it of course volunteered to go, but the commanding general objected to have General Custer fighting his troops and then Custer appealed to General Sheridan, who told him to take any regiment that was willing to go with him. The 1st Vt. went, and there was an advance all along the line. The battery was taken. General Stuart received a death wound while endeavoring to rally his men. Although on the next day a part of our forces were among the defenses of Richmond, (where we were once before on the Kilpatrick raid,) I don't think we were in force enough to capture Richmond. [Comrade R. says he could never conceive why we did not.] Now, I don't think I should have written this, but the comrade seems to have the impression that the first troops that crossed went over on the corduroy bridge. In the early part of the day Custer's brigade was ordered down toward the railroad bridge (which the rebels had not destroyed), our regiment in the advance. We met the regulars coming from there—some of them wounded. They said we would "find some work down there." This bridge was covered by the rebel battery and line of works spoken of. We dismounted and picked our way along under cover until we reached the stream and railroad bridge. Then came the tug of war, as the saying is. To get across the bridge, a few of us nearest the bridge resolved while the others kept up the fire (with the Spencers) to try and cross it. So, a few at a time, we crossed our whole regiment and worked off to the left, in the swamp, and were skirmishing there for hours while the corduroy bridge was being built. We had worked around on their flank so far that when the charge was made we could shoot lengthwise of their line of works. How they succeeded in getting that battery away I don't understand, but it was a race for dear life—they occasionally turning about and returning our fire. They had established a hospital at a house about a half mile in the rear of their works, showing that they must have had some wounded. We, of course, felt rejoiced when we had broken through the trap in which they boasted of having us. Their papers stated that the city officials were coming out to look us over; but we couldn't wait. I feel sad when I think of our brave comrades who laid down their lives in these engagements, and there were many who wore the gray equally brave, though in a mistaken cause.

* * *



CHICKAMAUGA.

[Written in commemoration of the desperate charge of the 1st Ky. Brigade, by Dr. J. M. Lydings, in Chattanooga Prison, 1864.]

MADLY is flowing the red tide of battle,
Dark Chickamauga, thy shadows among,
And true to thy legends,[*] with fierce roar and rattle,
The shadows of Death o'er thy bosom are flung.

See, up yon hillside a dark line is sweeping,
Breasting the thick storm of grapeshot and shell,
Shouting like demons o'er abatis leaping,
Sons of Kentucky, ye charge them right well!

Up to the cannon's mouth, on to the rampart,
Shoulder to shoulder they gallantly press;
Steel into steel flashing fierce in the sunlight,
Pulsing out life-drops like wine from the press.

Think they of far homes once sunny and bright,
Now blackened and dreary, swept by the flame—
Fair sisters and sweethearts—God pity the sight!
Wandering outcasts, with heads bowed in shame!

Hark to the answer! That shout of defiance
Rings out like a knell above the fierce strife,
'Tis death without shrift to the dastardly foeman,
And heaven have pity on sweetheart and wife.

On, on, like a wave that engulfs, do they press,
O'er rider and horse, o'er dying and dead;
Nor stop they till night—blessed night for the foe—
Her mantle of peace o'er the fallen hath spread.

The battle is o'er; but where is thy chief,
The Bayard of battle, dauntless and brave?
There cold and uncoffined lies chivalrous Helm,
Where Glory's mailed hand hath found him a grave.

Where Hewitt and Daniel? Where trumpet-voiced Graves?
And where the brave men that they gallantly led?
There voiceless forever and dreamless they lie
On the field they have won, immortal though dead.

Flow on, Chickamauga, in silence flow on
Among the dun shadows that fall on thy breast;
These comrades in battle, aweary of strife,
Have halted them here by thy waters to rest.

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[*] Chickamauga means death, and its banks were said to be a favorite Indian battle-ground.

Ninety Dollars Worth of Comfort,

ETC., ETC.

BY A MEMBER OF 27th MASS.

ALTHOUGH the enemy pretended to hate Uncle Sam, yet his promises to pay were highly esteemed by them. Understanding this, a party of prisoners *en route* to Richmond took advantage of an easy-going Georgia lieutenant one night, and by cautious negotiation induced him to try and get them some apple-jack—for medicine of course. His labor of love was a success (for ninety dollars), and about midnight he returned with ten canteens and himself chuck full of "Southern comfort." There were some twenty patients. It was thought it would be about right to administer the medicine in ten-drop doses, but as no spoon was to be had it was decided to call every swallow a drop. Most of the cases were very desperate and required frequent doses. During the night a heavy thunder storm set in but the drenching rain could hardly have been a matter of discomfort, for by appearances the patients were much wetter inside than outside.

Sambo's Idea of Vengeance.

As the Union forces were landing at New-Berne, N. C., the navy on the river and a few guns upon the opposite side of the Trent river were engaged in throwing shells over the city to prevent the enemy from farther attempts to burn the place. A man was seen running as for dear life across lots in the direction of Kinston, when a shell exploded just in the rear of him, covering him with a cloud of dirt. A darky and his wife were watching him with eager interest, and seeing the shell explode, shouted: "See dar! See dar! Dar's massa runnin' awa, an de wengence of de Lor' arter him!"

"They Doubled Up on Me."

George W—— was a comrade of excellent standing upon the field, but he loved his toddy. When brim-full of such comfort he always had "a ten dollar bill in his west pocket to bet he could lick any man in the regiment." One day he was "chuckin' full" and wandered into a neighboring camp, where he was not backward in referring to the ten dollar bill is his west pocket in his usual way. This time he fell among the Philistines and soon came back to camp minus the bill in his pocket and his face well pounded up. "Boys," said George, "'tain't right, they doubled up on me!" He didn't quite forget this, for, two years later when captured on the field of South-West Creek he was well braced up and met his captors with the challenge, "I've got a ten dollar bill in my 'west pocket' that I'll bet that I can lick the whole Confederacy—if they don't double up on me!"

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

Account of General Steedman's Gallantry on the Bloody Field.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1863.

J. W. DOVE, Captain Company G, 115th Illinois V. I.

SINCE the death of Gen. James B. Steedman, I have been a good deal interested in the various accounts published in regard to the general on the field of Chickamauga, the ever memorable 20th day of September, 1863. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, I think it the bloodiest and hardest contested battle of the war, for the Union. General Steedman commanded a division of Granger's reserve corps of the Army of the Cumberland Gen. Walter C. Whitaker commanded a brigade of Steedman's division, known as the Iron Brigade, of which he was very proud, as well he might be. It never turned its back to the enemy. It was composed of the 40th Ohio, 84th Ind., 96th and 115th Ill. I led Co. G of the 115th Ill. into the fight that day, and led out what was left of it at night. Thirty-six of us went in on the right of Pap Thomas; we left nineteen killed and wounded on the field. Out of 368 men, as I remember, that went into the fight of the 115th Ill., 172 were killed or wounded, Lieutenant-Colonel Kinsman being one. A braver soldier never faced an enemy. It has been said that the flag that General Steedman took was that of a regiment that was wavering, which I propose to dispute to the last ditch, and even after we get on the other side. It will be remembered that the reserve corps, on the 18th of September, left its camps at Rossville, Ga., and moved out to what we understood to be the left of the army, not far from Ringgold, Ga., where it had a brush with the enemy. On the 19th we fought the rebs at McAffee

Church. Early the morning of the 20th, not finding the enemy, we marched around to what we then understood to be the right-center of the line, passing just in rear of General Thomas's line of battle. We had to run the gantlet of quite a number of rebel batteries, which made it hot work, and we lost some of our boys. As we passed what I thought was the extreme right of Thomas's line, we filed out of an old field and halted just in the edge of a heavy piece of woods covering a high ridge. We had double-quicked for a long distance, and were pretty well blown. We were hardly given time to adjust our lines when I saw General Steedman riding towards us. He passed the left of the regiment and on to the center.

The regiment was standing at parade rest in perfect line. We had not been in this position to exceed one minute, when the general came up and asked the color-sergeant for the regimental flag; he took the flag, shook out the folds in a dramatic manner; rode a few paces to the front (the color-bearer by his side) and lifting the flag high in air, rose high in his stirrups, and gave the command, "Attention! Forward, double-quick, march!" and that in the loudest voice I ever heard before or since. At least, so it sounded to me and I think to others; for it appeared to lift the entire brigade bodily. It was one of the grandest dramatic effects that I ever witnessed, enough to make a hero of the most groveling coward.

I did not comprehend, nor do I think any of us did at the time, the situation and circumstances that called out such an effort on the part of our gallant commander, but he did, and we were not long in finding out, for up the hill we went as one man, intent only to get there. Just as the line reached the crest of the hill, we comprehended, or could have done so, if there had been time to think, for we met the victorious legions of Longstreet coming up the hill on the other side. We met face to face, but no army could have stopped our advance after so grand a send off, and the enemy reeled, fell back, rallied again, and again was forced to retreat. The fighting here was terrific the remainder of the day. We held the ridge in spite of Longstreet's veterans till night closed in on the bloody scene. General Steedman's front was understood to be the key to the battle field, and, looking back over the scenes of that day and the heroic conduct of Steedman, I can see that he well understood the importance of his position, and no man could have filled it better than he did. No troops that ever lived did nobler work than his division that day.

General Steedman exposed his life continually. He was just where most needed, and how he escaped with life the God of battles alone knows. After the sun had set, our regiment was deployed much as a skirmish line, the reason being that we were out of ammunition, and had been for some time using what could be gathered from the cartridge-boxes of the dead and wounded. The boys would find a box of cartridges, and then would hunt a gun of the same caliber as the cartridge. The 115th Ill. was armed with the old Remington muskets (sixty-nine caliber), while most of the army were armed with fifty-eight caliber. The result was that we were fighting Indian fashion—without regard to tactics or alignment. At this juncture General Steedman rode up and ordered us forward to repel a rebel advance. The cry went up, "We are out of ammunition!" but he dashed to the front, ordered us to fix bayonets and charge double-quick! Royally the boys obeyed that order. The bayonets were fixed quickly, and forward we went with characteristic hurrahs and cleared our front once more, which made it possible for the army to make an orderly retreat to Rossville and Chattanooga that night. General Whitaker lost all but one of his staff that day, and was wounded himself. Col. J. H. Moore had his horse shot in three different places, yet that noble animal kept its feet and carried its rider back to Rossville before it died. Lieutenant-Colonel Kinsman was killed in the first onslaught of the regiment. His horse escaped to the enemy, but was recaptured at the battle of Missionary Ridge by our boys.

The 22d Mich. served with Whitaker's brigade that day. The casualties among officers were unusually large—six killed and forty-six wounded. The brigade went into action 2,674 strong, and came out with 1,689, losing 985 in killed, wounded, and missing.

LIFE ON THE MONITOR.

A Seaman's Story of the Fight with the Merrimac.

LIVELY EXPERIENCES INSIDE THE "FAMOUS CHEESE-BOX ON A RAFT."

HOW THE GREAT DISASTER OFF CAPE HATTERAS OCCURRED.

SAMUEL LEWIS (alias PETER TRUSKITT).

This man figured in the naval reports of the United States as Peter Truskitt, one of the heroic band who stood in the turret of the Monitor when she drove the Merrimac out of Hampton Roads, and he is the sailor who was wounded by the concussion of a rebel shell just before the termination of the engagement. The name Truskitt was an alias.

"WE sailors generally shipped under some other name on account of danger of running foul of bad captains or bad ships, when we might have to decamp at the first port, and were not particular about leaving any clews behind. That was why I called myself Truskitt. I ain't much of a scholar, and can't put it as nicely as they do in the *Century*, but I think I can tell a few facts about the Merrimac fight that the magazines missed. I and my partner, Joe Crown, were in Bombay when the war broke out. We had both served in the navy before, and were anxious to get into it again. I had medals for service on both British and Russian men-of-war, and the news that there was fighting over the water sort of fired men up. Well, the upshot of it was that Joe and I shipped for New York, and when we got there enlisted. We went on board the receiving ship North Carolina, and had followed the dull daily routine for a week or so when Ericsson's Monitor, about which something had been whispered among the men, was completed, and a call was made for volunteers to go and man her. We understood that she was bound for Hampton Roads, and Joe and I concluded to go. So we stepped out, and were put with a lot of others on board the transport ship Knickerbocker and sent to Washington. The Monitor was then, I believe, lying in the Washington navy yard.

"Next day we went on board. She was a little bit the strangest craft I had ever seen; nothing but a few inches of deck above water line, her big, round tower in the center, and the pilot house at the end. The monitors that were afterward built had the pilot house above the turret to prevent it being accidentally shot away by the vessel's own guns, but in that one it was a big bomb-proof structure, several feet in height, right above the deck. We had confidence in her, though, from the start, for the little ship looked somehow like she meant business, and it didn't take us long to learn the ropes. Joe was made gunner's mate of the first gun and I was loader. The crew were exactly sixty strong, with the pilot.

"We started at once for Fortress Monroe. From the first a good deal of trouble was experienced through leakage, but the story that it was difficult to keep the craft afloat is not true. Some water came in at the anchor well and some around where the turret joined the deck. The last we plugged up with swabs and got through all right, arriving near dusk. The situation at Hampton Roads was about this: The Minnesota was aground, the Cumberland sunk, and the Congress on fire. While we were there the Congress blew up—one of the grandest and most terrible sights I ever witnessed. Our first duty was to protect the Minnesota, and we steamed up alongside. The sailors were then taking out their hammocks and dunnage, and all preparations were in progress to abandon the ship. By the next morning this was done, and nobody was left on board.

"Our first sight of the Merrimac was around the Rip-Raps. She had been described to us and there was no mistaking her long, slanting, rakish outlines. She evidently regarded the grounded vessel as her certain prey, and I don't think in fact that we were seen at first from on board. We were so small and had so little above the water-line when we steamed out I guess she took us for some kind of a water tank. You can see surprise in a ship just the same as you can see it in a human being, and there was surprise all over the Merrimac. She fired a shot across us, but Captain Worden, our commander, said, 'Wait till you get close, boys, and then let her have it.' In a moment the ball had opened. Our guns were so low down that it was practically point-blank firing, and we made every shot as far as possible tell.

"At first the Merrimac directed her fire at the turret, and was evidently trying hard to put a shell in. That was impossible, however, for two reasons. The port-holes were protected by heavy iron pendulums, that fell of their own weight over the openings as soon as the muzzles of the guns were taken out, and when the guns were loaded they were put out at the far side, away from the Merrimac, and in that way there was no aperture for her to get a shot into. The din inside the turret was something terrific. The noise of every solid ball that hit fell upon our ears with a crash that deafened us. About that time an unexpected danger developed. The plates of the turret were fastened on with iron bolts and screw-heads on the inside. These screw-heads began to fly off from the concussion of the shots. Several of the men were badly bruised by them, and had anybody been hit in the face or eyes they would have been done for. Luckily this did not take place, but that experience caused them to build a metal sheath or plating over the screw-heads in monitors afterward.

"The immense volume of smoke and narrow apertures to see through made maneuvering very difficult, and at times we had hard work telling where the enemy was. Twice she tried to ram us, but we got out of the way. We looked for an attack by a boarding party, and had a supply of hand grenades to throw out of the turret if one succeeded in gaining the deck. Our men were confident and hopeful all through. Once Lieutenant Green called out, 'They are going to board us!' but instead of scaring anybody it seemed to please the crew. 'Let 'em come!' sings out one, 'we will amuse them some!' After the fight had been in progress for a couple of hours I was knocked senseless by a shot.

"The gun had just been pulled in and the pendulum dropped when a ball struck it a few inches from the head. The shock was so fearful that I dropped over like a dead man, and the next thing I knew I was in the cabin with the doctor bathing my head. I soon recovered enough to go up again. Meantime the Merrimac had concentrated her fire upon the pilot-house, giving up the turret as a bad job, and I think made an effort or two to get close and board us. It was in the pilot-house that Captain Worden received the wound that blinded him for some time afterward, and Lieutenant Green took command. I do not think that a boarding party could have been successful, even had they reached the deck, because they couldn't have penetrated the interior. There was but one hatch, and that had been closed and barred on the inside before the engagement. The tower was solid, and the only way to get below from it was to have the hatch in its floor on a line with the hatch in the deck.

"The Merrimac turned tail after a little over four hours of fighting. The enthusiasm of our men was at fever heat.

"'Let's follow her,' said Joe Crown.

"'You don't know what you're taking about,' says Lieutenant Green; 'we would strike a torpedo, sure.'

"'I guess we can go where she can,' answered Crown.

"That was the feeling of all the men. They were disappointed because they were not allowed to give chase, for they noticed that the Merrimac rode low in the water, and knew that she had been hit below the line and was filling.

"That was the close of the fight. Next day we were the heroes of the hour. The presidential party came down with a lot of ladies, and they cheered and toasted us to the echo. The troops about the fortress all felt so proud over the victory that they started a contribution of $1 each for the crew of the Monitor. The sum they raised was sent to Washington, but for some reason Congress objected and it was never distributed. That made both the crew who manned the Monitor and the soldiers who contributed the fund very bitter, and they remember it to this day.

"That was not the end of my experience with the Monitor by any means. I staid right with her and never left her until she was lost off Hatteras. After the fall of Norfolk we were ordered to Wilmington, N. C. The steamer Rhode Island had us in tow, and I don't believe the true story of the disaster that terminated the trip has ever found its way into print. The Monitor was not a seagoing craft. She was adapted to smooth water, but her model was not calculated to withstand a storm. Off Hatteras we encountered heavy weather. The waves ran very high, and the ship took so much water that it was only with extreme difficulty that she could be kept afloat. Finally the hawser either parted or was cut—I don't think that point has ever been entirely settled—and realizing that we were sinking we sent up a rocket of distress. I afterward learned that all was excitement on board the Rhode Island, and the usual delay in lowering the boats was prolonged. Every minute was that much nearer certain death to us, and when our signals were not responded to, the word was passed among the men that it was the intention to abandon us to our fate. This made them desperate, and the sailors insisted that we fire upon the vessel. Before they could do so, however, we saw the boats coming, but by that time the Monitor was so near gone and the sea so high that sixteen were lost before they could be taken in. I was on the companion ladder, just behind my messmate, Jack O'Brien, and we were both dodging the third waves, which are always the biggest. One had just passed, when he sprang for the boat, and missed it. I heard him shriek, 'Oh, God!' and then he was swept away forever. I caught the boat upon the gunwale, and managed to pull myself in, but it was a close call. The ship doctor, who sat in the stern, had the end of his hand jammed off by striking it against the pilot-house plates. As we pulled away I saw in the darkness some black forms I knew to be men clinging to the top of the turret. They were drowned, poor fellows, when a moment later the Monitor gave one last pitch and went down like a shot. The boats reached the Rhode Island all right, and there we got food and clothes, for the fire had been out and we had had nothing to eat for a day. That was my experience with the Monitor—beginning with a battle and ending with a shipwreck."

Battle of Lookout Mountain.

NOVEMBER 24, 1863.

TOLD BY A CONFEDERATE COMMANDER (WILSON'S BRIGADE).

J. COOPER NESBIT.

MY brigade was at the foot of Lookout Mountain and was not actively engaged, so that I was able to witness the movements from the summit of the mountain, and, later in the day, to hear from stragglers who came to my camp, of the events that were taking place on the mountain side.

At 11 o'clock A. M., on the 24th, the Moccasin Bend battery began a furious bombardment of my position and at the same time we heard the sounds of skirmishing around the mountain caused by Hooker's advance across Lookout creek from Wauhatchie. The Confederate pickets slowly retired up the mountain pressed from the front and rear by a heavy column, until they reached the Craven farm. Here, Walthall, with his depleted brigade of about 1,000 men, finding that he was attacked by a large column on his left and rear, after fighting half an hour, gave the order to retreat. This order should have been given sooner, for about half his men were captured here. The small number of killed and wounded was due to the clouds which obscured the troops and to the protection afforded them by the earthworks around Craven's farm. The Federals were likewise protected by the rocks and trees on the mountain.

One of the brigades of Geary's division — Cruft's, I think—pushed on that night and had a heavy skirmish with one of Cheatham's brigades under the palisades. The desultory firing which followed was continued during the night by a few Confederate pickets from behind trees on the mountain side, which served to draw a heavy fire from the Federal lines, thus producing the impression that a battle was going on.

Had General Hooker advanced his men to the Summertown road a few hundred yards beyond Craven's house, he could have captured many wagons and much artillery sent in that direction; and had he advanced to the foot of the mountain by this road, the brigade which I commanded would most probably have been captured, for it was after midnight before I received orders to march to Missionary Ridge. The rest of Walker's division had gone to Missionary Ridge, and there could have been but little resistance to so large a force. General Bragg having ascertained the movement made by General Sherman on his right flank, determined to evacuate and yield Lookout Mountain, and was in the act of concentrating his right on Missionary Ridge when Hooker made his attack. Thus it will be seen that it was not contemplated to bring on a general engagement at Lookout Mountain. Why it was not I leave to other critics, my purpose being not to find fault, but to prove that General Grant was justified in saying that there was no such battle as the "battle above the clouds."

The occupation of Raccoon Mountain and Lookout valley established the Federals in possession of Chattanooga, as it gave them a route for the transportation of their supplies. From that time the loss of Lookout Mountain was a foregone conclusion. But the importance of General Hooker's attack and the impetuosity with which he made it should not be underestimated, as it was as great as a hard won victory in its moral effect upon the troops of both armies. To see the old flag floating from the heights at Point Lookout must have been cheering to Thomas's corps as it marched the next morning against Missionary Ridge, and depressing to the retreating Tennesseeans as they turned their backs on their state.

* * *

BORN IN A BATTLE.

LITTLE "SHELL ANNA."

JULY, 1864.

GENERAL LOGAN BECOMES GODFATHER.

A TRUE STORY THAT IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

BY A MEMBER OF THE 15th CORPS.

DURING the summer of 1864, the army under Sherman had fallen back from its position before Atlanta and swept around to Hood's rear, General Logan leading the advance. We were not molested until we neared Flint river. There the enemy had planted a masked battery, and, as we approached, it enfiladed our line. You could scarce encounter more disagreeable companions than shot and shell, and the boys were not long in taking to the timber. General Logan at once ordered up a field battery of brass "Napoleons," and accepted the challenge for an artillery duel. There was nothing to direct the fire of our gunners save the white puffs of smoke; but they soon silenced the rebel cannon, and cleared the way for the column.

We then rode forward again. Just as we turned a bend in the road we emerged suddenly into a small clearing. A rude log cabin stood in the clearing, and hanging from one of the bushes we noticed a yellow cloth.

It naturally occurred to us that this was an improvised hospital, and we rode up to inquire. At the door of the cabin an old woman, evidently of the "cracker" type, presented herself, but, on seeing that we were "Yankees," beat a hasty retreat. We were not disposed to be so easily baffled, and calling her out began to ply her with questions.

She told us "there wa'n't no wounded men thar," and when asked why she had put out a yellow flag replied: "Waal, yer see, my gal is sick, and I reckoned ef I put out that yer hosp't'l rag, you'ns wouldn't be pesterin' 'round."

"What's the matter with your child?" said I; "we are medical officers."

"Waal, now," she responded, "ef you'ns is real doctors, just look in and see. Time my gal was sickest, two of yourn shells come clar through my cabin, and, I tell you, it was right skeery for a spell."

We accepted the invitation and walked in. The cabin, built of rough pine logs, afforded but one room, about twelve feet square. A small log meat-house was the only outbuilding,—the cow stable having been knocked to pieces by our shells,—except a small bark-thatched "lean-to," in which we found a loom containing a partially completed web of coarse cotton "homespun." Aside from this loom, the only household articles were an old skillet, a dilapidated bed, two or three chairs without backs, and a queer collection of gourds. The shells had indeed played havoc with the interior. The roof had been badly shattered, and a stray shot had pierced the walls.

A SAD SPECTACLE.

It had cut one of the logs in two, and forced one jagged end out into the room so that it hung threateningly over the bed upon which we saw a young girl, by whose side was a babe just born. It was a touching spectacle. Here, in this lonely cabin, stripped by lawless stragglers of both armies of food and clothing, and shattered by the flying shells of artillery, in the storm and fury of the battle, had been born this sweet innocent. The mother was the wife of a Confederate soldier whose blood had stained the "sacred soil" of Virginia but a few months after marriage, and the child was fatherless. The babe was still in its own innocence, but the writer with his jackknife cut from the unfinished web in the old loom a piece of coarse homespun, in which it was soon deftly swaddled. Fortunately we had our hospital knapsacks with us, and we did all that our limited stores permitted to relieve the wants of the young mother and child.

A CHRISTENING IN ORDER.

But by this time quite a number of officers had gathered about the cabin, and they amused themselves by listening to the old lady's account of this stirring incident. One of the officers had given her some "store terbacker," with which she had filled a cob pipe, and the fact that she was spitting through her teeth with such accuracy as to hit a fly at ten paces, nine times out of ten, showed that she was enjoying herself after the true "cracker" style. Presently some one suggested that the baby ought to be christened, and it being duly explained to her, she replied, "Oh, yes! baptized, I reckon, if you'ns has got any preacher along."

This was all the boys wanted, and an orderly was at once sent back with the compliments of the surgeon, requesting that a chaplain might be allowed to return with the messenger.

The general asked the orderly for what purpose a chaplain was wanted, and the orderly replied that the doctors were going to have a baptism.

SOME DEVILTRY ON HAND.

Upon this General Logan (for he it was) significantly remarked that the names mentioned were sufficient to satisfy him that some deviltry was on hand, but that the chaplain might go. Then, inviting the colonel, who happened to be riding with him, he set out himself for the scene, and soon joined the party at the cabin.

"General," said the doctor, "you are just the man we're after."

"For what?"

"For a godfather," replied the doctor.

"Godfather to what?" demanded the general.

The matter was explained, and as the doctor led the way into the house, the boys noticed there was something in Black Jack's face that they were not wont to see there, and that in his eyes there was a humid tenderness far different from their usual flashing brightness. He stood for a moment silent, gazing at the mother and fatherless child, and their pitiful surroundings, and turning to those about him, said tersely:—

"That looks —— rough."

Glancing around at the ruins wrought by our shells, he called out: "I say, boys, can't you straighten this up a little? Fix up that roof. There are plenty of 'stakes' around that old stable; push back that log into place; help the old lady to clear out the litter, and—I don't think it would *hurt* you any to leave a part of your rations!"

The boys leaned their muskets against the logs, and, while some cut brush, others swept up the splinters and pine knots that the shot and shell had strewn over the floor, and not one of them forgot to go to the corner of the cabin and empty his haversack! It made a pile of commissary stores, consisting of meat, coffee, sugar, hard-tack and chickens (foraged from her next door neighbor), surpassing any that this poor "cracker" woman had probably ever seen.

This done, the next thing was the christening, and the chaplain came forward to perform his sacred office.

"What are you going to give her for a name? I want suthin' right peart, now," said grandmother.

She was told that the name should be satisfactory, and forthwith she brought out the baptismal bowl—a gourd—full of water fresh from the spring.

THE CHRISTENING.

General Logan now took the baby, wrapped in its swaddling clothes of homespun, and held it while the chaplain went through with the ceremony. The latter was brief and solemn, the spectators behaving with becoming reverence, and the battle-born babe was christened "Shell Anna."

The party now turned to leave the cabin and resume the march, when General Logan, taking a gold coin from his pocket—a coin that he had carried as a pocket-piece for many a day—presented it to the old lady as a "christening gift" for his godchild, and the officers and men added one by one a "greenback," until the sum was swelled to an amount greater than this brave-hearted "cracker" had ever handled. Before parting, the general cautioned her to put the money in a safe place, lest some "—— bummer should steal it, in spite of everything," and then, ordering a guard to be kept over her cabin until the last straggler had passed, he rode away. The old lady's good-by was: "Waal! them thar Yanks is the beatenist critters I ever seen!"

BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

NOVEMBER 25, 1863.

A GALLANT REGIMENT WON THE FEDERAL VICTORY.—A GRAND CHARGE.

By **LIEUT. W. M. BOROUGHS**, Company E, 24th Alabama Regiment.

BACK in anti-bellum days we frequently saw pictures of grand charges made by an assaulting army, in columns or single line. The artist probably drew more on his imagination than actual observation or experience, and hence arranged his soldiers with perfect alignment. They were apparently moving upon the enemy, prompted by the monotonous "left" of the drill officer. Actual war dissipated such pictures from the minds of the veterans of the North and South. A line or column might be formed and started out all right, but when shell, grape, and minie balls began to pour into their ranks, all order was soon lost, and by the time the assaulting column reached the objective point, companies, regiments, and brigades would be mixed in a manner never contemplated by military tactics. The charge of Grant's columns at Missionary Ridge seemed to be an exception to the pell-mell style. I occupied a position from which I had an unobstructed view of a mile or more in front and to the right and left. Anderson's division occupied the center of Bragg's line, Managault occupied the center of the division, with Anderson's old brigade of Mississippians to the left of Managault. The Confederate line had been extended until it was not much better than a strong skirmish line without support.

Yet we had good breastworks topped with head-logs, and we felt confident that our deficiency in numbers was compensated by the strength of our position. The 24th Ala. had its breastworks far enough below the crest of the bridge to admit the safe discharge of artillery over their heads. A battery known as the "Continental" was posted just above them. It had done gallant service hitherto, and we felt confident it could hurl death and destruction in the enemy's lines whenever he appeared in the plain below.

The morning was clear and beautiful; all the forenoon was occupied by the Federals in getting into position. The plain between Missionary Ridge and Chattanooga is about two miles in breadth. Far to our left, between the ridge and Lookout Mountain, a heavy column could be seen moving.

This was the Federal flanking column and we had no adequate force with which to meet it. About three o'clock P. M. the grand charge in our front began. As soon as the Federal lines appeared midway of the plain, shells went screaming over our heads and we could see that they exploded right in the midst of the enemy. But on they came, the grandest array of blue ever witnessed by the veterans on the ridge. When they arrived within two or three hundred yards of the base of the ridge, they moved at double quick, and soon broke into a run. As line after line came, they lay down at the foot of the ridge. They had now got within range of our small arms, but our artillery could not be sufficiently depressed to reach them. I noticed when the Federal lines dashed up to the ridge, an officer riding a sorrel horse. When he reached the base, he dismounted, and his horse went scampering to the rear. He walked up and down the line, waving his sword, and seemed to be urging the men forward, but they lay like a blue ribbon as far as I could see. I procured a gun and putting down my sword, several of us amused ourselves by firing at that officer as he marched up and down, but I saw no effect from our fire. Just to the right of the position occupied by this officer one regiment was slowly and steadily advancing up the ridge, directly in front of Anderson's brigade.

Major Pocher, of the 10th S. C., came up to our part of the line and remarked, "The enemy do not appear to be advancing on this part of the line." I called his attention to the regiment on our left, now half way up the ridge, and he directed us to fire on them. Just then, Captain Hazard came up and asked Major Pocher where he could send a detail for ammunition. The Major turned to answer when a dull, heavy thud, and an exclamation of "oh!" attracted our attention and the gallant South

Carolinian fell full length on his face. All this time the Federal regiment continued to advance in front of Anderson's brigade. The battery in our rear could now bring upon them an enfilading fire, and with every discharge some one would fall, but still the others would cluster around their colors.

By some management, or engineering, Anderson's brigade had their works so far behind the crest of the ridge that they could not see an enemy approaching in their front, until within twenty or thirty feet of the line. Knowing the material of which that brigade was composed, I remarked to some one near me, "Whenever that Yankee regiment reaches the crest of the ridge, they will be swept out of existence in the flash of a gun." However, one of those incomprehensible things happened which frequently turned the tide of success in our civil war. When this regiment reached the crest of the ridge, there did not appear to be more than fifty or sixty huddled around their flag. The gallant band hurled themselves with a yell upon the lines of Anderson's old brigade of Mississippi veterans. Not a shot was fired but with one impulse they swept them out of their works, and the little band of Federals took possession of the battery, waved their flag over it, and trained the guns so as to rake our lines. Their comrades swarmed up the ridge to their support, and the Confederate line gave way to the right and left, and the battle was won for the Union through the gallantry of that single regiment.

Western President.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the first President chosen from the West. Previously they had been from the South, North, and East.

First Tennessee Union Infantry.

THE first man in Tennessee to raise a company of Tennesseans to do battle for the Union was Captain Vincent Myers, of the 1st Tenn. Infantry.

SHARPSHOOTER "KILDEE."

JOHN WEST (alias KILDEE).

Thrilling Reminiscences of the Confederacy's Best Rifleman.

THE MAN WHO SHOT GENERALS BANKS AND SHIELDS AND SCORES OF OTHER OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

(RELATED BY HIMSELF.)

I WAS born and reared in Twiggs county, Ga., but went to the war from Louisiana as a private. At my solicitation I was transferred to the Twiggs County Volunteers, my home company, which I found in Virginia. The Twiggs Volunteers were nicknamed the "Jorees," because of their uniforms having three black stripes upon the tail of the coat, resembling the three black feathers on the bird called "Joree." I was nicknamed "Kildee," because of my slenderness and agility, and because I was in the "Joree" company. In '62 General Lee received thirteen fine English Whitworth rifles that were warranted to kill at 1,800 yards. These were the best guns in the service on either side. Thirteen of the best marksmen in the army were detailed for this special service, and I was the only Georgian that was selected. We were placed under the command of a General Brown, who had no other duty than to command us. We were practiced three months before going into service. A score of every shot was kept during these three months, and at the end I was 176 shots in the bull's eye ahead of the rest. The last day of the practice our marksmanship was tested by our superior officers. A white board, two feet square with black diamond about the size of a hat in the center, was placed 1,500 yards away. The wind was blowing stiffly and it was very unfavorable for good shooting, but I put three bullets in the diamond and seven in the white of the board. I beat the record and won the choice of horse, bridle, saddle, spurs, gun, revolvers, and saber. Our accouterments were the best the army could afford. Then we entered active service, and I have been through scenes which have tried men's souls. I soon became indifferent to danger and inured to hardships and privations. I have killed men from ten paces distance to a mile. I have no idea how many I killed, but I made a good many bite the dust. We were sometimes employed separately and collectively; sometimes scouting, then sharpshooting. Our most effective work was in picking off the officers, silencing batteries, and protecting our lines from the enemy's sharpshooters. I am certain I killed General Banks and Shields. I was the only Confederate sharpshooter on our lines on the day those generals were killed. The enemy were fourteen or fifteen hundred yards away, and my rifle was the only gun that could reach them. I was shooting at officers, and I know that I killed them.

Artillerymen could stand anything else better than they could sharpshooting, and they would turn their guns upon a sharpshooter as quick as they would upon a battery. You see we could pick off their gunners so easily. Myself and a comrade completely silenced a battery of six guns in less than two hours on one occasion. The battery was then stormed and captured. I heard General Lee say he would rather have those thirteen sharpshooters than any regiment in the army. We frequently resorted to various artifices in our warfare. Sometimes we would climb a tree and pin leaves all over our clothes to keep their color from betraying us. When two of us would be together and a Yankee sharpshooter would be trying to get a shot at us, one of us would put his hat on a ramrod and poke it up from behind the object that concealed and protected us, and when the Yankee showed his head to shoot at the hat the other one would put a bullet through his head. I have shot 'em out of trees and seen 'em fall like coons. When we were in grass or grain we would fire and fall over and roll several yards from the spot whence we fired, and the Yankee sharpshooter would fire away at the smoke.

I was captured once. Colonel Brown and I got caught inside of the Federal lines at Cold Harbor, and Sheridan's wagon train was between us and liberty. We had on Yankee coats, and we rode along up the wagon train for some time trying to head it and escape. But we couldn't do it. Finally, Colonel

Brown rode up to a driver and ordered him to turn out to one side and let us pass.

"By whose authority?" asked the driver.

"By my own," replied Brown authoritatively.

"Who are you?" asked the driver.

"Colonel Coleman," answered Brown, who had found out the name of the colonel who was in command of the train.

The driver then began to question Colonel Brown pretty closely and was about to catch up with us. Colonel Brown drew his revolver and sent a ball crashing through his brain. We turned our horses and dashed down the lines of wagons at full speed, and we ran right into a company of Federal cavalry who were protecting the train. A shower of bullets whistled about us. We wheeled to the right, jumped a stone wall, and just as my horse cleared the wall a bullet struck him behind the ear and down we came. Brown's horse was shot from under him about twenty steps ahead, and we were both captured. As I scrambled out from under my horse, I threw my gun to one side in the grass. Three weeks after that I went back and got it. We were in a tight place. Having on Yankee coats, we would certainly be shot for spies. Night came on and we were guarded by four sentinels, who paced back and forward in a square several yards in extent. It was very dark. During the second watch I whispered to Brown that I was going to leave. He asked me how it could be done. I told him I'd rather risk four bullets in the dark than twenty in daylight at Fort Delaware. He said he would follow me. We then began crawling like snakes out of the square. Four times a sentinel passed right by us. We kept gliding along until we were entirely out. We straightened up when about fifty yards from the sentinels and struck out for the mountains. We came near perishing for want of food before we could get back into the Confederate lines.

I was within ten steps of General Doles when he was killed. A Federal sharpshooter had been picking off our men all day, and I had been trying for hours to locate him, but had failed to do so. I was in advance of our line a hundred yards and was concealed behind a rock. Several times he had shot at me. About 1,400 yards in front of us was a strip of woods. I knew the sharpshooter was in them somewhere, but the tree-tops prevented my seeing the smoke of his gun. He hadn't shot at me in two hours, but confined his fire to the line in the rear. General Doles advanced to where I was and asked me if I couldn't silence that fellow, as he was doing terrible execution in his lines. I told him I had been trying to do it all day, but had failed. He asked me to do my best. He then stepped in front of me, and faced the woods, exposing his entire person. I told him he had better look out, as that fellow has shaved me very close several times, and it was dangerous to expose himself. I had scarcely spoken the words when a ball struck him in the right side, passing through his body and coming out under his left arm. General Doles turned half around and fell forward, and never spoke, being killed instantly. I carried him off the field, and was detailed to carry his remains home. General Doles was a fine officer.

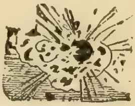
I was shot through the body once. While I was in the hospital, Charley Grace, of La Grange, Ga., used my gun, and it is said he killed General Sedgwick, but others doubt it. Four of the guns were captured during the war. I lost mine at the surrender, while I was trying to conceal it in my blanket, to carry home with me. I think I shall be able to get it yet, as General Phill. Cook, Joe Brown, and others are trying to obtain it for me from the government. It was private property, and I was entitled to it. The 4th Ga. Regt. regard it as a valuable relic.

G. A. R.

THE honor of first suggesting the order of the Grand Army of the Republic belongs to Dr. B. F. Stephenson, of Springfield, Ill., who had formerly served in the army. This occurred in 1866.

Breech Loading Rifles.

THE first command to fire at an enemy with breech loading rifles was Berdan's Sharpshooters. It was this corps that first demonstrated the importance of this arm in actual service.



A Battle in the Clouds.

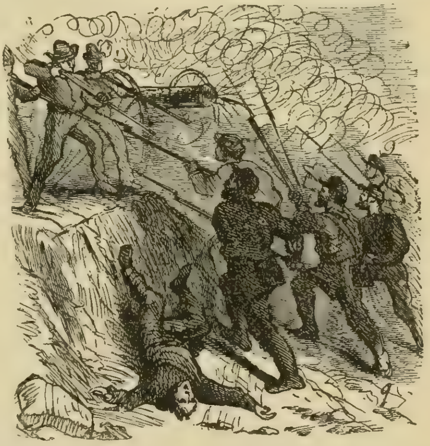
NOVEMBER 25, 1863.

HOOKER'S CAPTURE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

FIGHTING ON MIST-COVERED HEIGHTS.

By DANIEL R. HUNDLEY, Colonel of the 31st Alabama.

THE capture of Lookout Mountain was a brilliant achievement on the part of the Federals; but their success was due more to the want of sagacity of the Confederates than to any other cause. Lookout Mountain, properly defended, could have resisted 100,000 assailants.



The mountain towers seven hundred feet above the plain on which is built the thriving city of Chattanooga. Point Lookout is the highest part of the mountain. It is a bluff of solid rock descending abruptly for a hundred feet or more to a green declivity. This terminates in a comparatively level plateau about half way up the mountain, some hundred or two yards in width and extending back to where the road from Chattanooga to Point Lookout first begins the ascent of the bluff above mentioned. From this plateau on the western side of the mountain there is a gradual descent to Lookout creek, a small stream flowing at the mountain's base.

After my brigade had been relieved it was replaced by Walthall's brigade. This is the brigade surprised by Hooker, and which met with such a crushing defeat. At that time we had on top of the mountain a whole division of infantry and a section of artillery, if no more. This division was Stevenson's, and I belonged to Pettus's brigade, which was a part of it.

The attack on Lookout Mountain was a complete surprise to General Bragg and his troops. The heavy fog enabled the Federals to make the surprise a complete success. There were men enough on the mountain to have held it against double the number under Hooker's command. Soon after receiving my instructions as officer of the day, I made a visit to the line of pickets extending along the whole brow of the mountain. It was more than foggy; the atmosphere was thick, almost to darkness.

As I neared the farthest outpost along the brow of the mountain, facing towards the west, there was a sudden rift in this vapory cloud, and I was startled to see the Federal army, column after column, pouring across the little stream which flowed at the mountain's base. It was for only a moment, for the rift in the cloud speedily closed. What I had seen filled me with consternation and alarm. Turning my horse I hastened to General Stevenson's headquarters. I made all possible speed, but before I could reach my destination the "volleyed thunder" told me that I was too late.

General Stevenson seemed to be dumfounded. He gave me Colonel Bibb's regiment as a reserve, and told me to hold the top of the mountain at "all hazards." He sent the rest of the division to Walthall's assistance, for he, with a remnant of his brigade, had safely retreated along the plateau before mentioned, until he reached the summer houses overlooking the Chattanooga valley, where he made a gallant stand. Here our division found him and here the battle raged during the rest of the day.

Below us the battle continued to rage with unabated fury, neither side advancing nor retreating. It filled one with emotions of awe as he stood on the brink of that fearful precipice and peered down into that miniature picture of hell.

Just after dark the combat below began gradually to die away. Reporting to headquarters, I was notified that General Bragg had ordered the mountain to be evacuated forthwith. I was instructed to go around to all the pickets in person and to notify them of this order. Fortunately, the fog had lifted, else

I could no more have found my way to those pickets than I could have found my way to the moon.

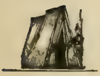
Solitary and alone I started on my silent round. Not a sound greeted my ears save the echoing clatter of my horse's hoofs over the stony ground, as he galloped ahead. I presume it was near 11 o'clock P. M. by the time the last picket had been removed.

Presently I was surprised to see another solitary horseman come riding towards me, a man of huge stature; at least such he appeared to me to be in the gloom. It was too dark to discover the color of his uniform, but a heavy saber hung at his side. Halting my horse, with a firm grip on one of my pistols, I demanded: "Who goes there?" The unknown also came to a halt and answered in sharp, decisive tones: "Jackson, of Tennessee. Who are you?" "Officer of the day," I replied simply, and rode on. The unknown rider, without further parley, did the same.

But was he "Jackson, of Tennessee"? This is a question I have frequently asked myself, but never as yet have I been able to answer it satisfactorily. Certain I am that "Jackson, of Tennessee," had no business there at that hour of the night and his horse's head was bearing him away from the Confederate lines, not towards them. A short time after I found my guide, and together we soon safely descended to the valley.

If "Jackson, of Tennessee," was a Federal, as I am often tempted to believe, then I presume I was the last Confederate that ever set foot on the top of Lookout Mountain.

YOUNGEST PRISONER.



THE youngest prisoner of the Andersonville pen was August Dippler, of Co. F, 155th N. Y. Regt. He was called the Andersonville "Kid." He fought bravely and was captured at Cold Harbor.

Corporal Tanner's Unparalleled Experience.

Occidental Hotel,
San Francisco, October 2, 1886.

W. C. King, Esq., Springfield, Mass.

My Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your letter asking me to give you some reminiscences of my army life, specifying one instance which I mentioned once in Faneuil Hall, Boston. I consider it the most pathetic of all I have ever heard or read of in the annals of war. It is absolutely true, and is as follows:—

I was in the 87th Regt. N. Y. Vols. We had passed through the campaign of the Peninsula; we came from there to join Pope; we had several days' intermittent fighting around Manassas, Bristow, Catlett's Station, until on the 30th of August, 1862, we were on the field of the second Bull Run. Along in the afternoon of that day, I was struck with a piece of shell, which necessitated the amputation of both of my lower limbs. The operation was performed under fire. My comrades, placing me upon a stretcher, started to carry me from the field. Fortunes of war were against us, and it was impossible for them to get me away. They carried me into a house, and filling my canteen with water bade me good-by, and barely escaped being taken prisoners. I with others lay in that house three or four days. Some were lying in the yards. There were 170 I believe all told. It was on the fourth day, I think, that I with some others was moved out into the rear and placed in a little tent. Six men lay in the tent, and the six men had had seven legs amputated. We were lying on a rough board floor; not a rag of clothing on; a thin rubber blanket between our bruised and bleeding bodies and the hard floor; a single blanket to cover our nakedness. I was specially favored by reason of the fact that I had a piece of board about as long as your arm set up slanting for a pillow. We were prisoners of war. Our captors had next to nothing to eat themselves, and we if possible had less than they. The Virginia sun poured down its intense heat. Hunger, thirst, flies, maggots, and all the horrible accompaniments were there. A very few men had been left behind to try and take some sort of care of us, but their numbers were sadly deficient. We lay there one day moaning for water, and there was none to bring it to us. Just at the entrance to our tent lay a poor fellow who was terribly wounded in the left side, mortally wounded as it proved to be. He was a stranger to us and we to him, but it has always seemed to me since, that that man, in spirit at least, was a descendant, and an honored one, of the most gallant knight of old. He heard our moans. Water he could not bring us, but, looking over the greensward and out beyond under the trees, he saw there lay some worm-eaten apples that had dropped from the branches overhead. Every movement must have been agony unendurable to that man, and yet he clutched at the grass and dragged himself along inch by inch until at last he was within reach of the apples. Picking them from the ground he placed them in the pocket of his blouse, and then, rolling himself around to keep his sound side on the grass, dragged himself back until he lay again at the entrance to our tent. He reached out the apples one by one, and as I lay nearest the entrance I took them from his hand and passed them along until each one of my unfortunate comrades had one. I had just set my teeth in the last one he had handed to me, and it tasted to me at that moment sweeter than the nectar of the gods could have done, when I heard an agonized moan at my right, and turning quickly I saw this good Samaritan with his hands clutching, his eyes rolling. He was in the agonies of death. A moment more and it was all over for him on this side of the Great River. That is all. I never knew even his name. In some home they may mourn him yet as missing. Perhaps his bones have been gathered up and in some of our cemeteries they are interred under the designation, "Unknown." What that man's past life had been, I know not. It may have been wild, and his speech may have been rough. I know that he was unkempt, unshaven, his clothes soiled with dirt and stained with blood; not at all such a picture as you would welcome, at first sight, into your parlor, or at your dining table. But this I have often thought, that in that last act of his he exhibited so much of what I consider the purely Christ-like attribute, that in the day when you and I shall stand before the just Judge, to be judged for what we have been and not for what we may have pretended to be, I would much rather take my chances in the place of a man who had so large an idea of practical Christianity, than in the place of many more pretentious persons I am acquainted with.

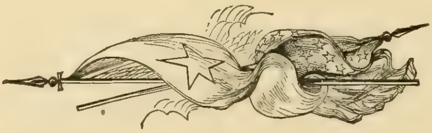
I am, sir, very truly yours, JAMES TANNER.

Residence, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

HOW IT SEEMS TO KILL A MAN.

GENERAL MANDERSON, OF NEBRASKA.

THE first man I killed was before Richmond, when McClellan was in command. I was doing picket duty late one night near the bank of a creek, and had been cautioned to be specially watchful, as an attack was expected. I carried my musket half-cocked, and was startled by every rustle the wind made among the trees and dead leaves. It was some time after midnight that I saw a Confederate cavalryman dashing down the opposite side of the creek in my direction. As he was opposite I fired upon the horse and it fell. The cavalryman regained his feet in a moment and had drawn his pistols. I called him to surrender, but his only reply was a discharge from each revolver, one bullet inflicting a flesh wound in my arm. Then I let him have it full in the breast. He leaped three feet in the air, and fell with his face down. I knew I had finished him. I ran and jumped across the creek, picked him up and laid him on his back. The blood was running out of his nose and mouth, and poured in a torrent from the ragged hole in his breast. In less time than it takes to tell it, he was dead, without having said a word. Then my head began to swim, and I was sick at my stomach. I was overcome by an indescribable horror of the deed I had done. I trembled all over, and felt faint and weak. It was with the greatest difficulty that I managed to get into camp. There they laughed at me, but it was weeks before my nervous system had recovered from the shock.



CONFEDERATE MONEY.

THE Confederate government did not lack for money. In 1861 it issued $100,000,000, and until the last year of the war continued to send out bills of every convenient denomination, from $1000 to 25 cents. There were green five-cent postage stamps, with profile of Jefferson Davis on them, and these were sometimes used in making "change," but the man who did it was always pitied as a penurious, rascally fellow. Confederate money is handsome. Of course the paper is inferior, but some of the designs are well executed. It has a blue back, on which are intricate curves and circles and curls, and its value is denoted by a single word in letters an inch and a half tall. There is no uniformity in the designs. On some bills there will be imaginary heads and sketches, a woman, a pile of arms, a rush to battle. On others appear likenesses of Confederate heroes and Confederate state houses,—as Jefferson Davis on the fifties, and Alexander H. Stephens on the twenties; the Nashville, Tenn., state house on the tens, and the Richmond, Va., state house on the fives. The face of Confederate money is colored pink around the likenesses. The first bills were simple notes, payable in six months. The second and all subsequent issues were made payable at different times "after a ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States of America and the United States."

Confederate money was not long in going below par. During the war it was not the extortion of merchants which ran up prices to fabulous figures, but it was the depreciation of the currency. In some sections calico sold for ten dollars a yard, good shoes at eighty and one hundred dollars a pair. Fifteen dollars would purchase a spool of thread or a paper of pins. Medicines and all luxuries were not in the market for that sort of paper. A silver dollar was worth at least thirty Confederate dollars. The Confederacy understood that it had to protect its currency as well as its rights, and an act was passed making it treason for moneys to be exchanged at different values.

There has never been a craze among the curiosity collectors for Confederate money. The $1000 bill is scarce, and readily finds buyers at two or three dollars each; the $500 bill can be bought for twenty or thirty cents; the other denominations can be had for a song. Soon after the war men and women began to know for a certainty that their money was valuable only as paper. The ingenious housewives began to use it as money never before was used. They would paper their walls with old journals and periodicals, and put on a border made of Confederate money. Screens were made of bonds with money borders — in fact, everything susceptible of ornamentation received its supply of paste and pink treasury notes.

SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.

ATTACK UPON FORT SAUNDERS.

NOVEMBER 29, 1863.

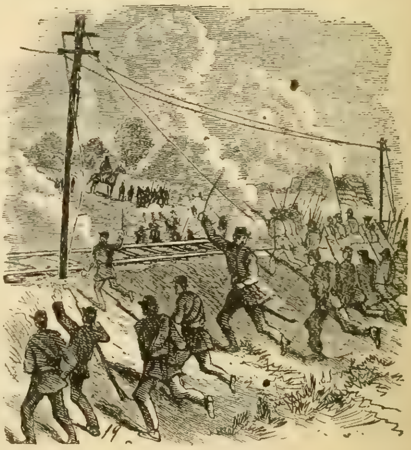
Deeds of Heroism and Bravery Rarely if Ever Surpassed.

GENERAL LONGSTREET COMPELLED TO FLEE FOR SAFETY.

CAPT. CHAS. W. WALTON.

THE Confederate commander knew well that unless the place was soon reduced and our little army captured, all hope of regaining East Tennessee would be lost, so the final attempt was made on Sunday, the 29th of November, and the rebel troops' courage was raised to the highest pitch, at the assurance of their leader that they should dine in Knoxville on that day. That Burnside had a voice in this matter I will presently show.

Sunday came, and in a few hours Longstreet and his brave men were expecting to dine in Knoxville. The church bells had ceased ringing for morning service, prayers were ascending for continued protection from different altars, while in the Episcopal church a hearty response came forth, "Good Lord, deliver us," as the minister read from the Litany, " From all assaults of the enemy, from battle and murder, and from sudden death."



Hardly had the benedictions been pronounced in the churches before the "assault of the enemy" was made, and Fort Saunders, made strong by every available means known to the engineer's profession, was the point assailed.

Benjamin's and Buckley's favorite batteries of six guns each were mounted in the openings on solid floorings, the trees were cut down in the immediate front, and, by an ingenious plan of Lieutenant Benjamin's, thick wires were stretched from stump to stump about knee-high to trip the enemy as they approached, while a deep ditch, almost impossible to leap over, encircled the fort. It was a sad scene, those rebel troops hurled against such a tower of strength, for we felt certain it could only end in disaster to them.

Across the railroad, up the gentle slope, and through the stumps they came, while our guns were making havoc among their ranks. On they came, never faltering, with that well-known yell; the stumps that the wires were attached to are reached, and down they fall amid charges of grape and canister, while the steady fire of the infantry from the adjoining rifle-pits, although destructive, did not deter them from rushing forward. They filled the ditch, and every foot of ground gave evidence of their great courage. Lighted shells with short fuses and hand grenades were thrown over in the ditch, and in another moment through the smoke we discovered another brigade closed *en masse* rushing on to meet the same fate. Our guns opened on them with renewed vigor. Yells mingled with groans filled the air as they fell, and, unable to stand such a scorching fire, they broke and fled to the rear; the few who returned were truly fortunate. One or two leaped the ditch, climbed the parapet, and planted the colors on our fort, but it was only for a moment, as they were instantly hauled in by our men. Such deeds of heroism are rare, and we could not help but admire their pluck as they were marched off as prisoners of war.

Before the smell of powder and smoke had passed away, I, with a few others, passed out of the fort, over the ditch on a plank, and looked on that scene of slaughter. Such a spectacle I never want to witness again! Men literally torn to pieces lay all around—some in the last throes of death, others groaning, and their faces distorted under the severe pains from their ghastly wounds. Arms and legs, torn from their bodies, lay scattered around, while at every footstep we trod in pools of blood. The ground also was strewn with split guns, bayonets, and equipments, not to speak of hats and boots. Over a hundred dead bodies were taken from the ditch alone, while vast numbers of wounded were being carefully carried within the lines to receive the best of care in our hospitals. Three hundred prisoners fell into our hands, representing eleven regiments, and it was evident that the enemy had met with a fearful loss, while ours was comparatively slight.

A flag of truce having been granted the enemy until five o'clock, burial parties were sent out, and for an hour or two they were busy burying their dead, who were laid in rows and covered over with the soil. At the appointed time the signal gun from the fort was fired, the truce was at an end, and Fort Saunders resumed its work.

This was Longstreet's last attempt to dine in Knoxville, and when he heard that General Sherman was coming to our aid with 25,000 men, he at once decided to raise the siege, pass on to Virginia, and join Lee.

Thus ended the siege of Knoxville, after a period of six weeks, and, in a few days after, that section of the country was again free from the presence of the enemy.

* * *

First Battery, Port Gibson.

HISTORY will accord to the 56th Ohio, and 34th Ind. Regt.'s the capture of the first battery at the battle of Port Gibson, and consequently the first victory of the Vicksburg campaign, under the orders of Col. James B. Slack, commanding 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 13th Army Corps.

Capturing New Orleans.

ADMIRAL PORTER says that he was the first to urge upon the authorities at Washington the importance of opening the lower Mississippi, and capturing New Orleans, and that it was he who suggested that Admiral Farragut be selected to command the naval expedition.

* * *

Logan's Bravery at Kenesaw.

VETERAN.

I WAS with General Logan all through the war, and in all that time I never saw him shrink in battle. While the battle of Kenesaw Mountain was in progress I saw Logan ride at full speed in front of our lines when the bullets seemed to fall thicker than hail. Bare-headed, powder-stained, and his long, black hair floating in the breeze, the general looked like a mighty conqueror of mediæval days. He did not know what danger was. Standing upright in the stirrups of his saddle I have seen him plunge to the head of a charging column and bury himself in the smoke and flame of the enemy's guns. A few moments before the good McPherson fell at Atlanta, a shell burst within twenty feet of General Logan. Turning to McPherson, who had been slightly stunned by the explosion, Logan coolly remarked:—

"General, they seem to be popping that corn for us."

Twenty minutes later McPherson lay bleeding on the field, while Logan, who had assumed command of the troops, was hurling his battalions against the enemy with the skill of a born soldier.

First Shot at Gettysburg.

THE battle of Gettysburg was begun by Archer's Tennessee Brigade striking a part of General Reynolds's Corps.

MEDALS OF HONOR.

THE first occasion of the presentation of Medals of Honor to enlisted men in the Army of the Potomac, occurred September 15, 1864, when medals were presented to Sergeant John Shilling, Co. H, 3d Del. Regt.; Private T. C. Anderson, Co. H, 18th Mass. Regt., and Private George H. Reed, Co. E, 11th Penn. Vols.

SIGNS OF TREASON.

THE first instance (said the Richmond *Examiner*) of the surrender of any post, large or small, by a Confederate officer to the enemy, in which the marks and signs of treason were unmistakable, was the surrender of Fort Gaines, Mobile Bay, to Admiral Farragut, by Col. Charles Anderson of the 21st Ala. Regt.

Reminiscences of General Opdycke.

A CONFEDERATE CAPTAIN SHOT ON HIS OWN DOORSTEP.

J. D. REMINGTON, Company I, 73d Illinois.

GEN. E. OPDYCKE was a man that all the boys of the 1st Brigade, 2d Division, 4th Corps, learned to love,—and as brave as the bravest. I well remember that the 1st Brigade had been the rear-guard all day on November 30, 1864. It skirmished with the rebels from Spring Hill to Franklin, Tenn., and when we got to Franklin the works were full of the troops which had marched in ahead of us. We were ordered to the rear and told to get our supper, for it was late—near sundown. We soon got supper, for we knew we would not have long to stay, as Hood was forming to charge and we could see his troops preparing for it. Some of us did not get an opportunity to eat before we were ordered to fall in. I had a tin can of coffee and a slice of pork, but not the time to eat it then. I handed the can of coffee to a comrade, and we were soon in line, awaiting orders. When the enemy made the charge and drove the troops out of the works on the turnpike, in front of Carter's house, Major Motherspan gave this command: "73d, fix bayonets and charge!" We did so, and the rest of the brigade with the 73d gave a yell, and we all charged at the same time, General Opdycke in the lead. We all went in—even Major-General Stanley, commanding the corps. As he rode past us some one near me yelled out, in the language of Marmion, "On! Stanley, on!" I wonder if General Stanley remembers the incident, for he raised his hat and said, "Come on, boys!"

I wish to say a word about Captain Carter, of the Confederate army. It was not a hundred yards from his house that he was killed, but on his own doorstep. Carter's house was inside of our lines. The enemy had charged and got inside our lines and

Carter had almost got to the house, when a comrade at my side ordered him to surrender. His reply was, "I will die first!" This comrade told me in case he missed the Johnny I was to shoot at him. My comrade fired and the rebel kept running towards the house. I raised my 16-shooter and fired, and as he got to the door he fell. From some of the boys who were wounded and captured we learned afterwards that Carter fell dead on his doorstep with two bullets in him. Truly did he come home to die! Gen. Pat Cleburne rode at the head of his troops. His horse was killed on our works, and, as the horse fell, Cleburne pitched headlong into our works, mortally wounded. He died in about ten minutes. He fell near the cotton-gin, east of the pike. General Cleburne's home was in Nashville. Carter's house was on the west side of the pike. At the beginning of the fight the 73d lay west of the pike, but was crowded to the east. At the time Cleburne was killed the 73d lay on both sides of the pike. The 1st Brigade captured thirteen rebel flags, instead of ten. General Opdycke *did* fight with the men, and the men loved and honored him. After we got to Nashville, and were wandering around in the rain looking for a place to camp, some of the boys tore some boards off of a fence. The man who owned the place—an old, crippled-up butternut—told General Opdycke about it and wanted him to stop them, to which the general replied: "Go in the house and shut your mouth, or I will turn my brigade loose on you. They are heroes, every one of them! Look at those thirteen rebel flags they captured at Franklin last night." The old man went in the house and said no more to Opdycke.

* * *

Butler's Command.

THE first to designate General Butler's command as the "Army of the James," is said to have been Quartermaster-General Ingalls.

First Officer Escaped from "Libby."

THE first officer that made his escape from Libby Prison was Captain Skelton, of the 17th Iowa Regt. He was twice captured and twice escaped.

The Fort Pillow Massacre.

APRIL 12, 1864.

BY THE PILOT OF THE "NEW ERA."

APRIL, 1864, I was a pilot on the United States gunboat New Era, of the Mississippi squadron, and was patrolling the Mississippi river in the vicinity of Fort Pillow. which was situated on a bluff on the east side of the river, some forty-five miles above Memphis, Tenn.

The fort was built of logs and dirt, with port-holes for musketry and artillery. It was not considered formidable, but with the assistance of one or more gunboats, it was thought to be strong enough to repel any ordinary force. Its artillery consisted of three eighteen-pound guns. It was garrisoned by colored troops principally, and was commanded by two as brave officers as ever fought a battle, namely, Majors Booth and Bradford.

On the 10th of April, 1864, Major Booth received news from Memphis that Forrest, with a division of cavalry, was coming with a purpose to attack the fort. The orders were to hold the fort at all hazards, and he communicated the same to Captain Marshall, who commanded the United States gunboat New Era, which was lying there at that time. The cavalry kept constantly on the lookout until the evening of the 11th, when Forrest's advance was reported within six miles.

At 6 A. M., on the 12th of April, General Chalmers's brigade attacked and drove in the pickets, and our gunboat was called into action. Captain Marshall took position in the pilot-house to communicate with the fort and to direct our fire. They were in plain sight, four hundred to six hundred yards distant from our boat, forming a half circle around the fort. They opened fire with musketry, their artillery not having yet arrived. At 6.30 the gunboat began firing, using fuse shell with terrible effect. The artillery of the fort opened with canister, shot, and shell, making dreadful havoc in their ranks, and causing them to temporarily disperse. During the lull in the fight Major Booth ordered all inside the fort, and directed that all tents outside should be burned, in order that the view of the garrison might be unobstructed. It was while setting fire to a tent that he fell, mortally wounded. Major Bradford then assumed command. He, too, was a brave officer. The quartermaster of the fort refused to go into the fort, but went into a log house containing commissary stores situated near the river—and remained there. This house was burned with the quartermaster in it, and his charred remains were found the following day while we were gathering and burying our dead. The fort, with the assistance of the gunboat, kept the rebels at a safe distance until ten o'clock, when Forrest arrived with a four-pound gun, with which he opened on the gunboat and struck the pilot-house two glancing "licks." Captain Marshall and I were both severely stunned, and just as soon as the captain could get his breath he ordered me to "sheer off," but when the second shot struck he scooped down the ladder and shouted back to me to take care of the boat. Observing that the farther out into the river we got the better range they had on us, I brought the boat in close to shore, where they could not depress their artillery sufficiently to hit us. The rebel sharpshooters had by this time cleared the upper deck, and I was the only person able to see what was going on. Captain Marshall ordered me to direct the firing, which I did quite successfully, silencing the rebel battery.

About twelve o'clock, Forrest sent a flag of truce to the fort, which I reported to Captain Marshall, who ordered me to come to anchor. I ran the boat within speaking distance of the fort and anchored. We had been there about forty-five minutes when the flag returned to the rebel lines. During this time about two hundred rebels came down to the quartermaster's house and dressed themselves in Federal uniform, and then returned to their own line—all of which I reported to Captain Marshall, and insisted that he should open on them, for they were violating a truce that they themselves had asked for. But no; he would not do it; he said he was bound to respect a flag of truce. Another flag of truce was presently sent to the fort, and, at the same time the rebels—part in Federal uniform —got so close to the fort that it hid them from my sight. Immediately after the flag had disappeared from my sight, the rebels came pouring over the works into the fort with a volley of musketry and a rebel yell, and Major Bradford immediately surrendered. The flag of the fort was taken down by the rebels and firing ceased. In about three or four minutes the rebels rehoisted the flag and then a general slaughter ensued. Major Bradford, with all his living soldiers, ran down the bluff and jumped into the river and tried to swim to our boat, but the most of them were shot in the water and disappeared from view. Major Bradford, although the rebel bullets struck the water all about him, was not injured, and being assured by a rebel officer that if he would come ashore he would be treated as a prisoner of war, he did so.

By this time the surgeon, the nurses, and the wounded had all been slaughtered at the hospital tent and the firing ceased. The gunboat was still lying at anchor, within four hundred yards of the fort, and in plain view of the artillery in it, without a possibility of being reached by the rebel four-pounder. Our armor was proof against musketry, and, as Ensign Charles E. Schetkey informed me, the boat had plenty of ammunition for several such fights left. Nevertheless, Captain Marshall ordered the boat gotten under way and headed up stream, and the order was promptly obeyed. The rebels thought to make short work of us, for as soon as we got in range of the guns in the fort, they fired three shots, all of which struck very close to us. As the rest of the ammunition for the guns was concealed in the bluff, where they could not find it, they were unable to continue the fire. It was a narrow escape, for had the boat been crippled we should have become an easy prey to the merciless rebels.

At that time, of all the troops that occupied the fort at the beginning of the battle, Major Bradford and Captain Young were the only ones alive!

It was 4 P. M. when we left the fort, and we did not come to anchor until midnight, having made about thirty miles. On our way up we took the wife of Captain Young aboard. April 13, at 7 A. M., we started back for the fort, arriving at 10.30 A. M. We found Chalmers's brigade under a flag of truce—Forrest, with his force, having left immediately after the slaughter. Captain Young was permitted to come aboard on his parole to dine with his wife. He said Chalmers had told him that Major

Bradford had forfeited his parole, and if caught would suffer death. Captain Young, at the time, believed the report. I then accompanied a detachment of the crew which had been detailed to bury our dead, and a horrible sight awaited us. The first body we found was the charred remains of the quartermaster, lying in the burned wreck of the house, and on the bluff we found many dead Union soldiers who had been burned in their tents. We buried these and passed on to the fort. There we found that the rebels had stripped the dead and robbed them of valuables, and had thrown them into the ditch and partially covered them. After tarrying there we went under the bluff where the hospital tent had stood. There we found about seventy dead Federals. These men had been sent to the tent to have their wounds dressed. Imagine, if you can, our feelings while contemplating this horrible butchery.

Major Bradford, we learned from a citizen, had been shot that morning in the latter's dooryard by the order of General Chalmers, because he commanded negro soldiers. He told us that the major had pleaded hard for mercy, claiming the privileges of a prisoner of war and declaring that he had only done his duty as a soldier. But no mercy was shown, although he had surrendered with the understanding that he was to be treated as a prisoner of war. After the massacre the wife of Major Booth desired to recover his body, and a detachment of soldiers went up from Memphis to recover it for her. They found a grave under the bluff marked "Major Booth," but on opening it they found the body of a negro. Major Booth's body was never found.

First Military Organization.

THE Ringgold Light Artillery, of Reading, Pa, claim to have been the first military organization to prepare for the war, and the first to tender their services to General Scott for the defense of the National Capital.

Confederate General Killed.

THE first Confederate General killed in the war was General Garnett, killed at the battle of Rich Mountain in 1861. He is said to have been killed by private John Manson, 16th Ohio Infantry.

* * *

"GENERAL THOMAS,"

The Gunboat that Did Great Service at Decatur.

G. NORTON, Essex, Vt.

WHEN the rebel General Hood started back for Nashville I commanded the gunboat "General Thomas," on the Tennessee river, and was stationed on the first sixty miles above Decatur, where we had supplies for the army commanded by General Granger. I had on board some of General Thomas's scouts, whom I would land at dark with one of my officers, Cassius M. Booth, who volunteered to help reconnoiter the rebel movements, so as to give General Thomas information of where Hood intended to cross the river. After a long week of sleepless nights our scouts brought the news that Hood was on the march down the river, and we soon heard the roar of his cannon attacking Decatur. I was lightening the ship to get over the shoal when dispatches arrived from General Thomas to go to Decatur as fast as possible, and thanking me for information sent in the morning. As I had to land our coal, and (after we got over the shoal water) take on rails for fuel, it was 4 P. M. before we reached the bend four miles above Decatur, where we met an army transport, the captain of which told me that we could not go down there, for Hood's whole army was posted along the banks; in fact they commenced to fire on us as he was reporting to me. I simply said: "Captain, I am ordered by General Thomas to go to General Granger's assistance, and I am going. You follow me!" I also said: "A man has one chance during life, and this is ours!" I ordered full steam, and told the engineer all depended on our clean heels, and down past Hood's army we went, close to the bank, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, and we stirred up a nest of hornets. The whole bank was ablaze, but, flying past them so rapidly, they did not keep our range, and in about the time it takes to write it we were past all the rebels, heading up stream in front of General Granger's works. We soon silenced Hood's lower earthworks. I reported to General Granger on top of the large brick house, north of the town. The general said to me, "Captain, if you had been sent from heaven you couldn't have come more opportune, for all my outer works are taken!" While I was at General Granger's side one of his aides reported that the enemy had ceased firing, and seemed to be moving down the river. Hood says in his report that "the enemy having at 4 P. M. received re-enforcements of his gunboats, I deemed it would cost too dearly to force a crossing at this point." Our prompt action saved our valuable stores from falling into the enemy's hands. Those stores were just what the Johnnies needed, for the poor fellows were in a sorry condition. We captured and paroled many a one of them when they came back after their failure at Nashville. They had awful long faces, and said, "But for your miserable gunboats we would have whipped you." After the fight all was quiet as we lay at anchor. We were expecting a good night's sleep, which we all needed, when, about 8 P. M., orders came from General Granger to proceed up the river four miles to Limestone creek, where it was reported the rebs were getting ready to cross the river. We weighed anchor and obeyed orders; found everything dark and still,—no sign of an enemy,—and I anchored close over under the thick underbrush on the north side of the river. All hands lay down by their guns. I was lying on my berth, when, about midnight, there came a volley of small arms, the balls rattling against the inch-iron like hail, and I sang out, "Give 'em the broadside," and the eight-inch guns, loaded with grape and canister, blazed away. The way those bushes rattled was a caution. When the report of our guns died away we could hear cavalry galloping down the river. What it all meant we could not tell, as we supposed no enemy had crossed the river. About an hour after the mystery was cleared up by the arrival of one of General Granger's staff officers, who said this cavalry had come in on the train after dark, and were ordered up the river to see what was going on. The country was new to them, and all sorts of stories being afloat of what had become of the rebs, of course they crept up carefully, and at last got the outlines of a black something on the water. Of course, our lights were all shut in with closed ports, so they took a shot at us. They must have opened their eyes when up went our ports, showing lights at quarters. Lucky for them they were so far astern before we fired, or somebody would have got hurt.

FORAGING.

An Interesting Trip After Rations in the Heart of South Carolina.

FRED REITZ, Company I, 21st Wisconsin.

I WILL tell of a foraging trip that about forty of us made while on our march through South Carolina. On the morning after we reached the Catawba river at Rocky Mount ford, four from every company were detailed, under command of a lieutenant, to go ahead foraging. We crossed the pontoon bridge and took the road leading towards Lancaster Court House which some of our squad took on their own hook, and we did not see them again for a week. The greater number remained with the lieutenant and we stopped the first night at a plantation belonging to some rich planter. The fine brick mansion had been burned, and the inmates were stopping at the house of the overseer. On the next morning we came to the home of Colonel MacIlwain, formerly a captain in the United States Light Horse Dragoons, but then a colonel in the rebel army. Here we found a fine plantation with nice buildings, but nearly everything gone except some sweet potatoes and a little bacon; but we learned that all their valuables, such as clothing and jewelry, and also their smoked meat, had been buried. About noon, we saw a negro going across the land, and, in order to bring him in, shot at him. He soon came, and on being asked where the meat was buried, said he had been absent when it was done and did not know; but we did not believe him and made him agree to show us. He soon led the way into the woods, and showed us the spot, where we found a large box put into the ground, filled with hams and shoulders, which we carried to the house. There were with us a couple of Winnebago Indians, belonging to the 21st Wis., who had found a large sack of corn meal, a wagon, and two neck-yokes in the woods.

We hitched two yoke of cattle to the wagon, which we loaded up with our provisions, and we proceeded on further to a little mill about a mile from Lancaster Court House. Here we found plenty of corn, and some of the boys went to work to put the mill in running order, Comrade John King, of the 21st Wis., acting as miller. We got all the negroes to work shelling corn, and myself, being a tailor, made a number of sacks out of sheets brought to me by some of the boys. The mill ground very slow, being one of those one-horse concerns, and we staid two days, during which time we got about thirty bushels of meal. Another yoke of cattle was found and secured, making three yokes. On the second day some of the boys came back from a scout and brought twenty-two chickens and one goose, which were cleaned, and, being something of a cook, I boiled the chickens in a big soup kettle and baked Mrs. Goose in a bake kettle. General Kilpatrick was then at Lancaster with his cavalry, and being ready to proceed onward, sent us word to make for our commands. In the morning our lieutenant had left us for the purpose of finding out when our corps (the 14th) would come up and on which road. In the afternoon we held a consultation with some of the mounted foraging parties, who had come after us and were also grinding corn, as to our remaining over night, and they agreed to remain, but afterwards changed their minds and left. I then insisted on our also leaving and making our way towards the main road to Cheraw, for which place I had learned that our corps was heading. Several of our squad were determined to stay another night, as we had a good time, plenty to eat, and a dry place to sleep. Our sergeant, who had been left in command, was also inclined to stay inasmuch as he expected our lieutenant back, but I pointed out the probability of getting captured by Wheeler's cavalry, who were near Lancaster—only a couple of miles away. The question now arose which way we should go, and as I had a piece of a map of South Carolina, I pointed out to the sergeant the road for us to take to strike the main road, on which our left wing was coming. Just about dark we started with our wagon, drawn by three yoke of cattle, with a rear guard. About twelve o'clock at night we came to a plantation, where we found some more of Sherman's bummers, and we concluded to stop for the night, and, after posting some pickets down the road, the rest of us went to bed—some in the house, some in the fence corners, others in the negro cabins. In the morning we saw a small house standing a little way from the mansion, and found its occupant to be a rebel soldier—a young man with a very pretty and young looking wife. She was the daughter of the planter. The rebel had been wounded in front of Petersburg, and was home on a furlough. To show you that even Sherman's bummers respected the soldier who was manfully fighting us in front, I will say that nothing had been disturbed around his little home; even his chickens were left untouched. I asked him and his pretty little wife if she would not cook us a nice dinner and spread the table. She replied that they had very little in the house to cook a good meal of. I had carried on my gun a ham to bring to my own squad in the company, but I went and got it, gave her some coffee, meal, sweet potatoes, sugar, etc., and we had a very enjoyable dinner together, and when we left in the afternoon the young couple had a much better idea of Sherman's Yankees. The next morning our division, which had been delayed on account of the terribly bad roads, came along, under the command of General Carlin, and we took our places in our companies and our train joined the division train, having been gone from the command eight days.

THE TREE OF DEATH.

(*From the Atlanta Constitution.*)

ON the New Hope battle field was a tree upon which the soldiers nailed the inscription, "Tree of Death." Several Federals were killed behind the tree by Confederate sharpshooters. The tree was in advance of the Federal line, and was about three hundred yards from the Confederate works. It was used by Federal skirmishers, who would stand behind it and load, and then step out and fire. Confederate sharpshooters went along the Confederate line for nearly a mile in each direction, and then being so far from the side of the tree that they could see behind it, by a cross firing made it as dangerous to stand behind the tree as to stand in front of it. Seven Federals were killed behind the tree, and it came to be known as the "Tree of Death."

Rainbow Bluff, North Carolina.

A REBEL COLONEL'S CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT.

By W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass.

DECEMBER, 1864, an expedition left Plymouth, N. C., with Rainbow Bluff and Tarboro as its objective point. The force consisted of the 27th Mass., 9th N. J., 176th Penn., detachments of the 16th Conn., 85th N. Y., 12th N. Y. Cavalry, 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery, and Battery A, 3d N. Y. Artillery, the latter armed with muskets. This last force under Captain Russell, was temporarily attached to the 27th Mass., under Col. W. G. Bartholomew. This force under Col. Jones Frankle left Plymouth December 9th, and after several light engagements, reached the vicinity of Rainbow Bluff at midnight the 12th. At this point the enemy contested the advance so warmly that it was concluded they were present in force. It was decided to attempt to flank this force, and if possible get to their rear and capture them; and this work was assigned to the 9th N. J. and the 27th Mass. Regts. This work was quite to their taste; and after more than three years' service—much of the time in the same brigade—it is not too much to say that they had unbounded confidence in each other.

The night was bitter cold; the ground frozen and rough, and the water froze in the canteens. The moon threw a flood of light, requiring great care and secrecy to prevent discovery. The way lay to the right across wooded fields, some of the time through a deep dry ditch, then through a ravine shaded by overhanging cliffs to a stream over which the bridge had been destroyed. The stream was a roaring torrent, at flood height, but by the aid of floodwood and brush lodged against the pier a crossing was effected. As the column neared Fort Branch upon the bluff the sky became heavily clouded so that we passed it and reached the Hamilton road without opposition.

As the column reached this road it was discovered by Colonel Hinton, commander of the post. Thinking we were re-enforcements Colonel Hinton mounted his horse and rode up to Captain Russell, who was at the rear of the 27th, and accosted him, "Good morning, Captain! never so glad to see any one in my life;" then turning to the men said, "Had a pretty rough jaunt, hain't you, boys?" There was not enough of light to discern colors, but Captain Russell scented the fun and replied, "Good morning! colonel is just ahead and wants to see you." Reaching Colonel Bartholomew, Hinton extended his hand saying, "Good morning, colonel! Just in time! There's fun ahead!" Colonel Bartholomew had walked just far enough to particularly admire the gray steed before him, and besides, he had a considerable bump for good horses. He grasped Colonel Hinton's hand and the horse's bits most affectionately and responded, "Ah! Good morning! I'm awful glad to see you! You may get off that horse; you won't need it any longer, as you are my prisoner!" "Wha—what!" exclaimed the astonished rebel officer. "What regiment are you?" "27th Mass.," was the prompt reply. "The d——l you are! I thought you were the Weldon Junior Reserves," was the disconsolate rejoinder.

We had it now; we not only had the commander, but the key to the position also; *we would be the Weldon Junior Reserves.* The 9th N. J. was at the front. Advancing to some log barracks a short distance ahead the sentinel was saluted, "Turn out the guard for the Junior Reserves." They came tumbling out, disgruntled by the disturbance, and without the firing of a gun were seized as prisoners. We were now in the rear of and near to the rebel intrenchments. Captain Hufty, of the 9th, was challenged by two sentinels, but he continued to advance saying in a drawling tone, "Come ah-n, boy-es; come ah-n! We uns are Weldon Reserves; they uns won't hurt we. Come ah-n!" and before the sentinels could decide what to do they too were prisoners. It was now reported that there was a body of troops approaching from the rear (it was the Junior Reserves), and Colonel Stewart, of the 9th N. J., who was in command of our force, deployed his troops, the 9th facing the approaching column and the 27th Mass. in an opposite direction facing the intrenchments, and gave the order "Charge!" The Junior Reserves broke in all directions before the impetuous charge of the Jersey boys and the Johnnies abandoned the works before the charge of the 27th and took to the woods and a cross road connecting with the Tarboro road. It was expected that the force remaining under Colonel Frankle would occupy the intersection on the Tarboro road, but this they failed to do, so that most of the enemy escaped. The result of this movement was the capture of Colonel Hinton and 128 prisoners with arms and equipments, and the destruction of their barracks.

* * *

OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

MARY B. HOSMER.

TWINE lovely wreaths to deck the honored graves
Where sleep the ashes of our noble dead;
Wreathe the dark laurel, green as ocean waves,
With reverence place them o'er each patriot head.

Bring our loved ensign, o'er them let it wave,
The dear "old flag," beneath whose folds they fell;
Long may the nation live they died to save,
Bright be their memory who died so well.

For the dear sacrifice so freely given
Here let the nation bow itself and weep;
Gently let fall tears, like dews of heaven,
Water each mound where our brave patriots sleep.

Place a white tablet o'er each noble breast,
And let their glowing record there be found;
This be our Mecca, where our soldiers rest
Shield we from impious hands each sacred mound.

But not alone to him of high renown
Shall pæans rise and words of praise be given;
Bring brightest laurels for the dead "unknown,"
Whose records, lost to earth, are bright in heaven.

The solemn minute-gun, the warrior's knell,
For them is booming over land and sea,
While o'er their graves the winds, that sigh and swell,
Their soft and mournful requiem shall be.

Rest, savior patriots, in your narrow beds,
While all about you Nature's voices ring,
Far brighter crowns await your noble heads
Than the sweet tributes which we hither bring.

THE CRUTCH IN THE CORNER.

[Written just after the war, by JOHN McINTOSH—"Old Vermont."]

"WHY, Billy, your room is as cold as the hut
We had by the swamp and river,
Where we lost our Major, and Tim, you know,
And sixty more with the fever."
"Well, Tom, old fellow, it's hard enough,
But the best at times knock under;
There's ne'er a stick of wood in the house
But that crutch in the corner yonder!

"Sorry I listed? Don't ask me that, Tom;
If the flag was again in danger,
I'd aim the gun with an aching stump
At the foe, were he brother or stranger.
But, I say, ought a wound from a shot or shell,
Or a pistol bullet, by thunder!
Forever doom a poor fellow to want,
With that crutch in the corner yonder?

"That crutch, old comrade, ought ever to be
A draft at sight on the Nation
For honor, respect, and a friendly hand,
For clothing, and quarters, and rations!
My wife—she begs at the Nugget House,
Where the big-bugs live in splendor,
And brag, o'er their wine, of the fights that brought
Such as that in the corner yonder!

"And Charlie—he goes to some place up-town
Some ticket-for-soup arrangement;
All well enough for a hungry boy,
But, Tom, it's effect is estrangement;
I'd sooner have kicked the bucket twice o'er,
By a shell or a round ten-pounder,
Than live such a life as I'm doing now,
With that crutch in the corner yonder.

"There's ne'er a thing left to pawn or to sell,
And the winter has closed on labor;
This medal is all that is left me now,
With my pistols and trusty saber;
And those, by the sunlight above us, Tom,
No power from my trust shall sunder
Save the One that releases me at last
From that crutch in the corner yonder.

"I can raise this arm that is left to me
To the blessed heaven above us,
And swear by the throne of the Father there,
And the angels all, who love us,
That the hand I lost and the hand I have
Were never yet stained by plunder,
And, for love of the dear old flag, I now
Use that crutch in the corner yonder.

"Do I ask too much when I say we boys
Who fought for the Nation's glory,
Now that the danger is past and gone,
In comfort should tell our story?
How should we have fought when the mad shells screamed
And shivered our ranks, I wonder,
Had we known our lot would have been to beg,
With that crutch in the corner yonder?

"There's little we hear of nowadays
But pardon and reconstruction,
While the soldier who fought and bled for both
Is left to his own destruction.
'Twould be well, I think, in these nipping times,
For those Congress fellows to ponder,
And think of us boys who use such things
As that crutch in the corner yonder."

Circumstances Alter Cases.

W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass.

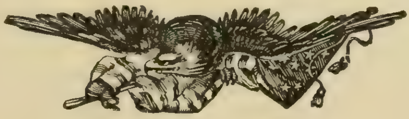
CAPT. C. D. SANFORD, of the 27th Mass., with fifty men, was scouting near Dover, N. C., when he discovered a small body of the enemy approaching. Secreting his force in the swamp he awaited their approach, but on discovering it to be a flag of truce, he, with five men, advanced a short distance to meet it. The colonel in charge of the flag remarked: "Captain, this is very unfortunate; were it not for this flag of truce I should have made a splendid capture this morning!" "Would you? Let's see!" replied Captain Sanford. "Forward, 27th!" when his men debouched from the swamp with fixed bayonets. "Ah!" responded the colonel; "beg your pardon; this alters the circumstances!" "Yes," retorted Captain S. with a suppressed laugh, "and circumstances alter cases!"

Made It for His Own Use.

August 14, 1862, an expedition reached Swansboro, N. C., to destroy the salt works, five miles from that place. On reaching the works they found twenty-five bushels of salt ready for the market. The proprietor begged piteously for this, saying he made only a little for his own use. He must have been an old salt. In spite of his pleading the works and the salt were destroyed.

Supported by the 9th N. J.

A good squib—such as were common in soldier life—originated upon the battle field of Goldsboro, N. C. One of Belger's R. I. battery had been wounded severely, and when approached by a chaplain upon the field was asked if he was supported by divine grace. "No, we were supported by the 9th N. J.," was the laconic reply.



HOW GRANT SAVED LEE.

1865.

He Keeps His Word of Honor and Prevents Stanton from Ordering an Arrest.

COL. BARROLL, Quartermaster's Department.

THE war was over. General Lee and his Confederates had returned to their desolated homes on their parole of honor. The victorious armies, under Grant and Sherman, were encamped around Washington, and Jeff Davis was in Fortress Monroe.

Generals Grant and Rawlins were playing a game of billiards in the National Hotel and two civilians were indulging in that pastime on an opposite table. A major entered the room in a hurry and whispered to Grant. The latter laid his cue on the table, saying, "Rawlins, don't disturb the balls until I return," and hurried out. One of the civilians said to the other: "Pay for the game and hurry out. There is something up."

In front of the hotel stood a mounted sentinel. Grant ordered the soldier to dismount, and springing into the saddle rode up the avenue so fast as to attract attention. The first civilian questioned the soldier as to the cause, but received no answer. On being told of the general's breakneck ride, it was decided to go to the War Department and learn the cause.

One of the civilians came, asking me if I knew the reason of General Grant's hasty action and if I had seen the hero of the hour around the department. I answered, "Yes," but was surprised at anybody's knowledge of the event. When told of what had transpired, I said, "Well, as you are aware of the coming of General Grant I will tell you about it, providing you promise not to repeat it.

"Secretary Stanton sent for me in reference to the execution of certain orders, and, while listening to his instructions, General Grant came in. The secretary greeted the general with a pleasant 'good morning,' which the latter returned and said: 'Mr. Secretary, I understand that you have issued orders for the arrest of General Lee and others, and I desire to know if such orders have been placed in the hands of officers for execution.'

"'I have issued writs for the arrest of all the prominent rebels, and officers will be dispatched on the mission soon,' replied the secretary.

"General Grant appeared cool, though laboring under mental excitement, and quickly said:—

"'Mr. Secretary, when General Lee surrendered to me at Appomattox I gave him my word of honor that neither he nor any of his followers would be disturbed so long as they obeyed their parole of honor. I have learned nothing to cause me to believe that any of my late adversaries have broken their promises, and I have come here to make you aware of that fact, and to suggest that your orders be canceled.'

"Secretary Stanton became terribly angry, and said:—

"'General Grant, are you aware whom you are talking to? I am the Secretary of War.'

"Quick as a flash Grant answered back: 'And I am General Grant. Issue those orders at your peril.' Then turning on his heel Grant walked out as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

"Neither Lee nor any of his soldiers were arrested. I was dismissed from the presence of the secretary with the remark that my services in connection with the arrest of the leading rebels would be dispensed with until he took time to consider, and I yet await the result of his decision."

FOLLY OF THE NORTH.

THE folly of supposing that the rebellion could be overthrown by anything but the annihilation of the armies which supported and defended it, was first pointed out in the most emphatic manner by many of the newspapers, long before the military authorities were convinced of it.

First New York Cavalry's Claim.

THE 1st N. Y. Cavalry claim the honor of having the first volunteer, the first company to muster, the first cavalry officer killed, the last officer killed, the first man killed in defense of free soil, and the odium of having the first deserter—the only one the regiment had during its term of service.

Across the Rapidan.

1864.

HARD FIGHTING IN THE WILDERNESS.

RATTLE OF MUSKETRY AND ROAR OF ARTILLERY.

By CHARLES B. BROCKWAY, Captain Battery F, 1st Penn. Artillery.

GRANT'S Rapidan movement began on the 3d of May, 1864, and the utmost caution was observed to prevent the enemy from discovering our movements. During the night the army was massed at different fords on the Rapidan, ready to push over on the appearance of daylight. On the 4th Hancock's corps crossed at Ely's ford without opposition, much to the surprise of every one, because the river formed a splendid line of defense. Our road that day took us over the Chancellorsville battle ground. The troops were in motion at daylight of the 5th. The 2d Corps, leaving the main road, marched in a southerly direction, passing a furnace and some ore mines. We soon halted and formed line of battle on the left of the 5th Corps. They were in position on the Brock road, where it cut the Orange plank road at right angles. The ground selected by Lee was a dense *chaparral* for miles and is called "The Wilderness."

The men began at once the construction of breastworks, using for that purpose anything that would stop bullets. The pioneer corps commenced slashing trees to give play to the few guns which were in position, and to impede the enemy should they attempt a charge.

No noise betokened the presence of our foe, yet we "felt in our bones" that they were not far off. General Hancock held the left, General Sedgwick the center, and General Warren the right of the Union line. Burnside had joined us with 30,000 men, including one division of negroes, but the 9th Corps was not put on the line. As Sedgwick's artillery had not arrived, our battery was ordered to report to General Getty, commanding a division of his corps. Only one section could be used, however, and that must advance at close intervals up the plank road. My section was selected.

I never expected to come out of the engagement alive, nor to bring any of my men out. The infantry right and left were to a great extent shielded by the wilderness, but I had to take the open road, and formed a good mark for the enemy. The road was narrow—a ditch on each side—with no chance to limber up and retreat in case of accidents. I had my caissons follow some distance in the rear, and put my guns *en echelon*, to enable me to open with both at once. I took the precaution to have several shells prepared, as I knew the attack would be sudden. Our skirmishers were only fifty yards in front of our first line of battle, the two remaining lines following at close distance. We could not see what was in the woods, but several rebels leisurely paced the road four hundred yards in our front, and we knew "by the pricking of our thumbs, something wicked this way comes."

As the minute of the watch pointed to 4.30 P. M. an advance was made. A few steps forward and the silence changed to a deafening roar of musketry. We advanced about two hundred yards, when the infantry began to waver, and I deemed it proper to perform my share in the tragedy. The guns were unlimbered and a few percussion shells sent into the enemy's ranks, now only a few hundred yards beyond. They immediately placed a section of Napoleon twelve-pounders in the road, and a couple of solid shot whizzed by our ears. Here was a tangible enemy and we all breathed freer in seeing something to fire at. At this time the whole line was engaged; the line of battle advanced and receded, and the yells of either party rose above the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery. By a fortunate shot we exploded one of the enemy's limber chests, and soon had disabled most of their men and horses. They then threw rounds of double-shotted canister, which bounded like hailstones, tearing up splinters in the plank road, and here and there knocked over men and horses. But our percussion shell was superior and their artillery was soon withdrawn. For a moment there was a lull and then the rebel line charged.

Slowly they pressed our men back, yelling like demons incarnate. At first I threw solid shot at the column as it advanced, until they commenced double-quicking. At this time, an officer of the 93d Penn. hallooed: " Stick to it, Charlie; I've got a thirty days' furlough," showing me at the same time a gaping wound in his thigh.

The time had now arrived to use canister, and terrible execution did it do along that narrow plank road. The enemy struggled bravely against it. If the line broke they steadily reformed; if the colors fell they were seized by another hand; the wounded crawled into the ditches and the dead formed a barrier to the second line.

General Hancock was now on the ground and promptly sent in fresh troops to support us. The enemy soon learned that they could not advance down a narrow road in the face of a section of artillery, capable of throwing a peck of bullets a minute! They then adopted safer tactics by loading their guns under cover, and taking the road only long enough to fire them. After being under fire over two hours I found only a round of canister remained. Major Ricketts sent another section to relieve me, which formed some distance in my rear when I retired. At this critical moment one of the guns burst, carrying away a foot and a half of the muzzle. The other piece unaided could not check the charging enemy, and they secured the gun. By a gallant charge Carroll's brigade recaptured the gun and after dark we secured its limber. On the right and left the fight had been equally heavy, though no artillery was used. At the close of the engagement that night we held our ground on the left and center, but on the right we had lost two guns, some prisoners, and much ground. General Hays and Wadsworth had been killed, General Seymour captured, and several other generals wounded. Considering the engagement as a whole we had got the worst of it.

On Friday, the 6th, Hancock determined to show Lee the mettle of the 2d Corps. The musketry was terrible, but we proved that our infantry could outfight theirs, even on their chosen ground. Line after line of intrenchments was taken, and the enemy's right steadily driven over two miles. This left our flank exposed and the enemy was not slow in taking advantage of it. Barlow's division was thrown into momentary confusion, but order was soon restored, and the line began falling back upon its supports. It was at this moment that Burnside should have attacked.

About noon a lull occurred, but it was the calm that precedes the storm. Longstreet, following Jackson's tactics, had massed his entire corps on the left. We managed to get Dow's and Edgehill's batteries in position at short range, the 1st Penn. Battery being put in a position commanding the plank road. About 4. P. M. the charge was made, led by Longstreet in person. It was the heaviest of the war and on it Lee staked his hopes of driving us beyond the Rapidan. Our men stood like heroes. The guns were double-shotted with canister and fired at short range, but still the column pushed forward. A portion of Mott's division and an entire brigade of Birney's went to the rear *en masse*, and for a time we feared the line would be severed. To add to our discouragement the breastworks, which were built of planks, caught fire, compelling us to fall back on the second line. The rebels renewed their shouts and hundreds of them rushed from the wilderness into the road they had gained. The 2d Corps rushed to the front, captured or killed the enemy who had gained the road, drove the remainder back, captured their colors, wounded Longstreet, killed Jenkins, and disabled a number of other prominent generals. The other corps were not engaged as heavily. We had repulsed the enemy, but they held their original ground, besides holding their wounded and thousands of ours. Both had lost heavily. Grant declared that his previous battles were skirmishes compared to this. The picket firing was very heavy during the entire night and succeeding day. On Saturday, about dusk, it was discovered that Lee was moving towards Spottsylvania Court House. The arms captured from the enemy, or belonging to our killed and wounded, were gathered, and broken or buried. In order to deceive the enemy headboards were placed over them, inscribed with the names of fictitious soldiers. During the entire night the weary soldiers were marching. Warren had the advance, followed by Sedgwick; Hancock, commanding the rear guard, did not leave the field until daylight of Sunday. Many men fell by the way, worn out or sunstruck, and had to be abandoned to the mercies of Mosby's guerrillas.

* * *

Battle of Spottsylvania.

THE DEFENSE OF "THE ANGLE."

MAY 12, 1864.

A Heroic Day's Work by the 4th Brigade, 2d Division of the 6th Army Corps, commanded by the Writer.

GEN. OLIVER EDWARDS, of Warsaw, Ill., First Colonel 37th Massachusetts.

* * *

THE enemy's line in front of Hancock, at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864, formed a salient angle, and here the Confederates had massed thirty guns, for General Lee considered this the key to his position. General Hancock having captured this angle at daylight, the 12th, General Lee resolved to retake it at all hazard. The position captured consisted of this angle, of a line of breastwork five feet in height and strong enough to resist the fire of light artillery. There was a "head-log" twenty inches in diameter on top of this breastwork, raised sufficient to fire under. There were also heavy traverses for the artillery. Behind this line was an open grove of large hard-wood trees. Near the right of this grove was the head of a ravine, extending back toward the base of the angle, forming a natural covered way for Lee's assaulting columns to approach within forty yards of the breastworks, entirely protected from our fire. It was at this part of the angle that the most desperate and constant assaults of the enemy were directed, and it was in front of the head of this natural approach that the 4th Brigade desperately battled from 5 A. M. to 4.30 P. M. on the 12th, while it further helped to hold the position until 5 A. M., the 13th.

At 4.30 A. M. on the 12th of May, 1864, the bugle at 6th Corps headquarters sounded the assembly. The corps was sleeping as soldiers can sleep after seven days' of marching and fighting, but in a few moments the 4th Brigade, 2d Division, consisting of the 10th and 37th Mass. Vols., and 2d R. I. Vols., reported "ready to move." A staff officer from corps headquarters gave General Wright's orders that the first brigade under arms should move at once. The 4th Brigade moved at once and marched a short distance to the left, passing the rebel Gen. Edward Johnston, and Colonel Stewart of his staff, prisoners of war. The column soon turned to the right and debouched upon an open plain, with the angle directly in front, six hundred yards away.

Filing to the right the length of the brigade and then by the left flank the 4th Brigade advanced and occupied the works captured by the 2d Corps, and relieved that portion of the 2d Corps directly in front of the head of the approach before described. The 10th Mass. Vols. were on the right, the 37th Mass. on the left, and the 2d R. I. in the center. The brigade connected with the Excelsior Brigade, 2d Corps, on our left, and the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 6th Corps, formed on our right.

Scarcely was the 4th Brigade in position when suddenly appeared three lines of the enemy, charging upon the works. The first line was scarcely twenty yards away, when the 4th Brigade delivered its fire and the enemy's lines were swept away; the ground seemed covered with dead, dying, and wounded. The firing under the "head-log" made the effect far more deadly, for there was almost no overshooting. Expecting another assault, I ordered each regiment to hold its fire until the first line of the enemy was within fifteen yards of the works. Five times the enemy charged desperately in three lines in close column, and five times they went down before that wall of fire. The enemy then ceased to attack in close order, but threw forward clouds of skirmishers, endeavoring to advance in open order and mass enough men under their side of the breastworks to capture them. We then began file-firing, each man loading and firing as fast as was practicable, and this was kept up until 3 A. M. the next morning.

The fighting was continuous, and at times almost desperate. Two rebel color-bearers were shot down within a few feet of the works, and their colors captured, and at one time—for a few minutes—a rebel flag floated over the works, and then, as its brave bearer was bayoneted, the flag came to us. Lieutenant-

Colonel Reed, commanding the 2d R. I. Regt., received a bullet through his scalp. Major Parker of the 10th Mass. received his death shot, Major Moody of the 37th Mass. was wounded and had to leave the field, Lieutenant-Colonel Montague, commanding the 37th, was slightly wounded but retained his command. Many other officers of the 4th Brigade were killed and wounded by sharpshooters off on the right. Col. Waldo Merriam was killed while speaking to me. Without warning a regiment out of ammunition broke from the works to the rear. I had not one regiment out of the front line that had a round of ammunition. The 37th Mass. were asleep in the mud a few steps in rear of the fighting line. No noise of the battle could disturb them, but as I command "37th advance, and hold the works with the bayonet!" their line arises and moves into the works and crosses bayonets over the parapet. Midnight came, and with it plenty of ammunition. What a relief it was! The night wore on. At 3 A. M. the enemy suddenly stopped firing. Our lines ceased to fire, and at once sent out a small reconnoitering party, who reported that the enemy had fallen back. I immediately covered our front with a skirmish line, and my tired soldiers slept on their arms. At 4.30 the firing of the rebels slowing down and the 4th Brigade being out of cartridges, I relieved them with regiments of the 2d Corps and placed them a few paces in the rear in support. The 4th Brigade had up to this time used an average of about four hundred rounds of ammunition per man. The brigade had had nothing to eat all day. Gen. David A. Russell, commanding the 1st Division, 6th Corps, walked forward with me and said that he felt for us, and if we were not relieved before daylight that he would relieve us from his own division. A New Jersey regiment reported promptly and went into position on my right; they were nearly 1,000 strong and fought nobly, easing me from all anxiety for that part of my line.

In the mean time as soon as a relieved regiment could gather from the dead and wounded a few rounds of cartridges I relieved the regiments in the front line and the relieving regiments used their scant ammunition slowly and deliberately. These regiments belonged to the 2d Corps and fought well. I remember one of them. whose commander would reply to me each time I put them into the front line, "All right, we have but a few days to serve; give us all the fighting you can."

Archer's Tennesseeans at Spottsylvania.

MAY 11 AND 12, 1864.

A SECOND ANGLE OF DEATH.

Lee's Conduct Under Fire.—The Daring Act of a Federal Battery.

By J. H. MOORE, 7th Tenn. Regiment.

ON the 5th day of May, 1864, Heth's division opened the battle of the Wilderness, and for at least two hours held Grant's army at bay on the plank road. On the 10th, when General Hancock led his corps to attack and flank our right, Heth's division was directed to meet and repulse him. In this last movement Gen. H. H. Walker, then commander of the Tennessee brigade, was wounded and lost a leg. The evening of the 11th found Heth's division, weary and fatigued, resting on the right of Lee's army. For days, officers and men were unable to take time to remove or to change their scanty clothes; every waking brought an imperative duty, and now, these veterans, as by a military instinct, could readily detect the significance of the movement. There are times when disposition of troops and orders executed with the utmost secrecy impress their aim upon the very privates in the ranks. It was apparent that all had forebodings of some great movement going on and that danger was imminent. Yet there was no excitement or hurry; all was quiet and in keeping with the approaching day. Now after ten days of constant service, hungry, weary, and unwashed, we might reasonably hope that the time had arrived when we could take some rest. Indeed, our position might justify this hope, as we believed the Federals were concentrating somewhere besides in our front. The works occupied by the Tennessee brigade extended about fifty yards in front of the general direction of our line and terminated in an acute angle. Immediately in our front for about fifty yards, was an open space and then pine woods. I was musing in a half reverie upon those solemn pines, when we were aroused by heavy firing on our left. This was about gray dawn. All were aroused and turned anxious eyes in the direction of the left. An ominous sight was presented. On our left, in the direction of the firing, issued flocks of small birds and owls from the wood. The density of the pines afforded sufficient darkness to those wanderers of the night, but as they reached the open space in our front, their flight was rapid. Hardly had we time to reflect upon the retreat of the birds, before a heavy skirmish firing began in our front, and about the same time the Federal artillery opened on us. This skirmish and artillery firing was kept up until about 9 A. M., when the Federal skirmishers were re-enforced and our men were driven in. Elated by the sight of our retreat before them, to gain the shelter of our works, they marched steadily and boldly out of the cover of the pines into the open space in front. They advanced in the height of military discipline, and received without wavering volley after volley, but at length our well directed fire told on their ranks.

Though the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss he rallied in the pine woods, and again advanced to the attack. No time was lost; every man seemed nerved to do his whole duty. The enemy advanced to the open space but did not entirely emerge from the pine woods. He was checked by the fire of our works, assisted by our skirmishers and sharpshooters. The enemy now retired and was pressed back far into the pine woods by the advance of division skirmishers and sharpshooters. This ended the attack upon the angle held by the Tennessee brigade.

AN ACT OF DARING.

In conclusion, I desire to call the attention of those who participated in the battle of Spottsylvania to what appeared to me to be the most daring and desperate act of the war by a battery. On the morning of the 13th while I was within our works I saw to our right—distance about five hundred yards and about the same distance in front of our artillery—a Federal battery advance at full speed and halt in an open field. The artillerymen at once took out their horses and sent them to the rear, as much as to say, "We have come to stay." This was in full view and within reach of our forty pieces. As quick as the horses were started back, every man of that battery was seen digging, yet I could hardly think they were in earnest, for I was satisfied that if our artillery once opened upon them, not a man could escape. Presently our artillery opened, and as the smoke cleared off, I could see, that digging, with desperate energy, was still kept up by the survivors. Death and destruction I thought would be the portion of the battery and its brave defenders, for it appeared at times as if their caissons were literally covered with bursting shells; yet, strange to say, a few gallant fellows survived the attack and amid showers of shot and shell succeeded in throwing up tolerably secure works. They came to stay and they did stay. This was the bravest act of the war, and in the hope that I may yet learn who those gallant fellows were I mention the incident.

The March Towards Freedom.

WE are to keep always in mind that the war as begun was for preserving the Union by maintaining the government; but the nation was marching towards freedom. Very early in the war, after the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., General Fremont, commanding in Missouri, issued a proclamation confiscating the property and making free the slaves of all citizens of Missouri who had taken up arms against the government. President Lincoln revoked the order. It was his province as commander-in-chief to issue such an order.

Three days before Robert Small brought out the Planet, Major-General Hunter, commanding at Hilton Head, issued a proclamation. He said: "Slavery and martial law in a free country are incompatible. The persons in these States—Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina—heretofore held as slaves are, therefore, declared to be free."

President Lincoln revoked this order for the same reason that he had revoked General Fremont's. He had sent a message to Congress urging the gradual abolishment of slavery by compensating the masters.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the thinker, had this to say about it:

Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

Hancock's Wonderful Charge

AT SPOTTSYLVANIA,

MAY 12, 1864.

A Terrible Fire.—Trees Eighteen Inches Through Cut Down by Bullets.

THE charge against the salient at Spottsylvania, Va., on the 12th of May, was bloody and decisive. It was just getting to be light and a heavy fog rested over the earth, when the low command, "Forward!" was given. The men passed quietly over three-fourths of the distance ere the enemy's pickets fired. Our troops then charged at the run and gained the works before their men were really awake. They had only time to fire a few rounds of canister. Unfortunately, at the sight of the prisoners and captured guns, the supporting columns gave vent to their joy by the most noisy yells imaginable, thus alarming the enemy, and warning them of our advance. Had it been otherwise, little would have been left of Lee's army, as their center was pierced, and in a few minutes we would have been in their rear. But the enemy was aroused, and, drawing troops from other points, endeavored to retake their works. The Mississippi brigade regained part of the line in front of Birney's division, and there occurred the hardest fight of the day.

Our men retreated about thirty yards, and though unprotected fought unflinchingly the entire day. So steady was our fire, they could neither show their heads, take aim, nor retreat, as our guns covered the space behind them. Where our line joined theirs, the men could touch each other, and each would load and fire over the parapet. This terrific musketry was kept up through the night to prevent the enemy from carrying off some artillery which lay between the lines.

Trees eighteen inches in thickness were cut down by it, and bodies of men and horses lying between the two lines were reduced to shapeless masses.

As Hancock's headquarters were in our battery, we saw and heard all that was going on. A moment after the charge a crowd of men came confusedly to the rear. I could scarcely believe our corps had broken, as there had been but little firing; but the gray uniforms soon dispelled our fears. They came in thousands and we began to fear that they would overpower the weak guard sent with them.

Major-General Johnson was brought in. He thanked his guard courteously for their kindness. "You are damned welcome," was the blunt reply of the sergeant. Hancock greeted him cordially, saying, "I am glad to see you, Ned." "Under other circumstances," said the rebel, "I would be pleased to meet you." Hancock then said to an aide, decisively: "Telegraph Warren and Burnside to attack at once; that I have routed Johnson and am going to roll up Early; have taken their main line, eight thousand prisoners, thirty guns, and twenty-three colors. Request General Wright to send re-enforcements, and in the meantime send in every available man to this point and give orders to hold the works at all hazards."

During these orders, Johnson put his hand to his heart, and as he gazed upon his fellow prisoners and the earthworks, which but an hour before were under his command, heavy tears coursed down his cheeks and his whole frame heaved with emotion. But he took a drink with Hancock, who then sent him on horseback to Grant's headquarters, accompanied by an aide. Our horses were sent to us to bring off the captured guns, and in many cases the men had to fight while hitching to them. The Irish brigade and Miles's brigade each secured a gun after dark, by slowly crawling up in the face of the enemy's fire, hitching to them, and dragging them to the rear.

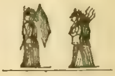
A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

TWO lieutenants of the Regular Army sought and obtained permission to take service in volunteer regiments. Their applications were the first of that nature made, and were the first granted. By a coincidence their regiments bore even date, as did their order of detail. These two officers became widely known as Major-General Warren and General Kilpatrick.

GENERAL HUNTER'S RAID

UP THE SHENANDOAH.

NEWMARKET AVENGED.



CAPTAIN SOLEY, 34th Mass.

ON the 22d of May, 1864, Maj.-Gen. David Hunter assumed command of the army of the Shenandoah, then lying encamped in the vicinity of Strasburg, superseding General Sigel. On assuming command the new commander issued an extremely stringent order, a copy of which now lies before me. Section 2d says: "For the expedition on hand, the clothes each soldier has on his back, with one extra pair of shoes and socks, are amply sufficient. Everything will be packed. Each knapsack will contain one hundred rounds of ammunition, carefully packed; four pounds of hard-bread, to last eight days; ten rations of coffee, sugar, and salt; one pair of shoes and socks, and nothing else." Section 3d orders that the command shall subsist on the country. Under this order the command was put in motion on the morning of the 26th. On the evening of the 29th, it encamped near the battle field where it had been defeated under Sigel on the 15th. Here the column remained till the morning of June 2, burying the dead, and caring for the wounded, several of whom still remained at the little village of Newmarket close by, too severely wounded to be removed by the enemy. This done, the column resumed its march, and on the evening of the 2d of June, encamped near Harrisonburg. Here, many of the wounded of the late battle were found, among whom were Lieut.-Col. William S. Lincoln of the 34th Mass., Lieut. R. W. Walker, and many others. The column resumed its march the 4th, *via* Mount Crawford and Port Republic, and reached the vicinity of Piedmont without encountering anything of note. The shrill notes of the bugle aroused us at four o'clock on the morning of the 5th, and soon after we were again on the road taking the direction of Staunton. The infantry marched in two columns, one on the right, the other on the left of the road; a body of cavalry moved in advance, while the road was occupied by the artillery and ordnance train. In this order we moved through a wooded country; and at times the skirmish fire in front was truly lively.

Skirmishers were thrown out on either flank and we pushed on rapidly, until we came in sight of Piedmont. Here the enemy showed more strength; his artillery opened a well directed fire, and our own artillery responded as fast as the batteries came up. Soon the foggy atmosphere cleared, the sun shone out warm and bright, and, as the battle increased, things began to have a more cheerful appearance. With but little supper and less breakfast, it is a great relief to be ordered to take command of the skirmishers at the commencement of a battle, but this was the writer's orders. A strong line of skirmishers were pushed forward and the advance posts of the enemy were driven back on his main body, which was strongly posted on elevated ground in front of the village of Piedmont. They had hastily constructed breastworks of logs, rail fences, and such other material as came to hand. These defenses were musket-proof, but our artillery made sad havoc with them, and made it hot for their defenders. The enemy concentrated his force on our right wing, and pressed it hard, but was forced to retire. The battle continued, neither party gaining decisive advantage, till about 3 P. M., when Colonel Thoburn's brigade was moved over from the left to strengthen the right of our army. The 34th Mass. of this brigade was detached and, supported by the 54th Pennsylvania, was led by Colonel Wells up a ravine between two hills, thereby piercing the enemy's center, and from that position was enabled to flank the left wing of the enemy. This movement was made with great rapidity, and, strange to say, was totally unobserved by the enemy. These two regiments changed directions, and charged with a cheer up the hill and on the flank of the rebel left wing. They were received with a deadly volley of musketry, the 34th losing its color bearer and many men, killed and wounded. This did not check the impetuosity of the charge, and after a severe but brief hand-to-hand struggle the enemy gave way and fell back, at first stubbornly, then more rapidly, but finally scampered off the field, leaving it strewed with dead and wounded, besides 1000 prisoners in our hands. The victory was complete, and all seemed to feel that the defeat at Newmarket had been fully avenged.

Before night, the 6th, the victorious column had reached Staunton, the first Federal force within that place since the opening of hostilities. Our army remained at Staunton till the morning of the 10th. It was employed during this time in gathering provisions, destroying the railroad and canal, and everything that belonged to the Confederate government, or that in any way would tend to its advantage or support. Several miles of the Virginia and Tennessee railroad were destroyed, the rails and ties being torn up, and the road rendered unserviceable. While the force lay at Staunton it was joined by General Crook, commanding a division of infantry, and General Averill with a small division of cavalry, with the usual proportion of artillery from the valley of the Kanawha.

From Staunton we advanced through the country in three columns, Crook to the right, Hunter center, and Averill the left. In this manner we moved through Fairfax and Lexington. At the latter place we burned the Virginia Military Institute buildings, several mills, and large warehouses, Governor Letcher's residence, and a very large quantity of military supplies. We crossed the James river at Buchanan, the night of the 14th and ascended the Blue Mountains by a steep and circuitous route to "Peaks of Otter." We passed Liberty late the 16th, and by the afternoon of the 17th were driving General Breckinridge's forces back upon Lynchburg. An hour or two more of daylight and Lynchburg would have been ours. By the sound, train after train arrived during the night, and we could hear the troops they bore moving out, and working diligently on the defenses of the place. Our infantry lay in a narrow skirt of woods, with a high hill in the rear, and a formidable redoubt on another hill in our immediate front, and within easy rifle range. Our skirmish line ran along on the face of the hill, the summit of which was crowned by the enemy's earthworks, and was so close up to the latter that it left no room for an opposing line on his part, but the parapet of his works gave ample cover to his sharpshooters, and, when early morning lighted up the scene, they were not slow in letting our skirmishers know that they were "thar." A little further to the left the woods extended a couple of hundred yards further to the front, and the extreme edge of this wood was here occupied by our line of skirmishers. Several of our rifled batteries occupied the high hill in the rear of our infantry. All through the early morning, supreme quiet reigned along the lines, and it was not till about sunrise that it was broken by the enemy, who opened with his artillery from the earthwork in front of us. Our guns on the hill in the rear promptly responded, and for some time a roaring artillery fire was kept up on both sides. The enemy having ascertained the position of our batteries after a while ceased firing, except an occasional shot; and our gunners soon became correspondingly inactive. The enemy must have felt, as well as seen, the effects of our practice, for, while the cannonade continued, shells could be constantly seen tearing up the parapet of his works, or exploding among the defenders.

About noon all was unusually quiet along the front. The artillery on both sides had entirely ceased, and, except the occasional crack of a rifle, scarcely a sound disturbed the midday quiet. One unaware of the fact would scarcely believe that two hostile forces lay confronting each other and ready in a moment to enter into deadly combat. Now, away to the left, the roar of Duffie's cannon suddenly breaks the oppressive stillness, and a moment later the "rebel yell" ran along the enemy's lines. They come—the gray, the brown, the "butternut" commingled, but in splendid military order. Howling forth that hideous yell, they rushed madly on, unchecked by the galling and rapid fire of our well-trained skirmishers. Suddenly there is a deafening roar and the ground trembles with the concussion; our artillery on the hill in the immediate rear opens on them; great gaps are cut in their ranks; that high-toned yell grows fainter. But still they come, closing up the gaps as they advance. Now, "Forward the infantry," rings along our lines, and as the line of blue issues from the woods, it pours in a deadly volley, and, advancing rapidly, continues the fire. The line of gray reels, staggers, hesitates, and, terribly thinned, gives way before the advancing blue. They are swept over and into their first line of defenses. The starry flag of the 116th Ohio is seen for a short time waving on their parapet; but orders are given to withdraw, and, leaving a strong line of skirmishers, our infantry retire to their former place.

It was a terrible hot brush; the charge on the part of the enemy was made with a sort of dare-devil recklessness, and our artillery, at almost point blank range, mowed them down fearfully, and when this fire was supplemented by that deadly volley from the advancing infantry, they must have been more than mere men to have stood up under it. Our loss was considerable, but that of the enemy must have been much greater. The fighting was obstinate and the battle well contested all along the lines, and on our left it was particularly severe. The contest lasted altogether two or three hours—in fact, heavy skirmishing continued till nearly dark and did not altogether cease till the darkness prevented the riflemen from taking accurate aim.

THE PRISONER'S LAMENT.

[Written by a member of the 5th Ind Cav , who died one month afterwards at Andersonville, Ga]

WHEN our country called for men,
We came from forge, and store, and mill;
From workshop, farm, and factory,
The broken ranks to fill.
We left our quiet, happy homes
And ones we loved so well,
To vanquish all the Union foes
Or fall where others fell.
Now, in prisons drear we languish,
And it is our constant cry,
Oh, ye who yet can save us,
Why will ye leave us here to die?

The tongue of slander tells you
That our hearts were filled with fear;
That all or nearly all of us
Were captured in the rear;
But the scars upon our bodies,
Of musket ball and steel,
The missing legs and shattered arms
A truer tale will tell.
We have tried to do our duty
In the sight of God on high;
Oh, ye who yet can save us,
Why will ye leave us here to die?

There are hearts with hope still beating
In each pleasant Northern home;
Watching, waiting for the loved one
Who may never, never come.
In prisons drear we languish,
Meager, tattered, pale, and gaunt;
Growing weaker day by day,
With pinching cold and want.
Brothers, sons, and husbands,
Poor, helpless, captured lie;
Oh, ye who yet can save us,
Why will ye leave us here to die?

From out our prison's gates
There is a graveyard close at hand,
Where lie thirteen thousand Union men
Beneath the Georgia sand.
Scores are added daily,
As day succeeds each day,
And thus it will be ever,
Until all have passed away.
The last can say, when dying,
With upturned and glazing eyes,
Both love and faith are dead at home—
They leave us here to die.

CHARGE OF THE STAR BRIGADE,

1st Brigade, 1st Division, 18th Corps,

AT ⁕ COLD ⁕ HARBOR.

THE MOST HEROIC AND BLOODY ACT OF THE WAR.

June 3, 1864.

By W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass. Regiment.

A GENERAL attack upon the rebel lines at Cold Harbor had been ordered for 4 P. M., but a severe thunder-storm, accompanied by heavy wind, set in previous to that hour and continued into the night, so that the time of the assault was changed to 4.30 A. M. the following day.

At early light the Star Brigade quietly awoke, hastily partook of hard-tack and coffee, and at once moved a half mile to the left and front. A heavy artillery fire at this time opened along our whole line. The 27th Mass. Regt. now advanced as skirmishers, followed closely by the Star Brigade in mass by division, and, moving rapidly across an open field, entered a piece of timber and followed a ravine to a point near the edge of the woods. The orders from headquarters required no concert of action by the various corps.

PREPARATIONS FOR STORMING THE ENEMY'S WORKS.

The place assigned the 18th Corps to assault was an angle in the enemy's works, easterly and but a short distance from Gaines Mill. The hostile works consisted of substantial converging infantry parapets, with powerful profile skirting the crest of a low hill, which seemingly rose fifteen feet above the field before it. The apex of the angle was toward the enemy, and just in the rear of its convergence, and somewhat elevated, was a fort mounting several guns. Back of the works were to be seen nine stands of colors, representing as many regiments of Gen. R. H. Anderson's rebel corps, who were there to defend them. The field between the opposing forces was about three hundred and fifty yards wide; it was traversed by a ravine and dotted with stunted oak and apple trees. The rebel troops defending this position were Field's division of Anderson's corps, and consisted of Gen. E. M. Law's brigade, 4th, 15th, 44th, 47th, and 48th Ala. Regts., and Gen. G. T. Anderson's brigade, 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th, and 59th Ga. Regts.

The troops selected from the 18th Corps to assault this angle were the Star Brigade of Martindale's division, commanded by Gen. George J. Stannard, as brave and effective an officer as ever took the field. The brigade consisted of the 23d, 25th, and 27th Mass., the 9th N. J., and the 55th Penn. Regts. The first four had been shoulder to shoulder since the autumn of 1861; the latter had joined since the last battle. This brigade took position in the woods, the 27th Mass. on the right front, supported by the 55th Penn., the 25th Mass. on the left front, supported by the 23d Mass. The formation was by divisions of two companies.

Shortly after 5 A. M. the artillery duel ceased, and the 27th Mass. advanced. After a brief consultation by the commanding generals, their voices rang out on the morning air.

It was a moment of supreme impulse, of magnetic enthusiasm, of royal ambition, of consecrated patriotism. With a bound and a Union cheer, the brigade cleared the woods and the undergrowth skirting its edge and entered the open field, in full sight of the enemy and within easy range of their guns. Instantly the ground was covered by a hostile storm of iron enfilading every foot of advance; double-shotted rebel guns hurled grape, canister, and shrapnel, and the earth quivered under the mighty shock of battle. Into the riven field swept the assaulting column, unmoved by the fearful storm, and soon cleared the first line of rifle-pits. They now entered musket range and, to the howl and groan of heavy ordnance, was added the hum of "minies" and t-zip of bullets; but with majestic tread the Star Brigade rushed onward "into the jaws of death." Onward they swept, though every step was stained with blood. Onward, though Death gathered his harvest with overflowing hand and comrades fell as seared leaves before an autumn blast. Great ugly gaps rent in the line were quickly closed by the comrades of the fallen. They were now well within the angle and within about fifty yards of the desired goal. With an energy born of despair the enemy seemingly redoubled their efforts and hurled murderous volleys in quick succession. The brigade was already terribly defeated, but, blind to this, they plunged into the field beyond, unconscious of what was clear to their commanders and to the supporting divisions, that their depleted ranks would be in numbers no match for the enemy behind the works, were it even possible to reach the hostile line. A few steps more of advance and a fire more devastating than before swept the field, and, like a wave shorn of its strength, the column faltered and sank to the ground, the dead and wounded literally piled upon each other. With a spirit that has immortalized the brigade, the living extricated themselves from the mass of slain and again struggled against the iron storm,—crouching to escape its fury,—not ready yet even to acknowledge defeat in an open field—

> "Thrice the assailants shook them free,
> Once gained their feet and twice their knee"—

until the crumbling ranks sank under the withering fire, unable to reach the goal or to retrace their steps to friendly shelter. There were thousands of details, tens of thousands of episodes, along the Union front, but the fact was this: that rush carried the Star Brigade butt-up against a line of works which they were unable to carry, or, if carried, hold. Conceive the fierce onslaught amidst deafening volleys of musketry, thunderings of artillery and the wild, mad rush of battle; see the ranks mown down as they contend for every inch they advance until the lines crumble and break before the iron hail. Conceive of all this, and you will be able to individualize acts as they occurred along the line. Each man of the Star Brigade was a host, and the sum of their heroism an immortal action.

UPON THE FIELD.

It was impossible for the brigade to retrace its steps without doubling the loss already sustained, hence the men threw themselves upon the ground and sought such protection as its surface might afford. So fierce and unsparing was the musketry that the slightest movement was at the risk of life. The living clutched the ground, not knowing that many around them were dead. Some worked the soil from beneath them and settled their bodies into the ground, and not a few so arranged the bodies of the dead that the living could crouch their heads behind them for covert and defense. The surface of the field seemed instinct with life from the incessant plowing of shot and shell. The air was alive with all mysterious sounds, and death in every one of them. There were muffled howls that seemed in rage because their missiles missed you; the angry cry of the familiar minie; the t-zip of the common bullet; groans and the great whirring rushes of shells. Then came the dreadful "Whitworths," which made the air instinct with warning or quickened it with vivid alarm—long wails that fatefully bemoaned the deaths they wrought, fluttering screams that filled the space with horror, and cries that ran the diapason of terror and despair.

Above the din of battle came the wail of the wounded and the heart-rending cry, "Water! water! give me some water!" for nothing so tortures the wounded as the intolerable thirst caused by the ebbing tide of life. There was a lack of all nursing, a lack of all care, until fifteen tedious hours had dragged their weary length, when, under cover of the dusk of evening, they tenderly gathered their wounded and cautiously worked their way back to the point from which they had made the fatal charge.

As the column retraced its course to the rear, it was their fortune to pass the left of the 6th Corps, many of whom grasped their hands in cordial sympathy and exclaimed, "If you are 'parlor soldiers,' you charge and fight like h—l!" The assault had cost them 98 killed, 356 wounded, and 38 prisoners out of a total of about nine hundred men who participated in the charge. The fighting for the day was practically over by 7.30 A. M., but in that time the Union army had lost 13,000 men, while the enemy had lost but 1,100 men. Of this charge might well be applied the comments of the French general upon the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, "It was doubtless magnificent, but such a waste of men is not war!"

* * *

Repulse of the Star Brigade,

AT COLD HARBOR.

JUNE 3, 1864.

By GEN. P. D. BOWLES, Commanding the Confederate Forces.

I FOUND on bringing my regiments into the works that the men were four deep. I ordered three of every four of the men to set themselves under cover of the fortifications and load for the fourth one, who was to stand at the works and fire his gun and then hand it back to those in the rear to reload while he was to have a freshly-loaded piece as rapidly as he could fire.

We were not long waiting. Soon the woods in our front resounded with cold, mechanical huzzas, as if from myriad voices, and a general advance was made along the whole line. I ordered my men to hold their fire until the Federals came within seventy yards of our works, when I gave the command to fire. The Federals were advancing all this time without any caps on their guns and not a shot had come from the Union lines save those from a six-gun battery in my front, which was bursting shells over our heads and in our rear. Our artillery was not idle, but firing double-shotted canister, and at the distance of one hundred yards was cutting wide swaths through their lines at every fire, literally mowing them down by the dozen, while heads, arms, legs, and muskets were seen flying high in air at every discharge.

We were not long in discovering that there was no child's play awaiting us. We were opposed to a brave, determined, and gallant foe. The wide lanes made in their column were quickly closed, while on, on they came, swaying first to the right and then to the left, like great waves of the sea, until one upheaval from the rear would follow another, hurrying them nearer and nearer to our works. There was a ravine with a marsh in General Anderson's front. Here the enemy surged to the right to obtain shelter from the musketry of my men, only to be raked by the artillery and leaden hail from Anderson's brigade. At this point the dead were piled upon each other five and six deep, and the blood ran down the gully past our lines. . . . Such invincible resolution I never saw before or since. They advanced again and again only to be shot down until the ground was blue with the dead and wounded. . . . It was the most sanguinary charge of our civil war, and no more heroic act was performed by either side during that unhappy struggle, than on the part of the Federals which I have just described.

OLE MARSTER—FO' DE WAR.

BY W. P. CARTER.

OLE Marster comin' fru de bars,
Don't yer hear dat horse a snortin'?
Shuv dem marbuls in yer pocket,
Shet up and hishe dat torkin'.
Drap dat hoe agin dem taters,
Horsewhip mighty coolin';
Ole Marster sorter curus
When he ketch de nigger fulin'.

Hi, looker yonder, Ephrum,
B'leve he gone down in the medder;
Jes' fotch dem marbuls out agin—
We'll hav' a game togedder.
Wish I was white fokes—
Eatin' sweet cake and muffin,
A-bossin' uv de niggers,
Ridin' roun' an' doin' nuffin'.

Ole Marster luv de blooded horse,
Got plenty in de stable,
Bit an' stirrups shinin'
Like silber on de table;
Ride ober de odder place,
Pocket full uv money;
Arter while he come back home,
And buck dat peach and honey.

Ole fiel' lark sing pooty chune
Ebry Sunday mornin';
Brer Ambrose at de meetin' house,
To gib de niggers warnin';
Ole Marster at de big chuch,
Wid de 'ligious an' de sinner,
An' den he fotch de preacher
An' all de people home to dinner.

Ole Marster got a heap uv land,
And money widout figgers;
Ole fiel' full ub sheep and things,
And quarter full uv niggers;
He treat de black folks mighty well,
'Pears like 'tis in he nacher;
Oberseer play de debbil dough,
When he at de Legislacher.

Ole Marster wor' de high black hat
And standin' up shirt collar—
Shuv dem marbuls in yer pocket,
Dat de oberseer holler!
Don't yer hear him hine de 'backer house?
Cowhide soon be rulin';
Oberseer mons'us curus
When he ketch de nigger fulin'.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep.

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall;

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten.

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag that men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced—the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!" outblazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came.

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long thro' Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the head of the rebel host;

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well,

And through the hill gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law,

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

ASSAULT ON THE STAR BRIGADE,

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

JUNE 18, 1864.

W. P. DERBY, 27th Massachusetts Regiment.

AT 3.30 A. M., the 18th of June, 1864, the 27th Mass. Regt., now numbering 199 men, was aroused from its bivouac before Petersburg, Va., and, partaking of scanty rations, fell into line, and waited until 9 A. M., before ordered to advance. The first line of rebel works was found deserted. The 27th then halted upon a knoll in the rear of the residence of Colonel Pace, known as "Greencroft," and were ordered not to leave the line and to be ready to move at a moment's notice.

Soon after noon Steadman's brigade made a gallant but unsuccessful assault upon their front, and at 2 P. M. Lieut. James H. Fowler of Co. F, acting aide to General Stannard, brought orders for the 27th Mass. and 55th Penn. to charge, with the understanding that when reaching Steadman's position, his brigade would rally and rejoin in the assault. The ground declined before us until reaching a sharp knoll; upon the crest of this was a Virginia fence, from which the ground again descended. Beyond this was a field of growing oats, about ready to head, and then the enemy's works, the entire distance being about five hundred yards from our position. At the word of command the 27th Mass. sprang forward at trail arms, double-quicked up the abrupt ascent, scaled the fence and rushed down toward the field of oats. At the moment of reaching the fence, the enemy opened a rapid and murderous fire. Still the order was "Forward!" and, moved by an irresistible impulse and an unswerving courage, the column pressed forward into the grain, our course trailing with the forms of dead and mangled comrades. Onward, till every officer was wounded but Lieutenant

Jillson, and he endeavoring to aid Lieutenant Cooley from the field. Onward, under sergeants, until these too had been largely slain. Volley after volley at close range swept the line in quick succession, cutting great gaps in the column. We passed the position where Steadman's brigade lay, but we passed them but a short distance only before a sweeping blast brought our line to the ground like reeds before a tempest. It was well that the oats offered friendly shelter, for this in part protected us from the direct fire of the enemy. Endurance, valor, and courage had been taxed to their utmost, but in vain. It was the work of a few moments, but our repulse was complete.

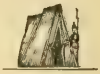
Captain Moore had been wounded soon after passing the fence. Capt. William McKay was wounded in the side, Lieut. S. P. Cooley received a severe wound in the side, and Lieutenant Jillson was urging him to go to the rear. "You are the only officer left," said Cooley, "and I will not leave you, Jillson." At that moment Lieutenant Cooley received a severe wound in the shoulder also, and fell into Jillson's arms and was borne off the field. The lifeless bodies of Sergeants Brewer, Meacham, and Colwell, with Corporals Eggleston and Oaks and many others marked the line of our perilous advance. The two Brewer brothers of Granville lay near each other in the embrace of death, having fallen within a few seconds of each other. Bolio, Dunakin, and Prior, of Co. D, were lying near by. The enemy poured their shot around us, and we seemed in danger of extinction. A furrow through the field served as a partial protection from the iron storm, and bayonets and cups were briskly used to draw the earth from under us and place it upon the exposed side. Others as at Cold Harbor sought shelter behind slain comrades and strengthened the human breastworks by throwing dirt against the bodies.

It seemed as if the sun was standing still a second time, and this time for the benefit of the Amorites. Napoleon at Waterloo never longed for night to come more than these battle-staid soldiers on that fatal field. To advance was death or capture; to retreat would double the loss already sustained. The waving grain in part shielded us from the enemy's eye, but it also prevented the air from reaching us, so that we almost broiled under the rays of the sun. As darkness settled upon the field the living and wounded worked their way back as best they could. Sergeant-Major Tryon was severely wounded in the leg. He refused assistance because it would expose those aiding him and because others might be more in need of aid. He crept back dragging his limp and helpless limb. Sergeant Everton had a musket ball pass completely through him from side to side, making a wound almost identical to that received later by President Garfield. He checked the flow of blood until dark, and then with his gun for a crutch hobbled to our lines.

The next morning Sergeant Peck presented General Stannard the morning report—with a list of the killed and wounded of the previous day—signed by himself. "Where are your commissioned officers?" asked General Stannard. A look in the hospital would have answered the question.

WANTED TO RALLY.

A SOLDIER was going off the field too hastily, when the provost guard cried: "Halt!" "Can't." "Wounded?" "No." "Sick?" "No." "What's the matter?" "I'm *scared*, and want to go to the rear to—*rally!*"



A NOVEL SABER.

AMONG the relics of the late war, stowed away in the United States Ordnance Museum on Seventeenth street, is a saber, fully five feet long, which was found on the battle field of Manassas. This formidable looking weapon was evidently made in some village blacksmith's shop from the fabled ploughshare at the outbreak of the war, and its handle appears to have been carved with a jack-knife from a cow's horn. A Virginian who visited the museum last week recognized the saber as one that had been used by a giant Virginia cavalryman in "Jeb" Stuart's command.

"The cavalryman in question," said the Virginian to the *Hatchet*, "was nearly seven feet high and broad in proportion. He had that big saber made by a crossroads horseshoer, and promised to hew his way through the Yankee lines with it and enter Washington, but, poor fellow, he was shot at Manassas before he could carry out his rash purpose."

An Answer to the "Blue and the Gray."

WRITTEN BY A LOYAL LADY.

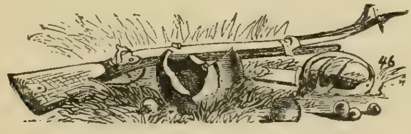
THE loyal blue and the traitor gray
Alike in the grave are sleeping;
Lying side by side in the sunlight's ray
And under the storm clouds' weeping.
'Tis well to forgive the past,
God giving us grace we may,
But never while life shall last
Can we honor or love the gray.

Our Boys in Blue were loyal and true,
For their God and their country dying;
With a grateful pride that ever is new
We garland their graves where they're lying.
They were murdered by rebel bands,
They fell in the fearful fray,
Guarding our flag from traitors' hands;
We do not *love* the gray.

We would not *hate* them, our hearts would fain
Cast a veil o'er their shameful story;
It will not bring back our loyal slain,
To recall their treason gory;
But barriers deep and wide
Divide the false from the true;
Shall treason and honor stand side by side,
Is the gray the peer of the blue?
Answers each loyal heart to-day,
They are peers and equals, never;
No wreath on a traitor's grave we lay,
Let shame be his weed forever.
Give love where love is due,
To the loyal all honor pay;
Love and honor belong to the blue,
But what do we owe the gray?

We owe them three hundred thousand graves,
Where the loved and lost are lying;
We owe them, where'er our banner waves,
Homes filled with tears and sighing.
Do they think that we forget our dead,
Our boys who wore the blue,—
That because they sleep in the same cold bed
We know not the false from the true?

Believe it not; where our *heroes* lie
The very ground is holy;
His name who dared for the right to die
Is sacred, however lowly;
But honor the traitor gray—
Make it the peer of the blue,—
One flower at the feet of treason lay?
Never! while God is true.

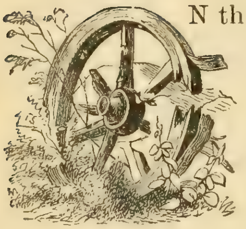


THE BARN CHARGE.

JUNE 18, 1864.

A Terrific Fight.—Bravery and Heroism of E. K. Drew.

S. C. WHITCOMB, 1st Me. Heavy Artillery.



ON the morning of June 18, 1864, the —— Brigade, 3d Division, 2d Corps, had intrenched itself before Petersburg, Va., at a point about half a mile from the Jerusalam plank road. A movement of the Union troops farther up the line had caused the rebels to abandon their works on our immediate front, so that we could move about without danger. We had been short of rations, but fortune, or the quartermaster, had favored us this morning so that we had food in abundance. There was a freedom and gayety hardly in keeping with the stern work just before us, but of that we were wholly ignorant. About 4 P. M., "Fall in!" was heard along the line, an order most inopportune for men just ready to take a beef stew from the fire and for which their mouths were fairly watering. Military orders never did sandwich well with half cooked or half eaten rations, and so we regretfully left the coveted flesh pots and speedily fell into line. Two of the men gallantly took their kettles of soup with them, and when we lay down after half a mile advance enjoyed a good square meal. 'Twas well they did, for they were on short rations afterward, as soon after both were wounded. A little later we advanced to the Jerusalem plank road—one of those sunken roads peculiar to the South—and as we marched along we stooped most humbly, and for two reasons; first, because ordered to do so to secrete our movement, and second because we enjoyed the protection the banks afforded. The 1st Me. Heavy Artillery to which I belonged had at this time 832 men, and we formed three lines in the sunken road while the other three regiments of the brigade formed in our rear, the whole forming a charging column six lines deep. The 1st Me. had been one of those big artillery regiments held for the defense of Washington, and these were sarcastically known by the men in the field as "Uncle Abe's big pets." We had crossed the Rapidan a month before and entered our first battle—Spottsylvania—1,800 strong. Our siege guns had shrunk to muskets, and by acceptable service in the field our pet name had been dropped for a name we love, the "1st Me. Heavy Artillery." The order, "Fix bayonets!" was given, an order suggestive of work close enough to satisfy the itchings of any one spoiling for a fight. The order obeyed, quick glances were thrown over the road bank to see what was before us. Across a cornfield, slightly ascending, was an embankment of fresh earth; but though we could see nothing we knew that a brave and wily foe was there ready to defend them. A full half hour we waited for the next order, the purport of which we knew. If you want to know how we felt and what we thought of, ask some one who has been there. There were blanched cheeks, trembling knees, deep thoughts, and silent prayers, but back of all were loyal and courageous hearts ready to dare or die. The fence just by the road was pulled down to remove obstructions, and orders were given not to fire until the enemy's line was reached.

The supreme moment came at last and "Forward!" was shouted all along the line. Our regiment to a man leaped over the bank and with yells started for the enemy, closely supported by the next two lines. The embankment in front blazed like a volcano and the air seemed full of flying lead and iron. The sickening thud of fatal bullets was heard on every side and the first line seemed to have melted away before they had advanced sixty yards; few indeed of the charging column went much farther. The great gaps closed up but furnished more victims for the sickle of death. Bullets patted the ground like hail in a storm and the whistling of shot and shell in the air was fearful and deadly. The writer received wounds in his left hand, right breast, and right arm (the latter most serious), and fell to the ground. Soon the men began running back, a ghastly trail of dead and wounded showing their course. The wounded sought shelter between the rows of corn. The writer lays modest claim to being a good traveler, and as his legs were unharmed, concluded to make one grand break for a place of safety, which proved a success. When he reached the road Colonel Champlain commanding the brigade was urging the other lines to renew the charge, but, with a loss of 115 killed and 489 wounded and missing sustained in our fifteen minute adventure, there was little to encourage them. It was a fearful charge and many of our comrades never were heard from after. One incident only. E. K. Drew received a flesh wound in his leg, but he had started with the full expectation of seeing the inside of the enemy's works; hence with plenty of brave blood in him, he pushed on intending to whip the Confederacy. He reached the ditch of the rebel works with little of Yankee company and received a demand from a rebel officer to surrender, punctuated with such an epithet as makes one mad clear through. Eph threw back a fitting answer from the muzzle of his gun, turned, and, with the fleetness of a deer, sought the company of more congenial spirits. Half way across the field he threw himself upon the ground until the firing abated. As he started on his second run for life a wounded companion piteously begged him not to leave him there. Eph's heart was large and his will and muscles were equal to the occasion. Getting the wounded man on his back he made his way to our line in safety. Eph is now the Rev. E. K. Drew, and no one will doubt but that he honors his calling. The charge of the 2d Corps thus narrated is known by them as the "barn charge," from a barn standing upon the field central between the lines and somewhat to our left. Behind this barn many of our men sought shelter during the charge, but when the enemy concentrated their artillery upon the empty barn that part of the field was cleared instanter.

FIRST THREATS OF DISUNION.

THERE were disunionists ready with their threats in the very first Congress which met under the Constitution. In the Senate, in 1789, Mr. Pierce Butler, of South Carolina, flamed away in a discussion on the revenue measures, and threatened a dissolution of the Union, with regard to his State, as sure as God was in the firmament. In the following year Richard Henry Lee said:

"When we (of the South) attain our national degree of population, I flatter myself that we shall have the power to do ourselves justice with dissolving the bond which binds us together."

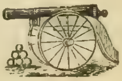
MERRIMAC VS. MONITOR.

A Midshipman's Account of the Battle with the "Cheese Box."

HOW THE CONFEDERATES EXPECTED TO ANNIHILATE IT WITH ONE FELL SWOOP—DETAILS OF THE PROPOSED ENGAGEMENT.

WHY IT FAILED.

LIEUT. LITTLEPAGE, Confederate Navy.



FOR some time it was not generally known that extensive preparations were made in the repair of the Merrimac after the fight, so as to have the next contest between the two iron-clads one of short duration. I was a midshipman on the Merrimac when she fought the Monitor, and I can say that we were taken wholly by surprise when the strange vessel put in an appearance in Hampton Roads. We had sunk the Cumberland, caused the Congress to burn, and the Minnesota and one or two others to run aground, and on that morning when we went out, we thought to finish the Minnesota, which had been unable to get itself off the bar. Our first intimation of the presence of the Monitor was when we saw her run out from behind the Minnesota to attack us before we could begin the onset upon the Minnesota. We thought at first it was a raft on which one of the Minnesota's boilers was being taken to the shore for repairs, and when suddenly a shot was fired from her turret we imagined an accidental explosion of some kind had taken place on the raft.

In the engagement that followed, we were unable to do anything with her, though our guns were served continuously and broadside after broadside was discharged. We tried to ram her, but found that our prow had been too badly damaged by running into the Cumberland on the day before to inflict any harm upon the Monitor. She pounded us considerably, but not a shot penetrated our armor, though it was loosened and repairs made imperative at the earliest moment. Our vessel was leaking badly, but by active efforts we were enabled to keep her from taking too much water. While we had twenty-one of our crew wounded, we thought that we had escaped losses in that respect in a remarkable degree. Had a shot from the Monitor entered one of our port-holes it would have probably killed no less than fifty men, for there was a crew of 380 men aboard, so that there would be no lack of help when an emergency should arise, and we were quite closely packed together.

THE CONFEDERATES' PLAN.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the Monitor withdrew from the fight and went over the bar into shallow water where we, drawing much more water than she, could not follow. We understood that she had run out of ammunition. As we were leaking badly and there was no prospect that we would be able to reach the Minnesota in the shallow water where she lay, our captain gave the order to return to Norfolk, where we immediately went into dry dock for repairs. It was fully a month before we were ready to go out again, and meanwhile all sorts of reports were circulated among the Federals about us. It was claimed that we were afraid to show ourselves to fight, all of which we only laughed at, feeling that we should soon be able to give a good account of ourselves. I think that if the two vessels had again met we should have made short work of the Monitor. Every bit of our armor had been replaced by plates two inches thick, and we had also a large number of shot for the seven-inch guns in the form of bolts about two and one-half feet in length, pointed with steel, with which we intended to make certainly an impression upon the Monitor. Besides all these things we had organized a boarding party, which was divided into several sections.

It was the plan for the proposed engagement that the Merrimac should at once run alongside of the Monitor. We could easily do this, for our engines were more powerful than hers and we could make greater speed. Then one section of the boarding party would immediately put down gang planks, by which the men would speedily get on board the

Monitor, one section of them taking sledges and iron wedges to drive between the turret of the ship and her deck, so as to prevent it from revolving and pointing her guns at us; another party was to run around the turret with a hawser made fast to our bow and which was to lie coiled upon deck ready for the emergency, and after the circuit had been made of the turret the plan was to fasten the other end of the hawser to the Merrimac and thus bind the two vessels together. While this was going on another party was to rush to the turret and everywhere else that an opportunity was offered and pour oil down into the hold of the Monitor and then set fire to it. Another force was to be ready with large tarpaulins to extinguish the flames should the crew of the Monitor surrender and it be desired to save the vessel.

But we were disappointed in all this, for when at last we were ready and steamed out of Norfolk we found that the Monitor was, with a number of other Federal vessels, under the shelter of the land fortifications. We felt ourselves a match for any or all of the vessels, but in no condition to stand the combined force of the fleet and the fortifications, so we withdrew. Then when Norfolk surrendered and there seemed no longer a chance for the Merrimac to be of service, she was blown up and destroyed. These are a few of the facts connected with that fight that have never before been published.

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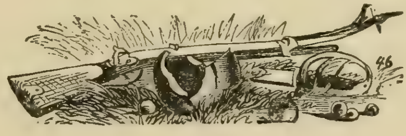
First Federal Troops in Savannah.

GENERAL GEARY'S division, the 2d, of the 20th Corps, was the first to enter the city of Savannah at the time of its capture by General Sherman, and General Geary was made military commander of the post.

Greatest Raid of the War.

GENERAL STONEMAN'S raid into Virginia, in December, 1864, and the destruction of the saltworks at Saltville, is said to have been the greatest raid of the war, and perhaps the greatest ever made in the world.



CAMP FORD PRISON,

TYLER, TEXAS.

A New York Soldier's Bitter Experience in that Prison Pen.

F. F. COGGIN, 165th New York Volunteers (2d Duryea's Zouaves).

WHEN I reached Camp Ford, which was simply a stockade, inclosing, as nearly as I can recollect, about fifteen acres, and about four miles from the town of Tyler, there were several hundred prisoners in the place, including the crew of the Morning Light, captured at Galveston, and also those of the gunboats Clifton and Sachem, taken during the ill-fated Sabine Pass expedition.

They had built comparatively comfortable headquarters,—a log-house, &c.,—cutting their timber in the adjacent woods, under guard, and bringing it upon their backs to the camp.

The sudden increase of the camp had not been provided for. The delegation of prisoners captured at Sabine cross-roads and Pleasant Hill numbered several thousand, and included men belonging to the 13th, 16th, and 19th corps, General Lee's cavalry division, and a part of General Steele's forces.

On our arrival we found no shelter, other than the sky. Our clothing was of all sorts. Some of us had on original uniforms, while many had parted with their clothing and other valuables at the "urgent" demand of their captors, and had received in exchange clothes which had survived their usefulness.

The rations furnished were supposed to be one pint of meal (cob and all), one-half pound of beef, and once in a while a few ounces of bacon in place of the beef, each day. These were supplied when they felt so disposed, or the mill hadn't "broken down," or the "creek was low," so that the wagon could cross. We also had a small ration of salt occasionally.

The cooking utensils consisted of one skillet to about fifty men, and one iron pot to every two skillets, so that at every fire you would see a crowd of men waiting for the "dodger" to be cooked, so as to obtain the skillet to cook for themselves.

The weather during the summer of '64 was very warm and many deaths occurred in the stockade. There was a so-called hospital outside of the stockade, but, judging from the number who entered it and the few who came out alive, the motto of Dante's Inferno would have been an appropriate inscription for its doors.

The guards were Colonel Sweet's Texans. They had been to the front, and used us comparatively well. The pressing need of the Confederacy for fighting men resulted in their being relieved by conscripts, composed of boys under fourteen and men over sixty, and their treatment of us was a little short of barbarous. One of these guards, a boy about twelve years of age, emptied his double-barreled shotgun into a soldier of the 173d New York, and he gave as a reason for this murder that he had promised his mother to "kill a Yankee." On another occasion the prison adjutant,—one Lieutenant McCann, who never entered the prison except on horseback, revolver in hand,—finding at the morning count of prisoners that one of the wards was a man short, and having been told that the man was sick and lying in a brush hut, he rode up to the hut, ordered the man out, and on his not appearing—being in a dying condition and unable to rise—he shot him dead, with the remark, "I'll learn you Yankees to obey my orders." Only the presence of a strong force of armed guards prevented a righteous punishment from being meted out to the murderer then and there. These are but two of many incidents which I could give to illustrate the vindictive feeling which the guards had towards the unfortunate prisoners temporarily left in their power.

The long rows of unmarked graves on the hillside at Camp Ford are mute though powerful witnesses of the treatment received by the men confined in the "pen."

Of the thirty-one men who were captured on the 9th of April, 1864, but four remained to tell the story when we again entered our lines on the 27th of May, 1865. A few escaped, and were never heard from; the rest sleep the long sleep that knows no waking, on the hillside at old Camp Ford.

At different times, several hundreds were exchanged, but it was my fortune to remain till the final collapse of the rebellion. Rumors of a parole were prevalent all through the winter's captivity, but it was not until the middle of May, '65, that we were notified that we would be paroled and sent to our lines. The news seemed too good to be true. That afternoon we were paroled and the next morning commenced our march towards Shreveport, where, on our arrival we found things in general disorder. The Confederate soldiers were helping themselves to horses and mules and starting for home.

At Shreveport we were placed upon three steamboats—the Nina Lemus, Judge Fletcher, and General Quitman, and started on our way down the Red river to "God's country."

On the morning of the 27th of May, '65, we entered the Mississippi under a flag of truce, and found ourselves in the presence of a fleet of gunboats over each of which floated the glorious old flag—the flag for which we had endured so much, and whose stripes and stars had been so long only a memory to us.

We landed on the east side of the river, and found camped there waiting to receive us, if I remember rightly, the 48th Ohio, with long rows of fires burning, kettles of meat and "Lincoln coffee" and boxes of hard-tack. We ate and drank our fill for the first time in more than a year.

This ended my captivity—an experience which I am not likely ever to forget.

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MILITARY ABILITY.

JOHN E. COOKE (Confederate).

IN the Southern army it was the universal conviction that McClellan's retreat to the James river, after the battles on the Chickahominy in 1862, was a greater evidence of military ability than General Grant's entire campaign of 1864; and the Federal operations directed by Meade, which terminated in the victory of Gettysburg, were regarded as in every way superior to the whole series of movements directed by Generals Pope, Hooker, Burnside, and others in Virginia.

The Battle of Monocacy.

JULY 9, 1864.

GENERAL EARLY DEFEATED.

A Gallant Shot.—A Hot Pursuit.

LEADEN MISSILES OF DESTRUCTION FLY THICK AND FAST. A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

W. T. McDOUGLE, Company K, 126th O. V. I.

ON the evening before the battle of Monocacy we landed at the Junction and camped near by. I was on the detail for picket, and was placed in charge of the post on the Frederick City and Georgetown turnpike. During the night nothing occurred to disturb our peace. The morning dawned with a halo of sunshine and beauty. The birds never appeared to be so joyful. The large farm house on the hill to our left seemed almost a paradise, with its surroundings of horses, hogs, cattle, fowls, etc. These things, in the absence of our accustomed routine for the past two months, were to me most impressive. We could scarcely believe it possible that before the setting of the sun this beautiful place would be the scene of such deadly strife. At length the clouds began to gather. The refugees were coming in in great numbers—men, women, and children, old and young, black and white, all with their household effects. Firing was heard in the direction of Harper's Ferry, and we were told by the refugees that the rebs were coming in great numbers. Nearer and nearer came the sound of the distant guns, till at length we heard the shrieks of the shells as they pierced the air. The enemy massed in our front, and were preparing for a charge. Their batteries having opened, we were greeted with a volley. A cannon ball struck the tree by which we were posted; another dropped a few feet to our rear and went bounding across the valley like a schoolboy's rubber ball; another buried itself in the earth a few feet to our front. All was now commotion. The orderlies were galloping from place to place, the officers hurrying hither and thither with their commands. The pickets were ordered in. I found my regiment down on the right, near the river bridge. The regiment was immediately ordered to the left of the 1st Brigade, and near the picket post we had just vacated.

An incident occurred on our way which I think will bear notice. The enemy, perceiving our move, brought their batteries to bear upon us. A high board fence was to be crossed. As I took hold of the top board I was crowded back by a more anxious comrade. As he swung himself over the fence his knapsack was riddled with a grapeshot. Again I made the attempt, with the same success. But this time my predecessor, as he swung himself over the fence, was struck in the left arm above the elbow by a grapeshot, his arm falling by his side. I again made the attempt and cleared the fence, barely escaping a large cannon ball that struck the board from which I had just alighted.

We found the enemy bearing down hard on the left of the 1st Brigade. They halted on a hill in our front. A large washout, with a stiff growth of weeds on its banks, extended up the hill. I was among the nine who crawled up in this to surprise the rebs, two of the number receiving severe wounds. Judge of my surprise when, in a short time, I discovered that the rebs had flanked us on the right and gobbled up the most of our regiment and held undisputed control of the field. I crawled on the bank, but could see no chance of escape. I had my gun loaded, but in the excitement it occurred to me that I could not surrender with a loaded gun. A rebel flag, surrounded by fifteen or twenty of its followers, was on a knoll near by. The Confederates did not appear to notice me as I raised my gun and sent my best wishes into their midst. I then threw my gun and sat down. A prisoner! It was the most horrid thought that had ever entered my mind. Never before had I realized the blessings of liberty, and now I had a fair prospect of being sent to Andersonville, Libby, or some other prison. I could not stand it, and springing to my feet and seizing my gun, I started for the North. They ordered me to halt, but without effect; they sent shot after shot after me, till the air appeared alive with missiles, but still without effect. One of them then undertook to run me down; but, after throwing away my knapsack, in which were my diary and the picture of "the girl I left behind me," I managed to make good my escape.

THE GREAT MINE ADVENTURE.

TUNNELING UNDER A REBEL FORT.

BY A MEMBER OF THE 48th PENN. INFANTRY VOLS.

LIEUT.-COL. Henry C. Pleasants, of the 48th Penn. Regt., originated the expedient of a mine.

The distance between our line and the nearest most important rebel force was over four hundred yards—too great to hope for success when the difficulties to be encountered in the way of quicksands, marshes, and discovery by the enemy were taken into consideration. Col. Henry C. Pleasants, however, cherished the idea. The rebel fort loomed temptingly in front, and being a man of energy and practical experience in mining operations, and knowing that he would be ably supported by his regiment, which was mostly composed of miners, he secured permission to commence operations. The work was commenced on the 25th of June, 1864, and with such secrecy was it conducted that for a long time the project was unknown even to those at whose side it was going on. Reports were in circulation, but nobody could speak with certainty of the matter. One soldier, by whose side a ventilating shaft emerged, told his comrades in the most surprised manner that there were a lot of fellows under him "a doing something." He knew there was, for he could "hear 'em talk." To guard against any meeting of our soldiers with rebels, our pickets were ordered to fire continually; hence the never-ending fusillade in front of the 9th Corps so incomprehensible to the other corps. The enemy suspected at first that the undermining was going on, but when several weeks elapsed their suspicions began to vanish, especially as their engineers thought the plan unfeasible.

The progress of the work was very slow, and it was not until the 25th of July, 1864, just one month after its inception, that it was completed. One of the most important points was to ascertain the exact distance and bearing of the rebel fort. Working under ground is literally working in the dark, but the distances were laid off upon the ground behind our works, and from these lines as bases, and with the angles formed by lines extending in the direction of the fort, a simple geometrical problem was formed, the solution of which gave the required distance. The different triangulations gave a result of five hundred and ten feet. The excavation was commenced in the side of the hill whereon our exterior line of works ran. The "gallery" was about four and a half feet high, nearly as many feet wide at the bottom and two feet wide at the top. The usual army pick was not suited to the work, and this difficulty was overcome by filing down the flukes to the size of the mining pick. Water was met not far from the entrance, and for a time gave no little trouble. The floor, however, was planked, and the sides and ceiling shored up. A quicksand was also met with, and to obviate it the range of the tunnel was curved upward, so that the latter half was several feet higher than at the entrance. It was easy from June 25 to July 25 to recognize a 48th man by his muddy boots. The earth, as fast as excavated, was conveyed in cracker-boxes or half-barrels, to the mouth, where it was emptied into bags, which were afterwards used on the top of the breastworks. In this manner a suspicious accumulation of earth was avoided. The ventilation of the tunnel was effected by a shaft sunk to the side of the tunnel, at its junction with which a fire-place was built, with a grating opening into the gallery; one end of a series of tubes made of pine boards was inserted through the earth into this fire-place, where, as the air became rarefied and ascended, it created a "suction" or draft in the tubes connecting with the gallery. As fast as the tunnel progressed, additional tubing was jointed on, and followed the workmen step by step. The smoke from the fire could not be concealed; but, to withdraw attention from it, fires were kept burning at various points along the line. The lighting of the tunnel was effected by placing candles or lanterns along the walls at a distance of ten feet apart.

At length the end was reached, and the triangulation was verified by the noises heard overhead. The nailing of timber and planks could be distinctly heard, and left no doubt that the men were directly beneath the rebel fort. The enemy were evidently making a flooring for their artillery. As soon as it was apparent that the fort had been reached, the construction of the mine was commenced. The angle of the fort projected toward our lines, and under this angle the tunnel diverged into two galleries, each running, as near as could be ascertained, under each side. It was the intention that the mine should consist of eight magazines, placed at intervals along these branch galleries, so that the entire length of the fort might be blown up in place of one spot. The mines were eight in number—four in either branch gallery. They were two by two, and the explosion resulted in four craters. The explosion of the magazines was effected through tubes of pine wood, six inches square, half filled with powder. They ran along the bottom of the tunnel, and entered the magazines through openings made for them. Between each pair of magazines and over the tubing was the "tamping" of sand bags and logs. The tubes extended only one hundred feet from the mine; thence they were connected with the mouth of the tunnel by fuses—the regular "sure-fire" coal mining of Pennsylvania.

The mine was charged on the 27th day of July, 1864. The quantity of powder used was six tons! Think of it. Twelve thousand pounds!

After thirty-two days and nights of constant toil the work was complete and only awaited the lighting of the fuse.

* * *

First Men Arrested by Order of War Department.

DANIEL FISH and Dr. Sabot, both of New York, were the first men arrested in the North by order of the War Department. This was on the 24th of April, 1861.

HIGHEST MARINE RANK.

THE rank of vice-admiral, conferred upon Farragut, was a higher rank than had ever before been known in this country.

First Colors Planted at Chapin's Farm.

CAPT. CHARLES BLUCHER, 188th Penn. Regt., planted the first national colors on the rebel fortifications in the charge of September 30, 1864, at Chapin's Farm.

First Vt. Cavalry, Cedar Creek.

NO regiment captured so much on a single charge as was captured by the 1st Vermont Cavalry at the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.

A HOT FIGHT.

BATTLE OF PEACH TREE CREEK, BEFORE ATLANTA.

JULY 19, 1864.

MORITZ TSCHOEPE, Company C, 24th Wis.

AFTER a whole series of battles, charges, skirmishings, etc., we arrived on the evening of the 19th of July, 1864, on the bank of Peach Tree creek, and occupied some old breastworks. To the right of our division camped the 20th Corps, Hooker in command of it. On the morning of the 20th we were aroused by artillery firing on our left. I saw a whole lot of soldiers standing on the breastwork, and I ran up too, to see what was up. A battery amused themselves by shelling the rebel picket-pits. At last, two pieces of that battery dashed out in full gallop on the road right in the rebel picket-line, limbered off right and left, and shelled the pits. I thought that was a great piece of bravery. In the afternoon the bugles "fall in," and shortly after we saw the corps advancing in line of battle—skirmishers in front, artillery in the rear—in grand style. We crossed the bridge, formed line of battle, and advanced until we got in line with the 20th Corps. Our division was more in the timber, while Hooker's corps was in open field. Soon our skirmishers, who had advanced through the woods, discovered Hood's army massed for a grand attack. Skirmishing commenced, and we went to work to build a kind of barricade. We did not need to wait long. Our skirmishers ran back, the rebel column after them. We received them in good shape. On came the enemy again and again, and I could not help admiring their bravery, but it was all in vain. They had to retreat with terrible loss. Two days after they were more successful on our left wing, and had it not been for John A. Logan, the Atlanta campaign might have had a far different ending. We thought the fun was over, when, all of a sudden, a tremendous noise broke loose in our rear to the left. Our brigade adjutant ordered us back on our left flank, which was only covered by a skirmish line till clear back to the bridge, and here the rebels were determined to break through, cut us off from the bridge, and give us fits. We double-quicked back through a regular hail of shot and shell, and re-enforced that thin line behind a fence. On the road behind us, ambulances, wagons, and stragglers hurried to the rear.

We put in the best we had, but I believe the rebels would have broken through if it had not been for a brass battery, which came on in a gallop, posted itself right behind us upon the road, and the boys, throwing off their jackets, rolled up their sleeves and labored with a will, firing over our heads. We repulsed every onslaught until the rest of our corps put in their appearance, when the battle ended.

TO MY WIFE.

By P. WHITNEY, 1st Mass. Cavalry.

Written in Andersonville Prison, where he soon afterward died.

I CARE not for the rising storm,
I do not heed the cold,
Nor listen to the angry wind
That roars around the wold;
I only know my journey's o'er,
For just ahead I see
The light that tells my little wife
Is waiting there for me.

My gentle wife, my darling wife!
My soul's own joy and pride!
Ten thousand blessings on the day
When you became my bride.
I've never known a weary hour
Since I have held your hand—
I would not change my worldly lot
For any in the land.

Oh! sweetly from her loving lips,
The blissful welcome falls!
There is no happiness for me,
Outside our humble walls.
Ah! sad indeed would be my heart,
And dark the world would be,
If not for this dear little wife,
That ever waits for me.

Kindness of Mrs. Ann C. Whitney, Mitchell, Dak.

LOGAN AT ATLANTA.

GENERAL McPHERSON'S DEATH.

"WILL YOU HOLD THIS LINE WITH ME?"

JULY 22, 1864.

By A. O. S.

DURING the terrible slaughter amidst the 17th Corps, General Logan was engaged along his front with a heavy charging column of the enemy. While directing operations on his right, which had become extremely hazardous by the withdrawal of the 16th Corps, he received the sad intelligence of the death of his commanding officer, General McPherson, and the order from General Sherman to assume command of the Department of the Tennessee. With saddened heart and tearful eyes he heard the sad news, and, reading the order, bowed his head upon his breast for a moment in deep thought. Then, looking up, he exclaimed, "Would to God I were better qualified to fill the place he so filled to perfection." Realizing the immense responsibility now resting upon him, he gave a hasty order to the general commanding his immediate front, put his spurs to his gallant black steed, and rode rapidly towards the 17th Corps. Lying across the railroad was the 2d Division, 15th Corps, commanded by Gen. Morgan L. Smith, one brigade of which, with the batteries of Captains De Grasse and Woods, held an advanced line. A heavy charge made on this advance line, captured the artillery and a good many of the men. The rest precipitated themselves upon the main line so suddenly as to seriously affect their *morale*, causing dire confusion, and a stampede. General Logan reined in his foaming steed so suddenly as to set him back on his haunches. Taking in the situation at a glance and comprehending the terrible result that would follow the break in the lines, he rode, with bared head, swiftly among that confused mass of soldiers. The superhuman efforts of General Smith to halt his men had proved abortive, but now another character was in their midst—an idolized leader was there. Witness General Logan as he rides among them—hat in hand, hair blown back behind his ears by the wind, his long mustache standing out almost straight, those eagle eyes flashing like flames of living fire! Standing in his stirrups he presented a figure of determination and irresistible force that carried courage and new strength to every heart.

That famous black stallion, his war-horse, was infused with the same spirit as his rider. "Halt!" he cries in stentorian tones. Riding up to a color bearer, he seizes the colors, and his voice peals forth, "Halt! are you cowards? Would you disgrace the proud name of the 15th Corps? Remember McPherson and avenge his death! Will you hold this line with me?" "Yes, yes, yes," came from all parts of the line, and back those panic-stricken men turned—panic-stricken no more, but a brave, determined force that under Logan could not be moved. Nor were they moved again that day, though assailed by fearful odds. The dead and wounded along their front and within their lines showed how brave and efficient men could be under a leader equal to the emergency. The dreadful carnage soon ceased. The enemy were completely routed at all points. What was a well planned attack, and promised so much, had turned into a terrible, crushing defeat.

The 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 16th Corps, were now brought over from their position, where they had met heavy losses, and put in battle order to charge the outer lines, which the enemy captured from Gen. M. L. Smith. Right gallantly they went to the charge, recapturing both lost batteries and a goodly number of prisoners. This charge ended the fighting for that day.

The 14th Corps' Credit.

THE 14th Corps was first in the fight before Buzzard's Roost, and wound up the Atlanta campaign at Jonesboro'.

First Union Officer Killed in the War.

LIEUT. JOHN T. GREBLE, who fell at Big Bethel, was the first Union officer killed in the war.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN GLENN,

Followed by that of his Servant Mat, who Died from Grief at His Loss.

BY E. T. B. GLENN.

A TOUCHING incident in real life is afforded by the death of Capt. Chalmers Glenn, of Rockingham County, N. C., and his faithful servant, Mat. Reared together from childhood, Mat had shared in all the boyish pranks and frolics of his master, and in later life had been his constant attendant and faithful servant. On the morning of the battle of Boonsboro', Captain Glenn called Mat to him and said: "Mat, I shall be killed in this battle. See me buried, then go home and be to your mistress and my children all that you have ever been to me." From behind a rock the faithful fellow watched all day the form of his beloved master, as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed over that eventful field. At last he missed him, and, rushing forward, found the prediction too truly verified—life was already extinct. Assisted by two members of his company, a grave was dug with bayonets, and soon the cold, silent earth held all that was dearest in life to Mat. Slowly and sadly he turned his face homeward and delivered all the messages and valuables with which his master had entrusted him. From that time it seemed his mission on earth was accomplished. Though constantly attending his master's children and promptly obedient to the slightest word of his mistress, he visibly declined. Finally he was taken sick, and despite the best medical attention and kindest nursing, he died February 4, 1863.

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Best Fought Battle of the War.

GENERAL THOMAS'S battle before Nashville was the best fought battle of the war, and the victory was the most complete of modern times.

Maryland's Brave and Noble Step.

MARYLAND was the first state that ventured by immediate process to put an end at once to the institution of slavery.

The 78th Ohio at Battle of Bald Hill.

JULY 21 AND 22, 1864.

HOT FIRING AT SHORT RANGE.

Stars and Stripes Captured and Retaken by Hand-to-Hand Fighting.

W. S. AYRES, Company A, 78th O. V. V. I.

MANY of the G. A. R. boys remember the desperate struggle of the 78th at Bald Hill. At a critical point of the fight our regiment changed front at the angle in company with the 20th and 30th Ill., and we formed on the left of the 68th Ohio, which had been away that morning from the brigade on detached duty, but had arrived during the early part of the fight, and had been stationed on the left of the fort, facing south, and had thrown up breastworks in the shape of a prolongation of the apron of the fort occupied by the 30th Ill. We had just formed, with the 20th Ohio on our left and the noble old 4th Division on its left, when General Cleburne's division made those several assaults which were the forlorn hope of General Hood's plans, but which, thanks to a kind providence, did not succeed. We were in an open field, about fifty yards from the woods, lying flat on the ground, when the Johnnies came up with their accustomed yell. We waited until they got within twenty yards of us before we opened fire; and when we did, such slaughter I never saw before or since. Their first line was wiped out, but by the time we had sprung to our feet and reloaded, another line had come up. We opened on it, but it was soon re-enforced by a third line and closed in on us. We fixed bayonets and then and there we had it with clubbed muskets, fisticuffs, and wrestling. Once they got possession of our flag, but it was retaken by the most heroic fighting. Again, a big fellow got hold of the switch of the flag and tried to take Comrade Russ Bethel along with it, but Russ was not to be outdone that way, and jumping forward he landed on that fellow's jugular and sent him to grass in one round; and McBurney, of Co. H, ran him through with the bayonet, which was perfectly excusable in that kind of fighting. Still another rebel tried the same tactics, however, and, alas! poor Russ had got hit in the shoulder and could not now resort to the same defense. His disabled arm was slung in his waist-belt, and he was holding on to the staff with his other hand while Mr. Johnny was taking the flag and bearer right along when fortunately, Captain Orr, of Co. H, perceived the situation of affairs and rushed up to Mr. Rebel and gave him a crack over the head which disposed of him effectually. We succeeded in holding that line, but at a frightful cost.

The morning report of our regiment on the 22d of July showed about three hundred men for duty. That of the 23d showed less than two hundred.

* * *

AN UNFORTUNATE VICTIM.

BUT one man was executed in the Army of the Potomac up to February, 1863, for a flagrant crime, and that was a case of attempted desertion to the enemy.

First Confederate Arrested for Treason.

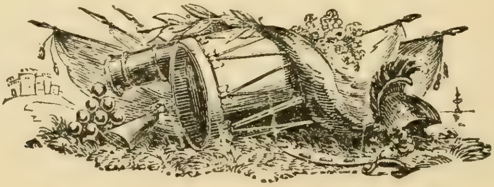
THE first arrest for treason by the Confederates was that of J. W. Merriam, collector of the port of Georgetown, S. C., January 7, 1861.

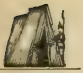
President Lincoln and Hiram Walbridge.

HON. Hiram Walbridge, of New York, was the first person to recommend to President Lincoln the importance of securing Beaufort and Port Royal, S. C.

First Confederate Gun at Bull Run.

THE first Confederate gun fired at the battle of Bull Run, in 1861, was fired by Lieut. George S. Davidson, of Latham's battery.





COMPANY K.

By J. W TEMPLE, Victoria, Ill.

WAY up in the North, where the giant pines stand,
Tall sentries of Time set on guard o'er the land
Ere the Genoese sailor, Columbus, was born,
Or Magellan had made his first trip round the Horn,
In the land of the hills, where the breeze from the sea
And the breath of the pines fill the lungs of the free,
When the echoes from Sumter had scarce died away,
Those hills saw the muster of Company K.

Wouldst know, curious reader, of what stuff 'twas made?
Odd sort of war timber you'll think, I'm afraid!
Its captain, a deacon, mild-mannered and pure,
Esteemed by his neighbors, beloved by the poor;
Two stout young lieutenants, brought up on their farms,
Untutored in tactics, and war's stern alarms;
But who "guessed if square fightin' e'er came in their way,
They could git along somehow with Company K!"

For "the boys" were their neighbors, their schoolmates of yore,
From the plow and the anvil, the workshop and store;
Broad of breast, stout of limb, full of frolic and fun,
Skilled with axe, saw, and spade,—knew the use of a gun;
Thought that "mebbe them fellers" (so much talked about,
Who bragged of the "Yanks they could chaw in a fout,"
And what crack shots they were) might happen some day,
To see "pooty fair shootin' by Company K"!

Ah, God only knows of the hearts well-nigh broken,
When the home ties were snapped, and the brief farewells spoken,
And the shrill fife but half drowned the sobbing that day,
As the drum-beat marked time to the marching away.
And the boys noticed then what they ne'er saw again,
'Mid the shrieking of shells or the bullets' fierce rain,
(Though he led every charge, and braved death in each fray,)
A pale cheek on the captain of Company K!

Frank reader, confess you'd be bored, should I tell
All the haps and mishaps to their fortunes that fell.
'Tis said though, that once, in a world-famous fight,
Where the rebel works crowned every hillock and height,
When the order was given to charge, in the face
Of the death shower poured through the brush-tangled space,
The captain made pause just one moment to pray,
But the first o'er the breastworks was Company K!

There came, too, a crisis,—you've read it, no doubt,—
When the rebels had flanked us and put us to rout,
When one veteran chief, like a rock in the main,
Braved the fierce tide of battle that raged o'er the plain;
Checked the foe, saved an army, and gave one name more
To the bright roll of heroes evolved by the war,—
'Mid the proud Spartan band who stood firm on that day
With their dead piled around them stood Company K!

When "duty" was done, and the battle had sped,
How the good deacon-captain would grieve o'er his dead!
How he'd tenderly watch with the wounded, and stay
In the hospital wards with his sick, night and day.
And when, in reward for his courage and skill,
Promotion and honors awaited his will,
He sent "thanks to the gin'ral, but guessed he'd best stay
With the boys, and be capting of Company K"!

And "the boys"—bless your soul, they just worshiped their "pap"!
When the "old man" said "Come, boys!" 'twas "Here's with you, Cap!"
No lagging, no shirking, no "playing it fine,"
When their ears caught his quiet, "Boys, fall into line!"

Ah, needless to tell to my comrades in blue,
Who served the tried Nation's long life-struggle through,
How deep was their grief when a shell tore away
From their ranks the loved captain of Company K!

How gentle those powder-grimed hands as they bore
The captain, all mangled and covered with gore,
To the rear; how they questioned the surgeon, to know
If hope had yet fled—if "the captain must go!"
How breathless they watched, as in tears they stood by,
To catch his last words: "For my country I die!
God help my poor wife! Boys, I'm sinking away!
Good-by, and my blessing on Company K!"

Long years have rolled by since that sorrowful scene;
The graves of our martyrs are hid 'neath the green.
The country they died for we lived on to see
Triumphant o'er treason, united, and free!
Let us hope that the brave who to battle went forth
Are enshrined in the warm, grateful hearts of the North;
And that memory holds 'mong her treasures to-day
Proud legends of many a "Company K"!

* * *

WOMEN IN THE WAR.

INVALUABLE SERVICES IN THE TIME OF NEED.

Woman's Help in the Home, the Hospital, and Upon the Battle Field.

MRS. HELEN N. PACKARD.

A QUARTER of a century has passed away and we are just awakened to a recognition of the faithful and invaluable services rendered by women to the defenders of our country. It is fitting that we, who have taken up the unfinished work, should eulogize the services of women in the war. Many left comfortable and luxurious homes to share the privations of the field. Tenderly nurtured women, whose lives had been guarded with jealous care from everything rude and unpleasant, shook off the garments of wealth and ease, and stood forth heroines for the cause of liberty. From the balmy South, whose sunny slopes were drenched with the warm young blood of the North, went up a wail for the tender hand of woman to moisten the lip and fevered brow; to take down the dying message, and whisper sweet words of a fairer land. Before the echoes of Sumter had died away, women all over the North were scraping lint and rolling bandages, but not until after the fatal 21st of July did they fully realize the sacred mission which awaited them. In answer to this call came wives, mothers, and sisters, by the thousand. A large share of these were of a necessity rejected. Age, character, and capability were the considerations and those who met the requirements were accepted. But now a query went up over all the land: "What can we do? We cannot idly fold our hands while the boys at the front need so much." The Sanitary and Christian Commissions gave back answer, "We will be your servants." Previous to the organization of these charities there had existed very imperfect methods of sending supplies to the front, but by the establishment of these commissions,—conceived and carried out by the best executive ability,—the work was systemized and thoroughly and faithfully done.

To Miss Louise Lee Schuyler, of New York, must be given the credit of organizing the Sanitary Commission, which was eventually the means of saving thousands of lives. Thousands of busy fingers scraped lint and prepared bandages, while tireless knitters fashioned the warm hose for weary, blistered feet. Others were making underclothing and bedding, while wines, jellies, and canned fruits were prepared unstintingly for hospital stores.

But the army nurses! Those brave women, who hourly witnessed heart-rending scenes; whose life was a daily martyrdom in striving to subdue the tender feelings of a woman's heart in the stern duties of an army nurse—to those especially our thoughts turn at this time. The diary of Mrs. Belle Reynolds, of Shelburne Falls, kept for nearly four years, is indeed a revelation of what they suffered bodily and mentally. The work was hard and unsatisfactory, until after the organization of the two commissions. Then the work was systemized and order took the place of chaos and confusion. Then the tree of charity bore abundant fruit, and stretched its huge arms into every state in the Union. Each branch sent nurses for its own regiments, and sanitary supplies direct to them. Pilfering and petty thieving among small officials was almost entirely done away with. Mother Bickerdike, suspecting a certain surgeon of confiscating hospital stores for his private table, visited his tent just before dinner and found his table loaded with wine, jellies, and other delicacies. She made a clean sweep of the good things, saw General Grant, and in twenty-four hours the guilty surgeon was under arrest. All honor to Mother Bickerdike! She was loyal, good and true, and many a gray-headed veteran now lives to call her blessed. Possessed of great physical strength, it was easy for her to lift and carry to the field hospital many a poor wounded and dying boy. Culture she had not, but native shrewdness and practical good sense were her royal birthright. But above all else she possessed a big, motherly heart, whose every throb was for the boys in blue, and it is our earnest hope that her pathway to the other shore may be bright with immortelles of gratitude from the boys she served so well. Many of the most devoted of the nurses laid down their burdens before the conflict was ended. They died upon the field of honor, and

"Their eulogies are written
In letters fair and bright,
On the page of immortality
In yonder world of light."

Prominent among those who fell was Anna Maria Ross, of Philadelphia. It was mainly through her exertions that the famous cooper's shop saloon, of Philadelphia was inaugurated and sustained. In October, 1861, she started the hospital in connection with the saloon, and for two years labored unceasingly for the institution. In December, 1863, the overtasked body gave way, and she lay down to sleep, and death kissed down the eyelids still. As truly as the hero who fell pierced with his death shot, she fell, as true a hero as any who died in defense of their country.

It would not be possible to more than touch on the grand service rendered by the women in the war. Coming years will do them justice and make still brighter the names of Annie Ella Carroll, Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, Anna Maria Ross, Mother Bickerdike, Clara Barton, Emily Dance, and hosts of others who did loving and faithful service in the nation's struggle.

Just over the border of our neighboring state has been laid to rest in lovely Cedar Hill cemetery, Hartford, Mrs. Harriet Foote Hawley, who did as great service for our soldiers as any woman of the war. It was her fortune to welcome to Wilmington, N. C., 9,000 prisoners from Andersonville; 5,000 of them were dying from starvation and typhus fever. Their condition as described by Mrs. Hawley is too horrible to think of. Let us draw over such tales of horror the tender mantle of forgiveness, and do our duty to those who yet remain. Mrs. Hawley was the bravest and tenderest of nurses. With a slight physique and health never firm, she was ever buoyed by her indomitable spirit. She sleeps well, and to-day her grave blooms bright with flowers. She who should have been in the prime of life, to cheer the declining years of her noble husband, is to-day a martyr to the cause they both loved so well.

There were others who labored unceasingly in the hospitals, and who, from experience and training, were able to render valuable service to the soldiers. Their war experiences will never be written nor their names blazoned on the scroll of fame, but their prayers and ministrations lightened many a dark way to the unknown land, and many still live to bless and praise the noble Sisters of Charity.

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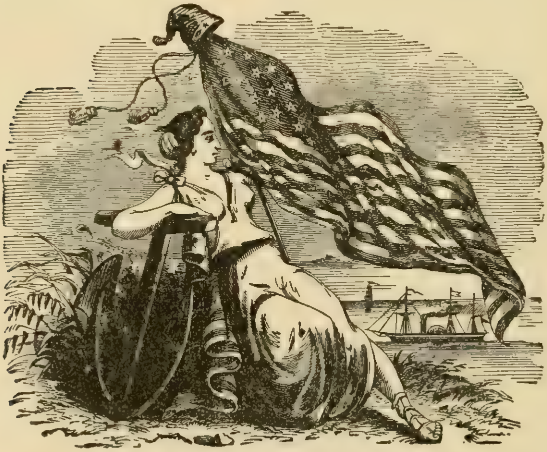

LIBERTY AND FREEDOM.

The Colonel and the Soldier.

ELIAS HOWE AND THE ASSISTANT PAYMASTER.

(From the St. Paul Dispatch.)

COL. Stephen A. Walker is now United States district attorney at New York City. Walker had served the Union in the innocuous pursuit of assistant paymaster. One dark day while Mr. Walker was sitting in his office wondering how long he would be compelled to "loaf," on account of the inability of Uncle Sam to pay his boys in blue, a private walked in and confronted him. The soldier belonged to a Connecticut regiment. Imagine the paymaster's surprise when the following conundrum was put to him by the soldier:—

"Say, when do you expect to pay us men, anyway? We haven't had a cent now in three months."

The assistant paymaster glared at his visitor, and told him neither politely nor religiously that it was none of his —— business. This was far from satisfactory, and the soldier proceeded:—

"But it is my business, and that is why I am here. The men are not treated with the slightest justice, and if the United States ain't able to pay them, why you can have a draft on a New York bank for the amount due my regiment."

Of course there was no alternative left to Colonel Walker but to regard the Connecticut private as a crank. It remained only to be sure just how dangerous a crank he was.

"You'd better get back to your camp at once," said the paymaster. "Who gave you permission to come here, anyway? Come, now, get out, or I will call the guard and have you placed under arrest. Git!"

Suiting the action to the word the doughty paymaster arose and proceeded to "fire" the private.

"Hold on a minute: take your hands off! I tell you I mean what I say. I belong to the —th Connecticut, and I can afford to pay my regiment, if there's no objection. Something ought to be done, and I'm willing to advance the money. My name is Elias Howe!"

This gave an entirely new aspect to the case, and Paymaster Walker grew quite deferential. The man who stood before 'him was the famous inventor of the sewing machine. He could pay his regiment all their back pay; he had the will, and he had the money, too. Colonel Walker thought an apology was demanded. The apology was given and Elias received it with the air of a man who had but little to forgive.

"Well, colonel," said he, "when this trouble is over I want you to step down to New York sometime and see me."

The "colonel" lived then in Vermont, and when the war was closed he managed to find himself in New York. He had started a law office; that is to say, he helped to occupy the office of a few friends of his. Business was not specially active. One day Walker thought he would step in and see whether Elias Howe recalled the misadventure of the war. Two years had then elapsed. Elias Howe was there and his memory was good. They sat down together and talked. Howe was from Massachusetts, Walker from Vermont. The Howe Machine Company had just been organized. Walker was appointed its attorney. With an office in every city, town, and hamlet in the civilized world, no wonder the Howe Machine Company was the foundation of Walker's fortune.

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Grant's Richmond Campaign.

THE introductory planned by Grant's campaign against Richmond was the movement of a cavalry force around the right to demolish the depots of the enemy.

First Colors Over Court-House, Atlanta.

THE 60th N. Y. and 111th Penn. Regts. are entitled to the credit of first raising the stars and stripes over the Court House at Atlanta, Ga., when General Sherman captured the city, September 1, 1864.

Line of Battle Near Richmond.

IN October, 1864, the 16th N. Y. Heavy Artillery Regt. claimed the honor of forming in line of battle nearer to Richmond than any other regiment in the Union service had done.

Thos. C. Fletcher the Youngest War Governor.

THOMAS C. FLETCHER was probably the youngest of all the war governors. He was the first republican governor elected in a slave state (1864), and the first native Missourian elected governor of Missouri.

TORBERT IN THE VALLEY.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

His * Jollity * in * Camp * and * Daring * in * Fight.

GETTING EVEN WITH SHERIDAN.

Woodstock and Winchester.—The Surprise at Cedar Creek Neatly Prevented.

By JOHN DANBY, Coles's Maryland Battalion, Attached to Sheridan's Cavalry Corps.

WHEN General Sheridan relieved General Hunter in the Shenandoah valley, in 1864, I was ordered to report to cavalry headquarters to do scouting duty. I was told to report to General Torbert, who was in command of the cavalry of Sheridan's army. I reported to the staff officer of the day and was told to "wait until called for." I had waited about two hours when I was conducted into a room where I saw a good-looking, slenderly built man, about thirty years old, standing at a table on which were some maps and official looking documents. He wore a dark blue sailor shirt, black corduroy riding breeches, and a pair of cavalry boots. A loose flannel coat, with a general's silver star embroidered on the collar, indicated his rank. This officer I took for General Torbert. He nodded in answer to my salute and continued his conversation with a little black-eyed swarthy man, who was lying on a camp-cot smoking. This man was roughly dressed and in his shirt sleeves. I took him to be a staff officer. I was wrong. They were talking about the effect of the hard pikes in the valley on the horses' hoofs, and the wear and tear on horse shoes.

Presently the officer of the day came in and said: "Captain Bailey, from General Stahl's headquarters, wishes to report, general." "Tell him to come in." A tall, fine-looking young officer entered and saluted the general. The general said: "Captain, I want some one on my staff who is familiar with the valley and who knows the people well, and I was advised by General Stahl to get you. I will have an order issued to have you reported on duty at my headquarters as aide." The captain was about to withdraw when the little man, who had a map in his hand, said: "Captain, how far is it to Green's Corners from this point?" The captain looked at him a moment and then answered: "What Green's Corners do you mean, sir?" "Why, in the valley between Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg." The captain looked at the questioner a moment and said: "I have been in the valley since the battle of Antietam, but I never heard of Green's Corners before, and I don't believe there is any such place." The little man jumped up with the map in his hand, nervously tapping it with his finger and said, sharply: "Well, sir, I will show it to you on the map; here it is; Torbert, send this officer back to his regiment." He then turned to me and said: "Scout, do you know where Green's Corners are?" "No, sir, I never heard of it." His eyes snapped and he looked as though he was about to kick me out of the room, when General Torbert, who had been looking at the map, said: "Why, Sheridan, you are all wrong; you have got a department map thirty years old. The new map has it down as Smithfield. The name has been changed." He looked at the map a moment and said: "Captain, I beg your pardon; I was wrong, take a seat. Scout, you may go."

The next morning the command moved and for several months Sheridan made things lively in the valley. He began by marching all over it, and his army ate nearly all there was left for man and beast. He marched and countermarched until people began to say he was a little shy of Early. One day, however, he caught that general napping. Torbert had command of all the cavalry in that battle, while Sheridan gave his attention to the infantry and artillery. In my opinion he managed it well, and the charge on the enemy's left in the afternoon was a magnificent sight. There must have been 6,000 troopers, in a line of battle several miles long. When Torbert had everything ready the whole force moved forward, led by Torbert, Custer, Merritt, Averill, Lovell, and McIntosh. It was something that one sees only once in a life-time. It is said that when our cavalry were seen getting ready for the charge, General Rhodes advised Early to retreat, but he, like Hooker, had never seen many dead cavalrymen, and hence said: "Cavalry be d—d. A good stiff skirmish line and a few guns will hold them off." But the cavalry rode over the infantry and captured his artillery, while his horsemen were chased by Averill to Hanging Rock Gap. There seemed to be a rivalry between Merritt, Custer, and other cavalry generals as to which should expose themselves to the most danger. They had a way of riding close down to see "the lay of the land," and a habit of going along the skirmish line with their staffs to find out how things were going on. Each general had a headquarters flag, generally cross sabers on a blue ground, or blue cross sabers on a red ground. The Confederates soon knew them and the way they would fling shot, shell, and carbine balls as they saw one of these flags, was demoralizing to those who rode near them.

One of the first fights the cavalry had under Torbert was near Smithfield. The Confederates were in a piece of woods looking down on an open valley and seemed disposed to stay there. A strong skirmish line had been thrown forward, and our artillery were shelling the woods. Torbert and his staff were on the hill top overlooking the low ground and he concluded to ride down and investigate. I never mounted my horse with more reluctance in my life. I joined the general, riding about five yards behind him, but wishing it were proper to be several hundred yards in the rear, for it began to be hot. Shells were howling over our heads and the "biz," "biz," of the bullets were humming about our ears in a lively manner. The enemy evidently recognized the general and were paying him their respects. All the time Torbert and the officers were quietly riding down, laughing and chatting together. Occasionally Torbert would ask me some question about the country in front of us.

Suddenly my mare gave a leap that almost unseated me, and I discovered that she had been hit in the flank. She jumped about quite lively, and Torbert hearing the rumpus turned and called out: "What's the matter, Danby? You had better ride back and get another mount." Just then another bullet chipped a piece out of the butt of a revolver I had stuck in my boot top. I heard something clink, and Torbert said, laughing, "That's a bad dent in your saber scabbard." I had made up my mind that my mare was hurt very badly, and was going back for another mount, when I heard a thud like a dab of mud hitting a barn door and I knew that a bullet had struck solid flesh. The surgeon reeled in his saddle; he had been hit in the breast, and died before we reached the rear. One of Captain Moore's stirrup-leathers was cut away by a bullet. Torbert joined us soon after. Presently the whole line was charging, and we had a right sharp little battle. In this fight Captain Bailey had his left shoulder-strap shot off, having also lost one from the right shoulder during Milroy's retreat about a year before.

The nature of my duties brought me into intimate contact with Torbert. After a scout in which I had gained information about the enemy, I could give a shrewd guess as to our future movements. I had to report to Torbert at once when I returned from a scout, no matter where he was or who was with him, and sometimes my experience with him was funny. He was a heavy sleeper, and when I reported at night I would have to shake him up, but he was always good natured. I went to report to him one night near Charlestown, after a three days' scout up the valley. He was not in his tent, but the sentry said he saw him go towards a citizen's house, which stood about two hundred yards from camp. My orders were to report as soon as I returned, so I proceeded to hunt him up. I went to the house and recognized the familiar snore of the general coming from the front room up stairs. I found the door unlocked. I knew that the man of the house and all his children were deaf, and that it was impossible to wake them by knocking, so I opened the door and went straight to the general, whom I found sleeping on a high post bedstead. As soon as I touched him he was alert. Something in his surroundings so different from his usual camp quarters probably made him easier to arouse. He leaned on his elbow and listened to my report, which was quite lengthy. I expected that he would wake up the aide to write a copy of my report for General Sheridan, which was generally done when the information was important, as mine that night was, but he did not. When I got through he asked how I found him and how I got in. I told him I heard him snore and finding the door unfastened had simply to follow the sound. He turned over in bed with a suppressed laugh and I left him.

Torbert's next battle was purely a cavalry fight. It was in October, about a month after the Winchester fight. The cavalry had returned from up the valley and was in camp about Fisher's Hill. General Torbert had taken possession of the house of a Mrs. Hendricks, near Strasburg, for his headquarters. The wagons had reached headquarters for the first time in several days. When dinner was announced they were all in and soon hard at it. As the last bone of a twenty-five pound wild turkey was disappearing, in burst General Sheridan. I knew as soon as I saw him, that he was mad "clear through." The bright light of the dining room came through the open door into the hall, and the loud talking and laughing of the staff drowned all other sounds. Sheridan went in upon them like the ghost in Don Giovanni. He stood in the doorway and exclaimed: "Well, I'll be d——d! if you ain't sitting here stuffing yourselves, general, staff, and all, while the rebels are riding into our camp! Having a party, while Rosser is carrying off your guns! Got on your nice clothes and clean shirts! Torbert, mount quicker than h——l will scorch a feather!"

Turning away, Sheridan mounted his big black and disappeared in the darkness. Just as General Torbert was about to ride off, one of Custer's staff reported that while Custer was moving down the back road some country wagon loaded with contrabands had been captured by the enemy; and a broken blacksmith's forge with a broken wheel had also been picked up at the same time. Some demoralized officer had magnified this loss into the capture of a wagon train and a battery of artillery, and Sheridan hearing of it, had, in his usual impulsive style, struck the first head that offered. General Torbert was angry. In a few moments I was riding up the valley with orders to go into the enemy's lines, find out all about them, and to report by daylight. It would take a page to tell of the small adventures of that night. At dawn I reported. The enemy's force consisted of Rosser's "Laurel Brigade," each trooper wearing a sprig of laurel in his cap. Our command moved up the valley, Merritt on the pike, and Custer on the North Mountain road; a strong skirmish line in the advance.

Rosser had fallen back, stubbornly contesting every foot of the ground, and dead and wounded cavalrymen were beginning to come to the rear. The general had just sent his staff off with orders for everything to move forward vigorously, and the increased firing was showing the effect of the order when General Sheridan rode up on the hill. He was as gentle as a lamb, and quietly and pleasantly remarked: "Well, Torbert, you seem to be having a little amusement this morning." "Yes," replied Torbert, "we are going to try and recapture all those guns, wagons, and men you were telling us about last night." Sheridan answered, "It seems I was a little hasty last evening, Torbert." "I should say so," said Torbert, sarcastically. "Have you any orders to give?" "No; everything seems to be going all right," said Sheridan, when Torbert mounted, and, saluting his superior, rode off at full speed to the front. In a few moments the bugles were sounding the charge and away went Rosser and "his gallant band" whirling up the valley. Our cavalry chased the enemy through Woodstock and Edinburg, capturing a dozen pieces of artillery (all Rosser had) and many of his men.

On the day before the battle of Cedar Creek Torbert sent me over into Loudoun county to see if a plan could not be hit upon to capture Mosby. I learned at Front Royal that all furloughs and leaves had been stopped in Early's army, and that all men absent from their commands were ordered to report for duty at once. This indicated a quick move, so I concluded with this information to gallop back to headquarters, thinking it important. I had gotten nearly to our lines when I was halted. To the demand, "Who goes there?" I replied, "Jack Carter of Mosby's command." If the troops proved to be Confederates I was on scouting duty for Major Mosby. If they were our men I could satisfy the officer in command by my passes and the countersign, which I always knew. I was ordered to dismount and lead my horse forward and soon found myself in the midst of a large force of Confederates. I was questioned very closely but I answered all questions with the greatest *sang froid.* I said I was from Maryland; giving my real residence, for I knew every man from my township in both armies. I satisfied him that I was a true "grayback," and it ended in his writing a dispatch which I was to carry to Mosby. I begged hard for a fresh horse; for I expressed fears that my horse would not hold out to reach Mosby if ridden fast; so the general gave me a note to a wealthy citizen who lived near Berryville, requesting him to lend me a horse for the good of the cause. I subsequently used it. As soon as I got away I struck for headquarters as fast as I could go. I had to move considerably out of my course to flank the enemy and came very near being fired upon by our picket post on the pike, near Middletown. It was some time before I could satisfy the officer in charge of the picket post of my identity.

I reached General Torbert's tent at the dawn of day. It took some time to awake him; in fact all the officers at headquarters were sleepy that morning, as they had "a walk-round" the night before. I succeeded in getting the general awake and told him my news. He read the dispatch to Mosby, from General Gordon, urging him to join Early's command at once with all the men he could muster. The letter added that Early would attack with his whole force at daybreak.

Just then the alarm was given and in a few moments the staff officers were riding in all directions with orders. Heavy firing was heard on the right, where the 8th Corps were in camp, and, by the time the wagons were loaded and ready to move, the enemy could be seen on the pike about three hundred yards off, driving the infantry before them. The headquarters wagons were ordered to the rear, and the Durham cow, which provided milk for the officers' coffee and which was tied to one of the wagons, was killed by a stray bullet and dragged about half a mile before the driver had time to cut the rope that fastened her. The cavalry, the 6th Corps, and a portion of the 19th Corps fell back in pretty fair order. By the time Sheridan reached the army, after his famous twenty mile ride, the enemy had been checked.

With his usual good luck, Sheridan was on hand just in the nick of time to take advantage of the situation; but I always thought that General Torbert deserved much more credit than he got for the success of the battle. He had skillfully got his cavalry and artillery out of the tangle and had the army in good shape for fighting. He had sent to stop the infantry stragglers who were breaking to the rear. Of course, as soon as Sheridan arrived and took command, he led, and, probably, the great victory we gained that day was owing mainly to him. Very little change was made by Sheridan in the disposition of the troops. When our army in turn attacked the enemy it was not a very hard fight, and our casualties were not heavy considering the complete success of the day.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

FRANCIS M. FINCH'S TENDER POEM OF UNION.

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the one, the blue;
Under the other, the gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the laurel, the blue;
Under the willow, the gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the roses, the blue;
Under the lilies, the gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Broidered with gold, the blue;
Mellowed with gold, the gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth,
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Wet with the rain, the blue;
Wet with the rain, the gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the blossoms, the blue;
Under the garlands, the gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the blue;
Tears and love for the gray!

General Pemberton's Death.

PEACEFUL CLOSE OF THE STIRRING CAREER OF THE DEFENDER OF VICKSBURG.

AFTER a long career of disappointment and daring as a soldier, succeeded by several years of unobtrusive private life, Lieut.-Gen. J. C. Pemberton, commander of the Confederate forces at the fall of Vicksburg, died on July 13, 1881, at Penllyn, a pleasant suburb of Philadelphia, on the Pennsylvania railroad. Philadelphia was his home, the place where he was born, and in the trying hours of his last illness he had the consolation that comes from the presence around his bedside of old friends and the members of his family.

The name of Gen. John C. Pemberton will always be associated with the siege of Vicksburg and his stubborn defense of that "iron fortress of the Mississippi," as the Confederates called it, against the army of General Grant. He was one of the victims of the war, for in the only great work he had an opportunity to do, he was, from the first, in a hopeless position. General Pemberton was one of the officers of the regular army who resigned his commission at the breaking out of the war of the rebellion. He was a native of Philadelphia and was born in 1817. He graduated from West Point in 1837, served with distinction in the Mexican war, and at the time of his resignation was a captain. On entering the Confederate service he was made a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry and assistant adjutant-general to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Without seeing any service he was promoted to a lieutenant-general in the provisional army and was put in command of the Confederate forces in Northern Mississippi, where the advancing army of Grant found him in the spring of 1863. His two brothers fought against him in the Union ranks. Pemberton considered Vicksburg the most important point in the Confederacy, and when Grant ran his batteries and landed his forces south of him, he foresaw that a struggle for the possession of the river was to come. Johnston was at Jackson, and both he and Pemberton were anxious to make a combination and give battle to the Union troops with a united army; Grant was, however, too quick for the Confederates, for even before a start for union had been made his army had been placed between the two commands. The siege followed, lasting through forty-seven weary days and nights. Whether or not General Pemberton was right in holding on to the place in the face of an inevitable fate, it cannot be denied that his defense was heroic. He had faith through the horrors of that awful siege that Johnston would be able to come to his assistance. His confidence was misplaced. Johnston never had a sufficient force to help him, and the opposing army so closely hemmed Pemberton in, that at the end he was forced to surrender. This gave the Confederacy one of the severest blows that it received, and filled the North with courage and renewed enthusiasm. After the fall of Vicksburg Pemberton was under a cloud. He went to Richmond, resigned his rank as lieutenant-general, because the Confederate government could not give him an adequate command, and as lieutenant-colonel, commanded Lee's artillery. His last work in the war was an unsuccessful attempt to prevent Grant's passage of the James, by shelling his bridges. At the close of the war he was inspector of artillery, in command at Charleston. After the war he became a farmer near Warrenton, Fauquier county, Va. Here he passed a quiet, uneventful life. The farm was remote and isolated; and his life quite different from what he had been accustomed. He therefore gave it up and went from place to place until about four years ago, when he anchored in Philadelphia. All through his illness the doctors could not determine what was the matter with him, but the complication of troubles took him off at last. Most of his relatives, including his son, F. R. Pemberton, of F. R. Pemberton & Co., shipping merchants of Philadelphia, were with him when he died. At eleven minutes after five, bearing to the last the evidences of his soldierly training and a gentleness of character, he passed away.

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A FIERCE DUEL FOR LIFE.

DESPERATE NAVAL CONTEST ON ALBEMARLE SOUND.

1864.

By W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., had fallen, and the rebel iron-clad Albemarle now threatened the various positions held by the Union troops in North Carolina. Some of the smaller naval vessels had been withdrawn from the sounds, and these had been replaced by the "double-enders," Sassacus, Tacony, Mattabessett, and the Wyalusing, each armed with an iron prow. Commodore Melancthon Smyth, an officer of acknowledged experience and daring, had been placed in command of the entire inland naval fleet. The Albemarle was now the center of interest. It was an iron-clad modeled after the famous Merrimac, and was armed with two one hundred pound Brooks guns, rifled, and these so placed as to be used in any direction.

At 4 P. M., May 5, 1864, the steamers Mattabessett, and Wyalusing were at anchor at Bluff Point, near Edenton Bay, when they were warned by the Miami and Whitehead that the ram Albemarle was in the sound. They sailed at once and soon saw the ram attended by two small steamers, the Bombshell and Cotton Plant. Our entire fleet at this point was composed of wooden vessels, and what they lacked in this direction in contesting with the iron monster, must be made up in strategy and daring. The United States steamer Miami opened the conflict just below Edenton bay. The Mattabessett and Sassacus followed, with broadsides, but their missiles bounded from their mailed antagonist like rubber balls. The sharpshooters upon the two small steamers opened a harassing fire upon our gunners, but those vessels were instantly brought to by a broadside, and the crews made prisoners. It was soon seen that the guns of our fleet made no impression upon the Albemarle, and Commander Roe, of the Sassacus, was given permission to attempt to run it down. With thirty pounds of steam and throttle wide open, the Sassacus, at a speed of ten knots, rushed for its antagonist, and, striking it amidships, crowded it heavily upon its side.

At the moment of collision, a hundred pound shot passed through the Sassacus from stem to stern, but without material damage. A black muzzle again protrudes from the foe, but a Parrott gun is trained upon it, and before the hostile gun can be fired, a ponderous shot shivered its muzzle. The contestants were within ten feet of each other—the powder from each blackening its antagonist. It was "broadside to broadside," and "yard-arm locked to yard," while the crew of the Sassacus threw shot, shell, and hand-grenades into the ports of the Albemarle. Gun answered gun in quick succession, while sharpshooters were working death on either side. Another gun protrudes from the ram, and another Parrott is trained upon it, and both discharge together. But, hark ! A sound more fearful than belching cannon or bursting shell, strikes the ear of the Union crew. The enemy's shot has pierced the boiler of the Sassacus, and instantly the steamer is filled with scalding steam. Scores are writhing in the burning mist, but the brave gunners stand to their guns, and ply their ponderous missiles upon the mailed sides of the foe.

It is a duel for life, and the divisions stand to their guns with a gallantry unequaled since the days of Decatur. At length, one of our one hundred pound shot crumbles against the port of the iron craft, and wedges it securely against further use. Still our batteries continue their incessant pounding against the foe, but the Sassacus's wheels refuse to revolve, and it drops helplessly away from the Albemarle. When the steam and smoke had cleared away, the Union crews saw the Albemarle retreating towards the Roanoke river. The prow of the Sassacus had pierced the hull of the Albemarle, and all haste was being made by the latter to reach Plymouth. Nineteen had been severely burned and one killed by the scalding steam, and though the burns were deep and painful, they forgot their sufferings and cheered lustily over their victory.

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Sheridan's Noted Ride.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1864.

❊ THE SURPRISE AND STAMPEDE.—A BATTLE LOST AND WON AGAIN. ❊

The Cavalry Leader's Appearance and How He Turned the Tide.

By WILLIAM F. MACKAY, 5th Cavalry Division.

THE Union forces in the Shenandoah Valley, up to the summer of 1864, seemed to have all the ill and none of the good luck enjoyed by other armies. This state of affairs was changed when General Sheridan assumed the command of the forces in the valley. His presence encouraged every one, and we felt that the old game of racing up and down the Shenandoah was over. After having severely handled Generals Early and Breckinridge, at Opequan and Fisher's Hill, besides several severe cavalry engagements, our army pursued the enemy to Port Republic, and captured most of their train. We then turned back by easy marches, destroying many grist mills and fine barns filled with grain and forage, followed at a safe distance by a small Confederate cavalry force under General Rosser. The burning of the large flour mill at Port Republic presented a rare sight. The mill was fired contrary to orders, as the owner was a Union man and had been assured that it would not be burned. The overshot wheel outside the mill continued to revolve, and after the weather-boarding had been burned off, all the machinery inside could be seen in motion, until the flames had burned every support away. A large barn at the village of Woodstock was burning as our rear guard passed, the sparks from which had

fired several houses close by. There being no one but old men, women, and children in this place, by common impulse our men dismounted, and saturating carpets with water, hung them from the upper windows to save the adjoining buildings.

After incessant marching and countermarching, during the summer and fall, the men were delighted at the prospect of going into winter quarters. It was with a feeling of security that we went into camp on the east side of Cedar Creek, about the 16th of October, 1864. The infantry lay upon three ridges, Crook's 8th Corps in front, Emory's 19th next, and Wright's 6th Corps on the third ridge. The first cavalry division was commanded by Major-General Merritt. The dashing Custer's division was upon the right flank and rear, while Powell's division was upon the other flank, picketing the north fork of the Shenandoah river, in the direction of Front Royal. It was one of the rumors of our camp that our army was to go into winter quarters right there. How this rumor originated no one knew, yet all seemed to accept it as a fact.

The night preceding the surprise and battle of Cedar Creek was a beautiful one. Part of our regiment had been detailed to do guard duty at the headquarters of the 1st Cavalry Division. On this particular night, I was sentry on Post No. 1, in front of the commanding officer's quarters. I went on duty at two o'clock in the morning. The air was chilly and a heavy fog had fallen. It was about three o'clock A. M., when I was startled by lively picket firing, accompanied by muffled yells. After waiting a few moments to be certain that I was not dreaming, I awoke the bugler at headquarters. The firing had increased, and above all could be heard the well known yell of the enemy. We concluded to waken the general and report the facts.

Going to his marquee, I put my head inside and said: "General, there is something wrong on our front." He came outside in his night clothes. The rattle of small arms was now continuous and heavy. He seemed to comprehend everything in an instant, and said: "We're surprised; bugler, blow 'boots and saddle.'" Then turning to me he said: "Sentry, you are relieved. Report to your company."

Soon everything and everybody was in confusion, each asking the other what it was all about. Cavalry calls were heard in every direction, while the long roll of the infantry was plainly audible. It was a complete surprise, particularly to the infantry on the extreme front, many of the men being shot or bayoneted in their beds. No one thought General Early nearer than Staunton at least.

Men who had made such elaborate preparations for spending the winter at this camp, showed their disgust and disappointment by savage growls, and language not found in books of a pious nature.

As the fog lifted, there began a rush, scramble, stampede, or whatever it may be called. The men passed by on the run, singly and in squads, many with only their underclothing on, others partly dressed, while but very few carried their muskets. Their one thought was, get to the rear and get there quickly. As daylight increased, the firing became louder, and the flash of artillery added to the general confusion. Most of the fugitives belonged to the 8th Corps, and their officers vainly begged, threatened, and commanded them to halt and form. Appeals were in vain. Every man seemed intent upon going on the old maxim: "Every fellow for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." The tide of men came surging by, and we moved back some distance and formed a single line, the men being placed at short intervals with orders to turn back every man or shoot him on the spot.

We succeeded in stopping a large number, and they began making breastworks of rails. By this time the 6th and part of the 19th Corps had formed in line of battle, and gave the enemy something to do besides plundering our camps, but we continued to fall back slowly in the direction of Middletown. The turnpike was jammed with army wagons. General Sheridan had gone to Martinsburg, and it was the sentiment of all present, that had he been with the army, this stampede would not have happened. Near Middletown, one of our batteries took position on an elevation near the pike, our regiment being its support.

At this time, when all felt sure that our army would be either captured or cut to pieces, Sheridan himself appeared on the field. Mounted on a large black horse, he came on a gallop, every appearance denoting anger and excitement. As he passed, he shouted: "Steady, lads, we'll give 'em h—l yet. This wouldn't have happened if I had been here."

The men gave him cheer after cheer. Every one felt that somehow or other, he would bring us safely through. Army trains were turned into the fields and parked, and stragglers ran voluntarily to the front. Sheridan's staff had failed to keep up with him and now came galloping in, one by one. Firing gradually ceased—our lines being withdrawn a short distance and reformed, while the cavalry were massed on the flanks, Custer on the right, and Merritt on the left.

About 2 P. M. the battle was renewed. The 3d Brigade, 1st Division, after being twice repulsed in charging a stone wall, succeeded in clearing the fence and getting in the enemy's rear. It was in this charge that General Lowell, of the regular cavalry, fell. Custer having succeeded in turning their flank at about the same time, both divisions charged down in their rear. This was more than they could stand. They started on a run, shouting: "We're flanked! we're flanked!" They were broken and demoralized far worse than we had been in the morning. The pursuit was kept up until darkness set in, and the next day we all occupied our old camps again. We recaptured all our artillery, and took much of the enemy's, besides many prisoners and much war material. Thus ended one of the most remarkable battles in history. There is no doubt that if General Sheridan had not come, our army would have been badly whipped, and the coast left clear for another invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The faith of every man in General Sheridan was strong. His presence was an inspiration. The men believed in him, and showed their faith by again engaging and defeating the once victorious enemy.

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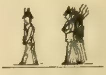


General Grant on Southern Independence.

GENERAL GRANT says in his book that if the war had lasted one year longer than it did the North would probably have become exhausted, and been compelled to acknowledge the independence of the Confederates.

General Buford's Credit at Gettysburg.

THE Comte de Paris, in his book on the battle of Gettysburg, awards the credit to General Buford, of compelling Lee to fight on a field that was to be fatal to his plan of invasion, and to the fortunes of the Confederate cause.

* * *

WHO SHOT STONEWALL JACKSON?

By MAJ. ALEXANDER W. SELFRIDGE, 46th Penn. Regiment.

OUR 1st Brigade, 1st Division 12th Army Corps, wearing the "red star," was at the extreme right of the corps, on a line nearly parallel with the plank road, in the woods, not far from the open plaza which surrounded the Chancellor House, and was protected by strong breastworks erected on the morning of the 2d of May. *En echelon* with our right, was the 11th Army Corps. About four o'clock we were ordered out of our works, and, as soon as out, were under a heavy artillery fire and the target for many invisible sharpshooters. We were awaiting orders to advance, scarcely having returned the fire of the unseen infantry, when an aide of Gen. A. S. Williams rode up and said to Gen. Joseph Knipe, our brigade commander: "The general's compliments and he orders that you get your brigade back to the works you left as quickly as possible." The colonels ordered each company commander to take his command into the works he built "by the right of company, to the rear into column, double quick." During this time we heard a racket on our right, which turned out to be Jackson's famous charge upon the 11th Corps. I gave the order at once, and got the start of the rest of the brigade. When we reached the opening in our works, we came in contact with an irregular column of Confederates running from a direction diagonally opposite to us, and from where the 11th Corps was supposed to be.

The Confederates we took to be prisoners captured by the 11th Corps, or a body of them coming in to give themselves up, and we cheered them lustily. How they regarded us is difficult to conjecture, as they neither hindered nor molested us. Probably they had gobbled so many "blue coats" with so little trouble that they deemed us already their game. However, bent upon obeying orders, we pushed forward until we came to the line built by us and halted about thirty or forty feet from the works. The next moment the enemy arose on the other side of our works, with guns at an aim, and a long haired individual yelled: "Surrender, ye Yankee ——!" Major Strauss drew his revolver and fired and then we caught it. The major and my 1st sergeant fell on either side, and those who could broke to the rear. The plank road was only two or three hundred yards back of the line and there I rallied what was left of company H. While so engaged Gen. H. W. Slocum, corps commander, rode up and I informed him that our works were occupied by the enemy. He seemed amazed and saying little or nothing, returned. Two brass Napoleon guns gave notice that they proposed to sweep that plank road, and we moved out of range, in the direction of the shanty, in close proximity to which Stonewall Jackson received his death wound two hours afterwards.

It had now grown nearly dark. General Knipe rode up and wanted to know why I was not where I had been ordered. I gave him excellent reasons but he raved, and in language more forcible than polite, said he knew better, and went in. He did not go far, or stay long when he got there. We heard a volley and he came out faster than he went in, nor did he stop to explain as he hurried by minus his hat. I then told my men to crawl cautiously in and get the major out if possible, as I did not believe the enemy were this side of the works. We were successful in this effort. We then fell back on a line with the shanty, and I made my way down the plank road to see how things looked. At the edge of the wood on the road were two pieces of artillery and a heavy line of battle of General Berry's command. An officer of his staff heard my report and ordered me to feel forward along the plank road to discover the location of their skirmishers. We advanced but a few yards when we heard voices and saw the dim outline of horsemen, riding about. One of my men said it was too good a chance to shoot at a staff of officers to let it slip, and fired. The rest of my men instantly blazed away at them. Then followed a volley from beyond the horsemen and from the line of our works occupied by the enemy on our left, besides also an unpleasant firing from some of our men in the rear. An unusual commotion was noticed in the direction of the shanty, but we dared not fire as it brought upon us a fire from all directions. It was in this first fire that we believed General Jackson received his mortal wound. My men always maintained that they dropped some of the officers off their horses. The fire from the Confederate troops, which followed ours, may have done it; the fire over us, from our troops at the rear, may have done it, but not likely, as they were almost too far off. As my little band of skirmishers opened the affair near the spot designated by some of those who were with General Jackson at the time he fell, and as we saw and heard as plainly as the darkness and circumstances would permit what we had done, and had talked of the "big guns" we brought down that night in the woods near the shanty long before we knew the location of Jackson's wounding, we think that among others that we put *hors de combat* that night was "Stonewall" Jackson.

Gallantry of General Grover's Division.

IF wounds are a test of gallantry, the history of the war cannot excel the glory of Grover's division of the 1st Corps in the fight at Winchester, September 19, 1864. Every fourth man in the division was killed or wounded.

First Federal Troops Raised in Tennessee.

THE first Federal troops raised in Middle Tennessee were raised by Gen. A. C. Gillem, who later in the war defeated and killed the guerrilla John Morgan.

First and Only Female Mustered Into Service.

THE only female ever mustered in and out of the United States service as a woman was Katy C. Brownell—the heroine of New-Berne, and wife of Robert S. Brownell, of the 1st, afterwards the 5th R. I. Regt.

Col. P. T. Moore, First Confederate Officer Wounded.

THE first officer wounded on the Southern side at the first battle of Bull Run, was Col. P. T. Moore, of the 1st Va. Regt. He died in February, 1883.

BATTLE OF ALLATOONA.

OCTOBER 5, 1864.

Sherman's Burning Words: "HOLD THE FORT!"

General Corse tells General French He is Ready for the "Unnecessary Effusion of Blood" at any Time.

J. J. WHITNEY, M. D., Assistant Surgeon, 18th Wis.

OUR garrison consisted of 1,100 men. We had the 4th Minn. and 18th Wis., together with a part of the 6th Wis. Battery, all under the command of Colonel Tourtellotte, of the 4th Minn. Hood had made his desperate flank movement. He well knew that we were guarding the main depot of supplies for Sherman's grand army. Allatoona Pass was the key to Sherman's position, and we knew that we held it. The enemy was now upon us in force. He had destroyed the railroad between us and Sherman's pursuing columns; he had stormed with shot and shell our block-house, and had taken prisoners over one hundred of its brave defenders. And now he was ready for us. General Corse, with nine hundred men, had been ordered down from Rome to our relief. Late in the evening of October 4, 1864, our pickets were driven in, and we were apprised of the near approach of the enemy. It was midnight. The rumbling of cars, the puffing of engines, the neighing of horses and braying of mules, all told us of the arrival of General Corse. I remember that we now felt very confident, for General Corse was in command. It is true that our forts were badly located, for the hills to the west and north of us were so much higher that they looked down upon us. All night long our command was busy in silent preparation.

At daylight, October 5, on looking across the bottom lands south of us, we could see the enemy planting his batteries.

About eight o'clock he opened fire, throwing shells into and about our main fort, which was on the west side of the pass. We laughed at this futile bombardment.

Soon the cannonading ceased, and an officer from General French came under a flag of truce. The writer happened to hear what was said both by General Corse and the rebel officer. After saluting the general the latter handed him a paper from General French, which read about as follows: "General: I now have you surrounded. My force is far superior to yours. To prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood I summon you to surrender immediately." General Corse coolly and firmly said: "Say to General French that I will not surrender, and that he can begin the unnecessary effusion of blood whenever he pleases." The aide returned, and within ten minutes the gray columns were seen marching up and over the hills by the left flank, until they reached the railroad to the north of us. We knew the battle would now begin.

The enemy soon let us know what he meant by his unearthly yells and the murderous rattle of his musketry. He charged on our thin lines and carried them by the weight and momentum of numbers. He rushed over our slim defenses, treading down our men in the trenches and fairly kicking them in the face. One after another of our outposts were driven in. Officers came dashing to General Corse saying: "We have lost our position; we cannot hold our posts against such numbers! We are already all cut to pieces!" Not many minutes elapsed before the enemy were seen rallying for a grand charge on our interior defenses and the fort itself. General Sherman was on Lookout Mountain, away northward fifteen miles. Signal flags were continually waving, up and down, to the right and left, carrying the burning words of Sherman, "Hold on! Hold the fort! Never give up!" The other returning: "We never will—we cannot surrender. I am short an ear and part of a cheek bone, but all h—l can't whip us." General Corse was everywhere—walking around outside and on top of the parapets—going through the embrasures—everywhere speaking words of assurance and plucky defiance. "It is hot, boys, but remember Vicksburg! We shall not surrender!" The writer was standing near the general when he was about to again mount the parapets. A ball struck him (Corse) and he fell backward bleeding. Soon the word passed that our general was wounded.

Surrender seemed now inevitable, but only while the general lay there fainting. A surgeon gave him a little stimulant and a handkerchief wet with spirits was placed around his torn temple and ear, and he rallied from the swoon and arose to his feet. "H—l and d———n! who talks of surrender?" said he. "We shall never surrender! We will die right here, every man of us, rather than give up!" Again hope reigned. The general placed Henry rifles in the trenches and under the parapets, ready for hand-to-hand fighting. We were none too soon, for the opposing forces mingled in a bayonet charge and our men were all driven into the fort. Here hand-to-hand they fought, and the enemy encountered the Henry rifles. Down the embankments they fell into the trenches. Once more they were repulsed. Our little fort, the area of which was about 6,000 square feet, was full and crowded with dead and wounded. Our guns were all silenced from rapid firing. Colonel Tourtellotte was badly wounded, and could not fight any more. It was noon, and we still held the fort. We had not yet won, for General French had come upon us with 7,000 veterans—the flower of Stewart's corps—of Hood's army, and still had reserves. But he knew that Sherman was near. He must rally once more for one last grand charge—one greater and better than any or all before; for this one must succeed, this must determine the fate of our post. The doom of General Corse and his army seemed sealed. Our batterymen were all slain or wounded, but we had plucky infantrymen left. We were out of ammunition, too! What shall be done? Captain Bruner, of Co. K, 18th Wis., solves the problem. He crawls over the walls of the fort, crosses the deep cut on a foot bridge to the other fort, secures his grape and canister, brings it to us upon his back, all the time under heavy fire from the enemy. Now our big gun is once more swabbed and loaded with grape and canister, and by the hands of the brave Captain Bruner. He was then only a boy, but he showed the pluck and heart of a lion. Now the Confederates were ready. Their fixing of bayonets, the swift double-quick rallying behind the old house, told us that perchance our fate hung on this final charge.

But Bruner's gun was now wheeled into the embrasure where so many brave battery boys had gone down, and he poured the grape and canister through and through that old house! What a sight! The rebels were seized with a panic. They could not be rallied, and rushed over the hills amid a last volley from our rifles. Our men almost cried for joy, for the battle was won. And now came the sad work of the surgeons. We were but few in number, but our labor was fearfully great. Two humane Confederate surgeons were left with us, and together side by side for six days and nights we labored! We did what we could to alleviate the havoc of war. Amid the silent gloom of the morning, while looking on our dead, there was joy for us, for General Sherman came up, giving us a hearty greeting. All know his congratulatory order. To me they are the finest words he ever uttered or wrote. Our commander appreciated the work we had done. General Hood did not replenish his commissariat, neither did General Sherman lose his 1,500,000 rations, for did he not immediately go on his grand march to the sea?

THE SENTRY'S CHALLENGE.

[These verses are part of a long poem written by Capt. J. Lee Knight, and read at the Topeka Celebration of General Grant's Birthday.]

HALT! who goes there?
A friend—
He leads the serried hosts,
Their ranks reforming!
Their chilled and fluttering hearts
With Hope's new fires rewarming.
Pass, friend—
The Lord hath answered prayer.

Halt! who goes there?
A friend—
The victor, laurel crowned—
To home and peace returning.
No more of war nor strife,
Nor gleaming camp fires burning!
Pass, friend—
Great blessings many share.

Halt! who goes there?
A friend—
Behold! once more he comes,
A chieftain's mantle wearing!
The Nation's loving voice
Sends greeting to the daring—
Pass, friend—
Thy mission hath been rare.

Halt! who goes there?
A friend—
Life's mission rounded out,
In meed of fame and glory
Thy cup of honors full,
The world takes up thy story!
Pass, friend—
Love's blessings with thee bear.

Halt! who goes there?
A friend—
A bent form racked with pain,
A broken heart lies bleeding—
While million prayers and tears
For that loved life are pleading!
Pass, friend—
God keep thee in his care.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

How They Fared, How They Worked, and What They Suffered.

By WILLIAM M. RUNKEL, 1st Lieut. Battery H, 3d Penn. Artillery.

WAR correspondents lead a particularly hard life, and the more so if attached to an unpopular paper. How much injustice these men did can only be conjectured; how much benefit they gave to undeserving ones can best be appreciated by the men's actions in civil life. The New York *Herald* was the popular paper in the East; it would have twenty correspondents, captured or sent home, replaced within twenty-four hours. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* was the journal for the Middle States; the Cincinnati *Gazette* for the Middle-West, and the St. Louis *Republican* for the Southwest. The men representing these papers could do nearly as they pleased, but the others had to take it as they could find it. Their lot was bad indeed. I remember when advancing up the Peninsula, that a correspondent who was on an unpopular paper was compelled to sit all night long beneath a baggage wagon during a most terrible storm and when there was plenty of room in many of the hospital tents in the immediate vicinity.

When there was no telegraphic communication it was in the interest of the paper to have some one in their employ who would carry the news by hand. At Fortress Monroe, in 1862, telegraphic facilities were in the hands of the government; one could only send such messages as they would permit. The New York *Herald*, not to be outdone, organized a rapid transit of their own. A correspondent was stationed in Baltimore, then the stewards of the Old Colony Line of steamboats were hired to carry messages from Fortress Monroe to Baltimore; next was a correspondent at the "Fort" to forward matter as soon as possible. In this way considerable matter could be telegraphed from Baltimore if the boat were too late for the train; if on time, the correspondent sent a trusted messenger to New York, thus saving an hour on the mails. The facilities of those days were not what they are to-day, and every newspaper man well knows what an hour is worth in a well regulated newspaper office. In addition to these, every corps had one correspondent, or if short-handed one man sometimes had two or three corps to attend to. All were under the orders of a chief on the field, and reported regularly every morning in the vicinity of Franklin's headquarters.

As an example, notice the battle of Fair Oaks, and how the most minute particulars appeared in the *Herald* on the day but one following. Having been a newspaper man myself before the war broke out I was able to appreciate the wants and necessities of these men; hence my quarters were always open to them. Sometimes I would entertain a half dozen of the brother "chips" all at once; at other times I would not see one of them for weeks. The *Herald* men were at my quarters when the first gun was fired at Fair Oaks. "There they go," was the cry, and immediately all was activity. Charles Farrell (since dead) was the chief on the field at this time. In less time than it takes to write it, orders were issued for each one of them to accompany such and such a corps (it was astonishing how well they understood the position of each command), and in a twinkling all had mounted and were off. I suppose they knew where they were to meet again, for I afterward found them on the south bank of the Chickahominy, in the rear of Heintzelman's headquarters. All were assembled around a pile of cracker boxes and as busy as nailers, writing the particulars of the fight then going on. As each man finished, he passed his manuscript to Farrell, and, mounting, rode away again to some distant part of the field.

At the battle of Fair Oaks we had been driven back about a mile the first day, but on the second day we gave them a little "Hail Columbia," and in turn drove them back about half a mile from where our outside line was first established. It was a most terrible fight. On a wooded eminence, a short distance below where our first line had been established, two or three batteries of artillery were stationed by Heintzelman. One section of two pieces was drawn out from the woods and placed in the clear cornfield beyond.

It was a dangerous position for a battery to be in without a support. The section had scarcely unlimbered when from the woods in their front there debouched Cheatham's Confederate brigade, who, in regimental front and four lines deep, came pouring down upon the devoted section. "Fire with canister!" commanded the weak little voice of the young lieutenant, who commanded the section, and the Confederates seemed to laugh at the two little six-pounders opposing them. "Double-shot with canister!" said the commander of the guns, and still the enemy came on and on, as if on parade. Not a musket was fired and the section kept booming away with terrible rapidity. I had thought that the lieutenant and his section would turn tail to the foe, but he did not, but stood there and worked his guns with the coolness of a veteran. All at once, with a yell, the enemy started on a double-quick, and in a moment more the section was captured and the lieutenant was a mangled corpse.

Now came the most terrible carnage I had ever seen. The capture of the section had greatly encouraged the foe and his lines swept on and up the hill, until within about one hundred yards of the Union cannon. It was a magnificent sight. The lines had not broken yet, but kept onward as if marching for review. "Fire!" rang out from the woods, and a least a dozen cannon belched forth their storm of death. I can see it even now. Men in all the agonies of death piled like fence rails one upon another; their more fortunate comrades climbing over their mangled bodies to reach the guns.

The magnificent lines of a moment before wavered, stood still, and then faded away, like snow before a summer's sun. The charge was ended and but few, if any, lived to return. The field where the enemy had advanced was a slaughter pen, indeed. The dead and wounded lay in all directions, and not one of all the men who had advanced got back again. It was a gallant charge and a terrible repulse, but to the noble lieutenant who had commanded the captured section, and who gave up his life to duty, was the credit of winning this battle due. The enemy lost about 1,500 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Our loss was 8 men killed and 16 wounded.

For two days I caught only fleeting glances of the correspondents. When all was over, Farrell came in with the papers of the day before. There were eight or nine columns of description of the first day's fight, and in the next day's paper was an account nearly as long of the second day's battle. It was wonderful, wonderful to see an account of the battle, all the way from New York, back on the field in so short a time. An evening shortly afterward, while smoking with Farrell, I asked him how he had managed to know so much about the battle and how he had got it to the paper with such promptness. "You see," said he, "we have our best men here. Each man knows what to do and does it with the quickest possible dispatch."

He then related how he arranged the manuscripts of each man, put it into shape, corrected it as far as he was able, and then rode to the White House, where he chartered a tugboat and went to Fortress Monroe; how he there telegraphed as much as the authorities would allow and gave his package to the Fortress Monroe correspondent, and within three or four hours had retaken the tugboat for the White House.

It was a mystery to me and has been ever since! A fight taking place four or five hundred miles away and yet, without telegraphic communication, the full particulars are spread before the people at home on the day but one following the occurrence.

AN INTERESTING WAR RELIC.

From the Rome Sentinel, Ga.

A SMALL highland terrapin was captured in 1884 by a Chattanooga gentleman that carries on the smooth surface of its belly the inscription, carved in distinct characters: "Union: Co. K, 26th Regt., Ohio Vols.; November 18, 1864." It is supposed that some straggling Union soldier, belonging to the command designated, captured the North Georgia quadruped and proceeded to make a living historical tablet of the hard-shell little creeper. That was twenty years ago. In 1886 when a party of ex-Union captives from Ohio, who were making a tour of the South, passed through Chattanooga, the terrapin was shown them and they could not have shown more delight over the meeting of an old friend. "He was the pet of some of our boys," said one of the old soldiers, as he fondly patted the terrapin's back, while the tears filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks in great drops.

SHERMAN AND JOHNSON.

THE movements of the two armies of Sherman and Johnston during the Atlanta campaign, is one of the most interesting and unique in all military history.

Col. Jackson's Grand Cavalry Charge.

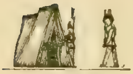
THE charge of the 9th Ind. Cavalry, led by Colonel Jackson, at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., was absolutely the grandest thing of the kind during the whole war.

THE BATTLE OF RESACA.

OCTOBER 12, 1864.

A Thousand Jets of Flame Blend into Roaring Artillery.

By C. E. BENTON, 150th New York Regt.



THE battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge had been fought and won, and thousands of prisoners had passed us in long trains of freight cars. The 11th and 12th Corps had been consolidated and become the 20th Corps, Army of the Cumberland, under command of Hooker.

When the soft, warm days of spring came it was made known that we had marching orders, and there was great stir in camp. Even the mules, which had grown fat and dull, caught the excitement and brayed "Joe *Hook*-er, *Hook*-er, *Hook*-er," at the top of their unmusical voices. The swelling buds were putting forth their leaves, and the woods were fragrant with flowers, as we marched out of camp and turned our faces southward. Steadily, day by day, we marched southward, climbed the steep mountain, traversed its broad summit, clambered down its rugged southern face, and followed narrow valleys and crooked water courses until we came to the Tennessee river at Bridgeport, Ala. There we turned east until we reached Lookout Mountain, which we passed by a road leading up its western face and around the north end. Three miles northeast was Chattanooga; east was Missionary Ridge, southeast was the old battle field of Chickamauga, mostly level and wooded. The Tennessee river washes the foot of Lookout Mountain, and turns west by a crooked course through the mountains.

We descended the mountain to where the battle of Chickamauga was fought the fall before. Soon we came to trees cut down by shell; nearly all of the trees were marked and torn by bullets and shells. Mounds of earth with the middle sunken in, showed where dozens of men had received scant burial. Here and there a foot protruded; or a hand with the skin dried to the bones was seen extended from a grave as if beckoning to us. Further on we came to numbers of bodies which had not been buried. Then we passed Chickamauga creek, where its wine-colored water flows between thickly-wooded banks. The name is said to be Indian, and signifies in their language, "River of Death." How did they know?

Continuing southeast we confronted the enemy, and the roaring of cannon was heard in some direction every day. Between maneuvering and fighting, the enemy were forced or flanked out of every position until they were found intrenched at Resaca. There it was understood they expected to make a big fight. It was May 14 when we arrived and the crackling sound of firing on the skirmish line told that the two armies confronted each other. We were moved from place to place, but were not put in that day. At one place where we halted a body of men were digging graves. Not seeing any dead or wounded near, I inquired what they were doing, and was informed that ambulance corps had nothing to do, and as a heavy battle was expected, they were digging graves—for men not yet engaged in battle. Late in the afternoon the enemy attempted to take a battery at the left of our line, and the 1st Division, 20th Corps, was hurried in that direction. When we came near the firing, the division was formed on an elevated ridge, in line by brigades. The 3d Brigade, which was in front, passed down the slope into the open fields, and just as they did so the battery at our left opened fire. Looking beyond our line we saw the dusky line of Confederates advancing from the shelter of the woods and open fire. From our elevated position on the ridge we saw the whole action as plainly as if it had been a play on the stage. The slightly gathering gloom of twilight served to show the fire of their guns in bright flashes as they continued to advance. Our own line advanced a short distance in silence when suddenly there sprang from their front a thousand jets of flame. Thicker and faster grew the firing until the cracking of rifles blended into a roaring sound, accented by the heavy bass of the cannon. It lasted only a little while. The gray line was seen to waver, then scatter, and at last run back in confusion, followed steadily by our line until the ringing notes of the bugle called a halt. Then the ambulances drove over the ground. The dead and wounded were both removed, and in an hour's time the only signs of a conflict were a few dead horses.

Sunday the battle raged furiously, but we were not called into action until noon, when we were moved toward the left of the line. This was a move to flank the enemy and at the same time the Confederate forces were moving in the same direction to flank us. At one point the enemy were running across the road only a little distance in front. There were strict orders not to fire a gun and they escaped unharmed. Soon after we passed what had been a Confederate field hospital. A few of their dead were there, and one lay on the operating table. He may have died during an operation or perhaps have been killed by a stray bullet. Finally, we were formed in line on a little rise of ground in open fields, and threw up a slight defense. Soon the long gray line was seen approaching with a firm and even front. Upon coming within range they opened fire, and continued to fire as they advanced. But the fire was returned with such steady, level volleys that they fell in dozens, and finally retreated in disorder. As the smoke cleared away we could see them forming for a fresh attack. This time they were more persistent and got nearer to our line than before, but were driven back again, leaving the field strewed with their dead and wounded. Just at the turning point, part of our line made a dash at the enemy, and returned with some prisoners and one battle-flag. Thus the flanking movements which the two armies attempted at the same time, counteracted each other. But our troops held the line they had taken.

As the hostilities ceased at that part of the field, the task of removing the wounded to the rear commenced. There were no stretchers at hand, and we used blankets and half-tents. When you start with a helpless soldier in a blanket he seems to weigh about one hundred pounds; after you have carried him half a mile you will think he weighs a ton,—especially if the course is in range of the enemy's batteries. We found where the surgeon had established himself in a hollow in the woods, and there we deposited our burdens, and set to work under his orders. Attendants in field hospitals witness many pitiful scenes. Not as in general hospitals, here are sunburnt men stricken suddenly in their full vigor. Here are the freshly torn muscles and dripping blood, and tragic death scenes.

I remember a fine-looking, intelligent fellow, hardly twenty-one, who was mortally wounded. His frequent request was for water, and seeing that he could last but a few moments, I knelt by his side and at short intervals put a little in his mouth with a spoon. Finally his lips could not open to receive the water or even to speak the word, but the pleading look came into his eyes, and understanding it I dipped my finger in the water and moistened his lips. To my surprise, they parted in a sweet, pleasant smile. I glanced quickly, but saw that I was looking at the half closed windows of an empty tenement. That happy smile had spanned two shores.

At another time there was a strong man of twenty-five, who sat or reclined on the ground. If you would see his exact position, look at the "Dying Gladiator." He called frequently for the doctor, and an attendant pointed him out to the surgeon. He replied that he had examined the man and could do nothing, as he was bleeding to death. The attendant returned and spoke in a low tone to the dying man. Many fresh wounded men were being brought, and help was scarce, so the surgeon called the attendant. He sprang to his feet and left the dying soldier—alone. His regiment was at the front, and among the many within sound of his feeble voice he was an entire stranger. He occasionally raised his head and spoke weakly, but no one had time to give him attention. I noticed after a little that the pallor of death had spread over his strong features. He settled lower and lower, and finally sank back on the ground. There was a gurgling sound, slight convulsive motion of the limbs, and all was over.

Night found us tired and fasting; but with crackers and coffee, and a few hours' sleep, we arose at dawn to find that the enemy had retreated during the night. The battle was won.

The Stars and Stripes Over Savannah.

THE stars and stripes were first unfurled over the city of Savannah by Acting Master R. N. Morrill, of the gunboat Sonoma.

KENTUCKY BRIGADE.

THE first Kentucky brigade organized by Gen. George H. Thomas was the first brigade of the Army of the Cumberland, and its nucleus.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

A Tragedy at Gettysburg, Followed, after Many Years, by a Wedding.

SOON after the battle of Gettysburg, the 7th Ind. Regt. was stationed near Waterford, Loudoun county. An acquaintance sprang up between Lieutenant Holmes of that regiment, and Miss Lizzie, daughter of John B. Dutton.

The correspondence between the two, which ensued upon their separation, led to their betrothal. In an assault upon the Confederate works at Petersburg, the young lieutenant was killed. A few days later came a letter from his betrothed. A friend and comrade of the slain officer, Joseph M. Dunlap, knowing the relation between the two, returned the letter, at the same time apprising Miss Dutton of the fall of her lover. A letter of thanks from the young lady for the mournful attention paid her, gave occasion for the interchange of several more epistles. Mr. Dunlap was deeply impressed with the style of the letters, having previously seen and admired the writer. The tide of war rolled on until the torn battle-flags were furled at Appomattox.

The correspondence ceased. Mr. Dunlap went to his home in Indiana and fulfilled a long standing engagement by marrying the daughter of a neighbor, but within a year or two this lady died. Mr. Dunlap went forth into the world a lone man, and in his travels found himself one day near the house of his former correspondent. A train of pleasant recollections followed. Was she married? No. A postal card opened the way to a renewed correspondence. A visit to the home of his correspondent followed. They talked of her dead lover, of his gallantry and manly bearing, and how he fell at the head of his men at the very point of the Confederate bayonets. Then they talked of something else, and matters flowed on so easily, smoothly, and naturally, that in a few weeks Mr. Dunlap found himself at his Indiana home busily engaged in preparing for the reception of a new mistress. And soon the little town of Waterford was all a blaze of light and a scene of general rejoicing, for the lady was popular and beloved by all. In the midst of a large assemblage the ceremony took place which united Miss Dutton and Mr. Dunlap in the bonds of matrimony.

A Soldier's Presence of Mind.

IT was during the siege of Wagner, and the Union parallels were but a few hundred yards away from the grim black tubes that ever and anon "enbowled with outrageous noise and air—disgorging foul their horrid glut of iron globes." A line of abatis was to be built across a clear space, in point-blank range of the Confederate gunners and sharpshooters. "Sergeant," says the officer in charge, "go pace that opening and give me the distance as near as possible." Says the sergeant (for we will let him tell the rest of the story), "I started right off, and when I got to the opening I put 'er like a ship in a gale of wind. With grape, canister, round-shot, shell, and a regular bees' nest of rifle balls, whizzing around, I just think there must have been a fearful drain of ammunition on the Confederate army about that time. I don't know how it was, I did not get so much as a scratch, but I did get powerfully scared. When I got under cover I couldn't 'er told for the life of me whether it was a hundred or a thousand paces. I should sooner guessed a hundred thousand. Says the captain: 'Well, sergeant, what do you make it?' Soon's I could get my wind, says I: 'Give a guess, captain.' He looked across the opening a second or two and then said, 'A hundred and seventy-five paces, say!' 'Thunder! captain,' says I, 'you've made a pretty close guess. It's just a one hundred and seventy-one.' And," concluded the sergeant, after the laugh had subsided, "that's how I got my shoulder-straps."

The Capture of General Marmaduke,

BATTLE OF OSAGE, AFTER A THRILLING CHARGE.

OCTOBER 24, 1864.

J. P. MONAHAN.

THE battle of the Osage was fought on the latter part of October, 1864. There were two engagements, one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

During the morning fight the present governor of Missouri, General Marmaduke, was taken prisoner. I was a participator in the charge made by the Union forces, and an eye-witness of his capture, although his identity was not known for a half-hour afterwards. The country for miles in the Osage region is unbroken prairie; the ground undulating; the hills and hollows seeming to run parallel. It was, therefore, a model battle ground, and, in reading the accounts of the English campaign in the Soudan, I was reminded vividly of our pursuit of the Confederates through Missouri.

Just after crossing the dry bed of the Osage river we heard skirmishing, and soon came in sight of the enemy formed in line of battle and waiting for us. I was captain of Co. H, 10th Mo. cavalry; Colonel Bentine, commander, and General Pleasonton, brigade commander. My position was on the left, as we drew up in line. During my four years' service I had seen many wonderful sights, and had been in some very close quarters. But never had I seen 9,000 horsemen drawn up in battle array, and the sight was a thrilling one. The enemy were well supported by artillery. While we sat waiting for orders, Generals Pleasonton and Curtis came riding down between the lines. As they passed me I heard Pleasonton say, "We must come together now." These words, and the ominous looks of the cannon, assured me that a serious moment was at hand. I had $600 about me, and I put it into an official envelope. I then directed it to my sister, and gave it to our surgeon, with the request to forward it in case of my death, or, as the boys were in the habit of saying, in case I did not "come out."

At last the bugle sounded the charge and the long lines surged but no advance was made.

Again the bugle rang out on the air, and again the lines wavered.

Suddenly a rider on a white horse burst through the ranks and rode at the foe. Like an avalanche we followed. In the excitement every fear vanished, and we rode through the enemy, dispersing them right and left. They had fired one volley but had had no time to reload.

Their right wing was completely cut off and surrounded. Having no other alternative they surrendered, and dismounting them we hurried them to the rear. On my way back with the prisoners, we met General James Lane going to the front. He stopped, and pushing his way through the guards and prisoners to a tall, fine-looking Confederate, held out his hand and said, "How do you do, General Marmaduke?" The man shook his hand warmly, and after a few words General Lane walked away taking Marmaduke with him. When taken General Marmaduke had on the hat a star and crescent. Colonel Bentine noticing the ornaments cut them from his hat as trophies of war. The star when last heard from was in a museum in Chicago. General Marmaduke had no insignia of office from which he could be distinguished from the common soldiers, having a simple gray uniform and a large slouch hat.

The Confederates made a stand again in the afternoon, but before our onslaught again retreated. That night horses and men lay down and slept together. So utterly worn were we that no one thought of eating; going to sleep was much easier.

* * *

Shooting of Longfellow's Son.

A Bullet Passes Through His Body, Piercing His Lung.

One of War's Strange Happenings in the Mine Run Campaign.

BY WARREN WALTERS.

ON the morning of the 26th of November, General Gregg, in command of the 2d Division of Cavalry, crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford. They advanced some miles and halted for the night at Whitehall. Early the following morning, Colonel Taylor's brigade proceeded over the plank road toward Orange Court House, the 3d Penn. in advance. Two miles brought them face to face with a large body of the enemy, hidden in a dense wilderness. Colonel Taylor dismounted his advance and deployed them in line.

He succeeded in driving back the enemy some distance to a park of strongly fortified artillery. The general saw he could no longer force a retreat, for he felt confident that he was facing a heavy body of infantry. During a partial cessation of the fire, Colonel Taylor rode along the whole front hoping to obtain some idea of the character and number of the foe. The dense undergrowth, however, prevented. A squadron of the 1st Mass., commanded by Lieut. C. A. Longfellow, was engaged in this skirmish. Young Longfellow joined the general in his endeavor to discern the character of the force contesting their advance. A sharp volley was fired, directed evidently at the two officers. The general paid little heed to the whistling musketry until he heard some one cry, "General, I'm shot!" Turning quickly the general made his way back and found the gallant young officer, a bullet having passed clear through his body. Lifting him tenderly from the earth, the general hurriedly moved him to the rear, the life-blood marking every step of the way. General Taylor could not repress thoughts of the sorrow the wire must carry to the poet's home. The wound must prove fatal, for the ball had pierced one of the boy's lungs. Yet it could be but a moment's sigh, for in the next moment the general ordered a charge along his whole line. With a yell, the men pressed forward, eager to avenge the death of their young officer. The result of that onset was the capture of almost the entire force of the enemy.

This scene had almost grown rusty in General Taylor's mind. He thought of Lieutenant Longfellow as a victim of the cruel war, and had described the young officer's death in "Fighting o'er his battles by the quiet hearth." The death of the great poet himself was flashed over the wires. Among the names of the children who gathered about the coffin appeared the name of C. A. Longfellow. It seemed incredible to General Taylor that he could be alive. A letter was dispatched and until an answer should come all must be doubt. A letter came—brief, sad, and subdued, but the doubt is doubt no longer. C. A. Longfellow is no other than the Lieutenant Longfellow, shot down in a Virginia copse, April 27, 1863.

* * *

FIRST SHOT IN VIRGINIA.

THE first shot fired in Virginia was on the 7th of May, 1861, when the steamer "Yankee" was fired upon. It took place at a point contiguous to Yorktown on the Gloucester shore, and after the bombardment of Fort Sumter it was the first powder burnt in the war.

Rapid Firing at Cedar Creek.

AT the battle of Cedar Creek, on the 19th of October, 1864, the firing was the most constant and rapid ever heard on this continent, except at the battle of the Wilderness.

Death of John A. Platt.

THE shot that killed John A. Platt was the last rebel shot fired from the rebel works at Port Hudson.

Destruction of the Albemarle.

OCTOBER, 1864.

THE MOST DARING NAVAL EXPLOIT OF THE WAR.

W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass.

ON the evening of October 27, 1864, Lieut. W. B. Cushing, U. S. N., and a crew of thirteen men ascended the Roanoke river on a steam launch, to destroy the ram Albemarle, at Plymouth, N. C. A mile below the town the channel was obstructed by the wreck of the steamer Southfield, and by sunken schooners. A guard of twenty men at this point were captured without the firing of a gun. These were sent down the river, and about 2 A. M. the 28th, Cushing reached a position opposite the ram which he discovered to be fastened to a wharf and surrounded thirty feet distant by a line of logs firmly chained together. Cushing's launch was armed with a boom on which to suspend a torpedo and also with a howitzer. Keeping close to the river bank opposite the town and the ram —it was a low heavily wooded bank well adapted to shade his launch—he gained a point above sufficient to get the advantage of the current, when he turned, and when discovered by the enemy was bearing bow on to the ram. The enemy sprang their rattle, rang their bell, and commenced firing upon the launch. Lieutenant Cushing gave them two charges of canister and with full steam bore down with such speed as to break the log obstructions around the Albemarle. Lowering the boom of the launch with a torpedo attached, by a vigorous and dexterous push he forced it under the ram and exploded it.

With the explosion came a dense flood of water engulfing the deck, and also a plunging shot from the Albemarle, which crashed through the launch. While freeing himself from the log obstructions, the enemy opened a vigorous musketry fire upon Cushing and his crew, and repeatedly demanded his surrender. Finding the launch fast sinking the brave lieutenant gave the order, "every man for himself," threw off his coat and shoes, and, jumping overboard, swam for the opposite shore. The launch sank within fifteen feet of the Albemarle. The Union crew had followed the example of their gallant commander, but most of them were either captured or shot while in the water. Only Lieutenant Cushing and a colored sailor succeeded in reaching the opposite shore. They penetrated some distance into the swamp and remained secreted until late in the afternoon. The enemy searched the swamp diligently during the early part of the day, and were several times in close proximity to the fugitives, but being buried to the neck in water the reeds and brush easily hid them from view. Late in the day, Lieutenant Cushing approached the river, and, to his great joy, found that the Albemarle was sunk, the smoke stack standing as a monument over its watery grave. With a light heart he made his way to Middle river (from a short distance above Plymouth the Roanoke flows in three channels to the sound). After a considerable search, a skiff was found and he reached the U. S. gunboat Valley City at the mouth of the river at 11 o'clock P. M. He was immediately taken to Commander Macomb, and received hearty congratulations over his escape and the success of his adventure. This act of Lieut. W. B. Cushing was one of the most daring and creditable of the war, and resulted in the reoccupation of Plymouth by the Union forces two days later.

Lieutenant Cushing, at this time, was hardly twenty-one years of age. He was of slight figure, fair, with clear cut features, and a clear grayish-blue eye. His life was full of daring adventures, and when the war closed he was one of the heroes of the hour. He bore himself with great modesty, and died in 1874 honored of his country and lamented by all.

SAVED BY GRANGER'S CORPS.

AT the battle of Chickamauga the day was saved by a charge of Granger's corps, led by Col. G. M. L. Johnston of the 13th Ind. Cavalry.

JEFF. DAVIS NOMINATED.

MR. George W. Bagby, a private in Co. A, 11th Va., said he was the very first man to nominate Jeff Davis for President of the Southern Confederacy.

WAR'S HUMOROUS SIDE.

A Whole Train of Soldiers Attacked by a Tipsy Colonel.

LUDICROUS STAMPEDE.

BY W. SCOTT.

JUST before the battle of Gettysburg, a detachment of Confederates made a raid into the rich grazing fields of West Virginia, to secure cattle and horses for Lee's army. They advanced towards Clarksburg, where General Roberts was stationed, with about 6,000 Federal troops. They did not attempt to take Clarksburg; in fact, did not want to do it if it were possible. The Confederates simply desired to tear up the track of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. One of the places which they intended to strike was West Union, a small village, twenty-two miles west of Clarksburg. West Union was garrisoned by some state militia, called out to help "wipe out" the raiders, and they were commanded by a colonel who resided there. The colonel was in the habit of taking periodical sprees, and, when in that condition, feared neither man or devil. He was informed of the intention of the raiders, and it happened that he was on a regular tear at the time. He girt his sword about him, swore he was not going to have his property taken, and that he would wipe the raiders out of existence.

The day passed, and no enemy came. When night came, the colonel concluded that he would guard the town himself. He called in his forces and ordered them to go into camp and go to sleep; then with sword in hand he paced to and fro through the streets, keeping his passions at white heat by frequent libations from his liquor cellar. General Roberts concluded in the evening that he had better send the colonel re-enforcements, and, as it was dark, he dispatched a train of cars from Clarksburg, with troops for West Union. With all lights extinguished, the train quietly glided along the railroad track, and West Union was reached about midnight. They could not, however, elude the vigilance of the intrepid colonel. The night was as dark as pitch, and all was silent as death, as the darkened train slowly pulled up to the platform, and the troops commenced to disembark. The colonel's time had come. Nerving himself for the conflict and waving his sword over his head, he dashed upon the supposed foe, shouting as he came up: "Get out of this, you d—d rebels, or I'll kill you all," and commenced cutting and slashing among the troops. Gabriel's horn would not have been a more complete surprise than the colonel's gallant charge, and the soldiers gave back in dismay. The colonel, seeing his advantage, continued to denounce them for their rebellious conduct, and unheard of impertinence. He was finally induced to stay his hand; explanations followed and the colonel and the officers fell back on the cellar and drank each other's health in good old apple jack.

One of the amusing incidents of the war that occurred at Clarksburg, Va., did not terminate happily. Soon after hostilities began, a New York regiment arrived at Clarksburg, said to be the largest regiment ever seen in the field. How so many men got crowded into one regiment was more than any mortal could tell. It was said to number some 1,700 men. The colonel commanding the regiment had little confidence in the staying qualities of his men, should they be called upon to engage the enemy. They had never been in a battle and did not seem to be spoiling for a fight. It was rumored that the Confederates were advancing upon Clarksburg and the colonel determined to test the courage of his troops. He secretly took a dozen soldiers a couple of miles from the town and concealed them on an eminence above the road, and told them when he brought his regiment opposite them to fire, and to give the "rebel yell." He then returned to town, formed his regiment, told them the enemy was advancing on the town, and that they must go out and meet him. With blanched cheeks, the men rode after their colonel until the ambush was reached. About this time the fear among the men that they would meet the enemy had done its work. Suddenly the roar of musketry was heard, and a dozen balls went whistling over their heads. As though actuated by a single impulse, every man rushed down the road as though pursued by a million devils.

Away they went, helter skelter, all bent upon placing themselves under the protection of the fortifications at Clarksburg. It was a race such as never had been seen in that country before, and a similar one may never be seen again. The road was narrow and they went crowding and crushing along, each trying to pass all the rest. At length they dashed into the streets of the town, but the stampede did not stop there. They dashed on through the streets to reach a fort on the hill at the opposite end of the town. While running through the streets the horse of one of the soldiers in front stumbled and fell, and in less time than we can write it, the frightened men and horses had passed over the rider and horse, and trampled them to death. The men did not stop until the fort was reached. Thus terminated, with the loss of one life, the most ludicrous and disgraceful stampede witnessed during the war.

MEMORIAL.

GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT.

BORN 27th April, 1822. DIED 23d July, 1885.

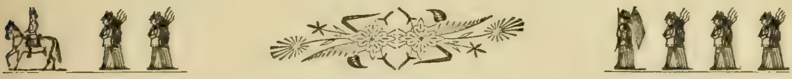
AN iron soldier! When red war unfurled
O'er all the myriad leagues of the New World
Its desolating banner, when fierce hate
And brother-sundering feud first shook the state,
Two noble names shone chiefly, Lee and Grant,
These twain, titanically militant,
Shocked like conflicting avalanches. Now
Peace, brooding o'er the land with placid brow,
Sees the great fighters fallen. He at last,
The calm, tenacious man, who seemed to cast
Defiant looks at Death, the stoic stern,
Whom long-drawn anguish could not bend or turn,
Lies prone, at peace, after such stress of grief
As must have found the summons glad relief.
An iron soldier. If, as foemen say,
Mixed with true metal much of earthly clay
Marred the heroic in him of full state,
His land will not record him less than great,
Who, in her hour of need, stood firm and stayed
The tide of dissolution. Unafraid
The people's heart, the patriot muse, may vaunt
The golden service of Ulysses Grant.

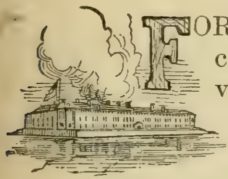
The Battle of Fort Fisher.

DECEMBER 25, 1864.

A SCENE NEVER BEFORE EQUALED IN NAVAL WARFARE.

BY JOSEPH C. CANNING.





FORT Fisher's reduction was a matter of grave consideration with the Federal government, so vital was it to the life of the Confederacy. As early as October, 1862, Maj.-Gen. John G. Foster, commanding at New-Berne, N. C., assured me that the fleet might expect 10,000 men in November, to assist in attacking the fort; but disasters to our army prevented this glad expectancy. It was not until December, 1864, that the work was attempted, at which time some 7,000 men under Major-General Butler in transports, and 8,000 officers and men in about sixty vessels of the navy, under Admiral Porter, were sent to capture the fort. The prelude consisted of a very novel experiment. An old dismantled craft, the Louisiana, carrying two hundred and sixty tons of powder was run in under the fort and left to be blown up. It was the opinion of the originator of this brilliant idea that such an explosion would create a vacuum sufficient to throw the guns of the fort from their position and disable the garrison, and assure an easy victory. The report was that Lowell, Mass., was the place of this scientific conception. The result was a heavy and costly failure. For four days we were pitching and lurching, and during a storm the Louisiana broke adrift, but while drifting past the monitor Monadnock, she was cleverly saved. The evening of December 24, the boat was sent in to the fort to accomplish its work. The fleet was to marshal in order of battle at the explosion and follow for the fight. It had been calculated that the machinery in the Louisiana for exploding the cargo would ignite the fuse about 5 A. M. But at 2.15 A. M., a lurid light was visible shorewards, accompanied by a muffled growl, and a strong sulphurous smell was soon detected. A fearful heart-sinking followed. The line of battle could not be formed in the darkness and we were ten miles out from the fort. While we felt a trembling jar, the inhabitants of Beaufort, eighty miles away, were aroused from slumber by rattling windows, but in the fort itself a supposition prevailed that one of the blockaders had come to grief.

At 5 P. M. the fleet formed the battle line and steamed in shore. The New Ironsides threw the first shot at three minutes to 1 P. M., followed by the broadsides of the entire fleet,—ships of the line, second-raters, third-raters, gunboats, all opening their iron mouths at once. The deafening, thundering noise, the bursting shells mingling with the screaming, flying projectiles, the curling smoke and clouds of rings to and from the opposite batteries, completed a scene never before equaled in naval warfare. On deck, the spectacle was wild. The stern faces of officers and men, covered with the dust of burnt sabots, grimed with powder and perspiration, yet all eager, cool, and determined. There were accidents from bursting ordnance; deaths from the enemy's shots and scalding steam. While the bombardment was progressing, the transports were debarking the troops further up the beach; but, before the debarkment had been completed Major-General Butler ordered the same to cease. Some 2,000 men had already been sent ashore; the fire from the fort had perceptibly weakened and confidence was exultant. On the morrow embarkation succeeded debarkation, and the third day transports and troops steamed back to Fortress Monroe. The bombardment had been abandoned and the Union disgraced.

* * *

A GRAND RECORD.

DELAWARE sent seventy-four and eight-tenths per cent. of her military population to the war, a larger percentage than that of any other state. Massachusetts sent fifty-eight per cent.

5th New York at Antietam.

IT was the 5th N. Y. Regt. which led the advance of the army from South Mountain to Antietam creek, developing the enemy's position, unmasking his batteries, and capturing 100 prisoners.

Sheridan Against Stuart.

1864.

Raid of the Federal Cavalry Corps from the Rappahannock to the James.

CUSTER'S CHARGE AT YELLOW TAVERN.

General Stuart's Death within Earshot of Richmond.

By BREVET LIEUT.-COL. THEO. W. BEAN, C. C. A. of P.

IN the promotion of Maj.-Gen. U. S. Grant to be lieutenant-general in 1864, and the establishment of his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, he brought with him from the West only one general field officer; Maj.-Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, of whom the Eastern public and Army of the Potomac knew little, save that he was a successful division commander in the Southwest. The advent of Sheridan as commander of the cavalry corps was followed by the reorganization of the divisions. Brig.-Gen. A. T. A. Torbert was assigned to the command of the 1st Division, with the following brigade commanders: 1st Brigade, General Custer; 2d Brigade, Colonel Devin; Reserve Brigade, General Merritt; 2d Division, Brig.-Gen. David M. C. M. Gregg; 1st Brigade, Brigadier-General Davies; 2d Brigade, Colonel Gregg; 3d Division, Brigadier-General Wilson; 1st Brigade, Colonel Avery; 2d Brigade, Colonel Pennington.

On the night of May 8, the cavalry corps was massed on the extreme left of Grant on the main road from Fredericksburg to Chancellorsville. Sheridan's orders contemplated cutting Lee's communications from his base of supplies, raiding his rear, threatening Richmond, and thus affording them an opportunity of meeting the Confederate cavalry upon a fair open field. Grant's advance had reached and passed Spottsylvania Court House. He had driven Lee from the Rappahannock, a line which Mr. Davis had declared could be held for "twenty years if the necessities of the Confederacy required it." The corps was standing to horse before the sun of the 9th rose upon the grand pageant of the army. The number of men including the horse artillery was estimated at 9,000, and with the ammunition and the limited baggage and ambulance trains, the column was between nine and ten miles long.

Owing to the severe illness of General Torbert, Gen. Wesley Merritt was in command of the 1st Division. This division advanced rapidly the morning of the 9th, the objective point being Beaver Dam Station, on the Virginia Central railroad. By sunrise we crossed the head waters of the Mattapony river. The 1st Division halted only at Childsburg; and there only to mass and close up. No serious obstacle was met in front or on our flank. The 2d and 3d Divisions, however, were less fortunate. General Stuart was not long in learning of the move, and by midday he was felt on both flanks and rear of the moving column. This gave impetus to our troops, who scented a prize at Beaver Dam Station. The leading brigade was General Custer's, composed of the 1st, 5th, 6th, and 7th Mich. Regts. It was near 9 P. M. when we reached Beaver Dam Station. The station was unguarded and the charging squadron promptly made prisoners of all the employes and compelled them to signal all approaching trains and have them stop at the station. The telegraph operator informed us that two trains would be at the station in less than half an hour, one from Richmond with ammunition and supplies for Lee, and the other from Lee's army with prisoners. This was cheering news. Every precaution was taken to insure their capture. Soon the whistle "down brakes" was heard and the down train slowed up at the station. The Michigan boys captured the train and were overjoyed at the deliverance of some 400 prisoners, over one-half of whom belonged to their brigade, having been captured in the engagement of May 6, while uncovering Lee's right flank.

The joy of the occasion was intensified by the arrival and capture of the train from Richmond with supplies; and every precaution was now taken to prevent a surprise and to resist attack. The railroad was occupied for a safe distance east and west, the cars were fired, and the track torn up for a mile or more in each direction. By midnight, the command was quietly resting within the well-guarded lines of the corps. The burning of the station and other property was contrary to General Sheridan's orders, as the light from the conflagration enabled Stuart to turn his guns upon us. At the dawn of day, to the music of shot and shell, we moved in the direction of Richmond, deferring the pleasure of coffee and accompaniments until a later hour in the day.

The head of the column met with no impeding force on the 10th, but fighting took place on the marching flank of the 2d and 3d Divisions, and the rear guard was frequently forced rapidly back. The weather was clear, the roads good, the country open and admirably adapted to the movement of mounted troops. Charge and counter-charge were frequently witnessed on the flanks and rear of the column, as it crowded its way towards the Confederate capital. It was known that we would reach Richmond before sunset May 11. Whether Stuart had passed our left flank and thus defeated our intended surprise was a question to us. The rank and file fully comprehended the situation, and believed that only a portion of Lee's cavalry were pressing our rear, while the best of their mounted troops would be met at Brook pike, about seven miles northwest of Richmond. It turned out that Stuart crossed our rear late on the 9th, passed our marching flank on the 10th, and by noon of the 11th had placed batteries covering every road leading to Richmond north of the James river.

The 2d Brigade under Colonel Devin advanced the 11th, the reserve brigade under General Gibbs, supporting it, and met Stuart's outposts on the mountain road about noon. The enemy, driven back over Brook pike, took a strong position on a ridge of open country, his left covering the Brook pike, and his right west of the public road leading from Atlee's Station. The Confederates' resistance was stubborn and our troops were largely dismounted before they succeeded in reaching and passing

Brook pike. Stuart's battery had perfect range of our horses in rear of the carbineers, and shell and shot were playing havoc with the poor brutes. Meantime the enemy was thundering upon the rear divisions of Gregg and Wilson and the firing indicated a line of battle forming upon all sides of us. The situation by 3.30 P. M. was one of great anxiety. Within an area of ten miles, 18,000 cavalry were forming their lines for deadly battle. The prize was an important one. Not only was the reputation of the leaders at issue, but Richmond was in actual danger, for at that hour only the line of Stuart lay between Sheridan and the Confederate capital; on the other hand, if Stuart could hold us until the morrow, troops could be hastened forward from Petersburg and our column could be crushed on the 12th. There were many distinguished officers in command of the Confederate line in front of us,—Stuart, Fitz Lee, and Lomax, and they were well known to Gregg, Merritt, Gibbs, and Custer. Stuart was in the zenith of his great reputation, while Sheridan had yet to meet his superior in the field.

It was at this critical hour that Custer rode up to Merritt and said, "Merritt, I am going to charge that battery." Merritt responded, "Go in, general, I will give you all the support in my power." Just at this moment General Sheridan and staff reached our headquarters and reported our line on flank and rear secure beyond all doubt. General Merritt immediately told Sheridan that Custer was about to charge the battery that had given us so much trouble. Sheridan's reply was: "Bully for Custer! I'll wait and see it." Custer formed his brigade in column of regiments, placing his mounted band in front. His headquarters flag—of the gayest colors—was flying in advance of the moving mass of glittering blades. The shrill blast of one hundred bugles and the familiar air of "Yankee Doodle" rang out upon the battle field while fully 1,800 brave men of the Michigan brigade rode boot to boot into what seemed the very jaws of death. There was a depression in the plain between where Custer formed and the position occupied by the battery. The task was further complicated by a deep "Virginia ditch," over which were three corduroy field bridges. This ditch was impassable in Custer's front, and the entire brigade had to break from regimental front to column of fours, cross the bridge, and then reform in the face of a terrific fire from the battery. Fortunately the enemy's guns could not be depressed sufficiently to be effective. This obstacle overcome, the charge was made up the rising ground, within sight of the Union line. The wild huzzas of thousands went up to cheer the gallant horsemen as they dashed upon and passed the guns, completely stampeding the troops in support of the artillery. In less than twenty minutes from the time the bugle sounded, the enemy was completely routed.

Many were killed and captured, and all of their artillery save one piece—and that flying from the field—fell into our hands. The enemy retired so rapidly that capture was impossible, and the recall was sounded within a mile from the point where the battery was captured.

General Sheridan remained an eye-witness to the splendid charge. As Custer's men emerged from the depression at a trot and struck the gallop, under the firing of the battery, the scene was of the most exciting character. When the guns were reached and passed, the whole line from right to left was advanced, and victory was assured to the Union troops. At this moment, General Sheridan turned to Merritt, his face radiant with joy, and said: "General Merritt, send a staff officer to General Custer and give him my compliments. The conduct of himself and of his brigade deserves the most honorable mention." General Custer received the compliment with evident pleasure, modestly expressing his thanks, saying he deemed the "honorable mention" of his brigade a most pleasing and fortunate episode of his life. The situation, for hours previous so critical, was now one of undoubted success. The news that General Stuart was mortally wounded soon reached us through prisoners, and farther that the Confederate cavalry were unsupported by troops from Richmond. The latter was desirable news. The command was given two hours to prepare coffee and food for the men and to feed and groom the horses, preparatory to a night march. As soon as Stuart's line was broken at Yellow Tavern, his right and left wings withdrew from the front. This uncovered the Brook pike, and a regiment of the 2d Brigade, under direction of Colonel Devin, advanced to Richmond and halted at the outer line of defenses. It remained there until dark. A field hospital was established under care of our medical officers, and, bidding good-by to the brave comrades who were too badly wounded to be removed, the command took up the line of march for the night. The darkness was intense. The 17th Penn. Cavalry, Colonel Anderson commanding, drove the local troops to the Meadow bridge over the Chickahominy, and by 10 P. M. had a picket post within three miles of Mr. Davis's mansion. They held this position until the morning of the 12th. The enemy planted explosives in the bed of the road and greatly annoyed our midnight march, at the same time indicating our exact location during every hour of the march. Several thousand troops were detached from the army confronting General Butler, and were rapidly marched during the night of the 11th to the works on the northwest of Richmond, with orders to attack us at daylight. General Hampton reorganized the cavalry, and during the night took position near Meadow bridge. By 3 o'clock A. M. of the 12th, the command, with its trains, was on the road leading to Meadow bridge and within three miles of the heart of the city. The bells could be clearly heard and many lights distinctly seen. Towards four o'clock A. M. it began to rain in torrents. The situation was critical, and the rain soon rendered it almost impossible to move our artillery on the battle line or to park the trains at points necessary for their protection.

By seven o'clock A. M., the Union line formed the arc of a circle, the left resting on the Chickahominy at a point some three hundred yards southeast of the railroad bridge, and the right resting in air where the road on which we were marching unites with the Brook pike. To pass the Chickahominy, the 1st Division under General Merritt was dismounted and directed to dislodge the troops under Hampton. The old wooden bridge appeared to be in the last stages of public usefulness. The carbineers, armed with Spencer seven-shooters, passed the bridge under a galling fire and secured a foothold on the east side. The resistance was stubborn and the struggle was continued with considerable loss. General Merritt had no doubt that he could dislodge the enemy, but General Sheridan feared that the enemy in front of Gregg and Wilson would force them to retire too rapidly, and having but a single roadway and a narrow track bridge it might be attended with confusion and loss.

Could not the railroad bridge within our line be utilized? True, it was an open bridge; but if planked or covered it could be used for dismounted troops. Fully a thousand hands were soon at work pulling down fences and frame buildings, and in less than two hours the motley crowd could be seen making good time for the James river. Our advance had been checked for at least three hours, during which time Gregg and Wilson successfully resisted several well directed efforts of the enemy to break their line. Meanwhile, General Merritt, with the 1st Division dismounted, forced the enemy to retire from the position on the east side of the bridge, and by noon the passage of the corps was safely effected, the rear guard being closely followed by the enemy. The command encamped near Mechanicsville for the night without further molestation. The next day, May 13, the march was made across the Peninsula, reaching Malvern Hill about two o'clock P. M. Here we were met by the gunboats conveying supplies for both man and beast. We had been out four days and had lost 715 in killed and wounded.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST WORD.

By PARK BENJAMIN.

HE lay upon the battle field,
Where late the crash of arms was heard,
And from his pallid lips there came,
In broken accents, one fond word.

"Mother!" was all the soldier said,
As, freshly from his wounded side,
The hot blood flowed and bore away
His life upon its crimson tide.

Bravest among the brave he rushed,
Without a throb or thought of fear,
And loudest 'mid the tumult pealed,
In clarion tones, his charging cheer:—

On to the battle! comrades, on!
Strike for the Union! strike for fame!
Who lives, will win his country's praise,
Who dies, will leave a glorious name.

Alas! what courage can advance
Against a storm of iron hail?
What hearts repel a fiery sleet,
Though clad, like ancient knights, in mail?

He sunk beneath the waves of strife,
Among an undistinguished train,
Foremost upon the battle field,
And first among the early slain.

Dying, he turned him from the flag,
Whose Stars and Stripes still onward waved;
Dying, he thought no more of fame,
Of victory won, or country saved.

No! for his home and her he loved
His sad, departing spirit sighed;
"Mother!," the soldier fondly said,
And, looking toward the North, he died.

Forrest's Memphis Raid.

1864.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY MORNING SURPRISE PARTY.

Thousands of Southern Citizens Rush to the Protection of Federal Guns.

SCENES OF DEMORALIZATION UNPARALLELED DURING THE WAR.

By A. W. PEARSON, U. S. N., Paymaster U. S. Steamship Red Clover, Miss. Squadron.

MEMPHIS, in 1864, was apparently secure in the protection of Uncle Sam's forces. At the navy yard lay two of our strongest iron-clads, the Louisville and the Essex. The heavy guns of Fort Pickering commanded the city from the southward, and the main approaches from the east and northeast were held by numerous regiments of cavalry and infantry. There was no suspicion of danger; business and pleasure went on in their usual rounds; the farmers daily hauled their produce for trade, and we had forgotten that grim-visaged war had not yet smoothed his wrinkled front; if an uneasy Jeremiah had ventured to predict the catastrophe of the coming day he would have been laughed at as a lunatic. The city was the depot for vast stores of war material, and the site of numerous hospitals.

The general commanding had dispensed with the austerities of camp life, establishing his headquarters in a city residence. Many subordinate officers followed his example and either kept house or boarded at the elegant Gayoso Hotel, close under Fort Pickering's guns.

Such was the status of things on the evening of Saturday, August 20.

I left the steamer Red Rover lying at the navy yard, and passed the night with army acquaintances up town, earnestly engaged in the solution of the mysteries of a game of cards. The dawn of the 21st was trying to pierce the fog when I started to return on board. My attention was attracted by the clatter of a troop of horses, passing along the street. A moment afterward I was startled by the sound of a shot, a few blocks distant.

While reflecting upon the meaning of this uncanny report, I was interested by the speech of an old lady who was gazing down at me from a second story window. With an indescribable expression, she said: "Good Lord! man, the rebs is in town! A whole crowd jist went by on horseback!" Scarcely crediting this improbable statement, I quickened my pace, accelerated by another shot or two down the street. At the next block I came across the prostrate form of a Union officer. He was shot through the breast. This surely looked ugly. Everything was enveloped in fog and uncertainty.

As I turned from Madison to Front streets I bounced upon a young darky, who gasped: "Massa, de rebs is heah, shuah! Run!" and suiting action to the word, he skedaddled. I had restricted myself to pretty long and rapid steps, but now I fairly sailed over the jimson weeds to the Memphis levee. All hands were called, steam was raised, and we waited for "something to turn up."

About 9 A. M. the fog lifted, and seeing no signs of an enemy I ventured to return to our naval hospital. No intimation of danger had yet reached this sanctuary, so I determined to continue to the Gayoso House. A crowd was about the entrance and there I soon learned that I had not been terrified by shadows. The enemy had indeed been in town and had called at the hotel. Forrest's forces surrounded the Gayoso soon after daybreak, and sent a few files into the house to "pick up the game." Regardless of courtesy they passed along the corridors, and opened the bedroom doors with the butts of their carbines. If the divested clothing of the occupant bore any of the insignia of Uncle Sam, the owner of the duds was invited to step forth, and he did not cease stepping until he had traveled on foot some sixty miles from the city of Memphis.

A friend of mine was awake, and, hearing the unusual clatter of hoofs, sprang from his bed and rushed to the window. He did not err in guessing at what must be the matter. Catching up his uniform he threw it beneath a pile of soiled linen assorted for the wash. Knowing where the "colored help" of the hotel roosted, he dashed for one of their rooms, and popped into bed between two of the daughters of Ham, who were reposing in peaceful ignorance of impending peril. Hastily informing his sable friends of the stress of necessity, they covered him up, head and ears in their midst, and when the Confederacy smashed in their door they saluted them with such an outburst of outraged modesty that the invaders refrained from investigation. When the coast was clear my friend emerged from his dusky retreat, with an all pervading sense of the strength of " contraband " assistance.

Forrest also sent a detachment to capture the commanding general. Here his men blundered. While they were examining the front of the building the general and his aides escaped through the rear door, and over the garden fence, making safe retreat to Fort Pickering. Reaching camp I found sad evidence of the consequences of Forrest's untimely visit. A part of our soldiers were engaged in the excavation of a long trench by the roadside, destined to receive the bodies of the Confederate dead. In the midst of the camp, lay our boys who had fallen in the combat.

General Forrest, by visiting the city in disguise, had acquainted himself with the state of its defenses, and at dawn on Sunday, under cover of the dense fog, with 1500 cavalry came in on the Hernando road, drove in Wood's pickets, reached and charged through the camp, firing upon the tents and slaughtering their inmates almost before they were awake. I counted twenty bullet holes in one tent. The brigade quartermaster, Johnson Smith, a prominent lawyer of Warsaw, Ill., was a aroused by the firing, and stepped outside of the tent just as a man rode past. He asked the horseman what was the matter, and for reply received a carbine shot through the breast. I visited him in the hospital the day after the action. He showed me the blue orifice where the ball entered and where it had passed out between his shoulders. He thought "it would not amount to much," and that he would " soon get over it." The next day he was over it, and over all his mortal trouble. Several thousand troops were encamped around the city, all within earshot of the fight, and all under arms; only waiting for information and orders from headquarters. Unfortunately, headquarters not being where they should have been, had been stampeded. The alarm had become pretty well spread; the fog was lifting, and Forrest, well aware that he was encircled by force enough to devour his command if they could only see how to catch it, successfully retreated, carrying with him eighty prisoners, and leaving a ghastly array of killed and wounded.

The second day following, the whole city was again thrown into a fever of excitement. The fortifications and troops kept up a clash of arms the entire day. When at last the trouble was solved it was found that a body of negro troops had marched from their camp into some woods to drill at firing, and this was construed into an attack, while a white cow peacefully wagging her tail to keep off the mosquitoes, upon the opposite bank of the river, had been supposed to be a flag of truce from Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor, demanding the surrender of the city.

* * *

A FLAG WITH A HISTORY.

THE old flag of the 123d Regt. Ind. Vols., which has been missing for years, and was long ago given up by the state authorities as lost forever, bobbed up serenely recently, in a badly damaged condition, and was placed among the regimental standards in the custody of the state librarian. The history of its wanderings is not fully known, but a short time ago it was discovered by William Arnold,—brother of Mrs. Walton, the woman recently convicted of complicity in the murder of her husband,—in the possession of a man living near St. Paul, in Decatur county, and, refusing to give it up, the two came to blows and engaged in a bloody fight. Arnold came out victorious and obtained possession of the old flag, which he shipped to Col. E. H. Wolfe, auditor of the state, who was as proud as if he had captured a fort when he marched into the state library with it and delivered it to the safe-keeping of the librarian. The flag has suffered some from improper handling and exposure. It is full of bullet holes, and hangs in tatters, but there is still enough of it left worth preserving.

◆

First Passenger Train Captured.

THE first time during the war that a passenger train was captured and robbed, was in February, 1864, when the rebels captured the Baltimore express train for Wheeling. The capture was made near Kearneysville, Western Virginia.

CAPTURING A SPY.

By "OLD REGAN."

NEAR the spot where our regiment was encamped was a small earthwork. It contained a battery of twelve pounders, besides a huge eleven-inch gun which was elevated on a mound so that it could command the ford across the creek. We had a cook, named Hans, who was a short, thick-set young German of eighteen or nineteen years; extremely awkward and with unmistakable Teutonic features. A shock of yellow hair added much to his ludicrous appearance. Hans was no coward. We tried several jokes on him, but all were sorry failures. In fact, he wouldn't scare "worth a cent"; so two of us made a bold plan to try and frighten him. He had the habit of mounting the great gun every morning after his work was done, and, straddling it, sit in deep thought, gazing pensively towards the Confederate pickets. One evening, Samuel Jones got the artillerist who had charge of the gun to load it as heavily as possible and put the touch-hole in good trim. In the morning, Hans, as usual, straddled the gun. Sam and I crept up behind, without disturbing him. I dropped my cigar in the touch-hole, and the great cannon fairly leaped into the air, as it belched forth its flame and smoke. The shock was terrible, and almost knocked us over. Hans went fully fifteen feet into the air and came down on his feet without any bones broken. Yelling like a maniac, he clapped his hands to the seat of his breeches and pranced around, but when he saw us, his fury was awful. "You —— Yankee dogs," he

shouted, "I'll pay you back for this." It was all said in good English, and quite in contrast with his former Teutonic brogue. Seeing our looks of surprise, he turned deadly pale, faced around, and ran swiftly toward the Confederate pickets. Sam and I dashed after him, shouting at the top of our voices, "A spy! a spy!" But he was swifter than we, and reached the river first. He plunged into the stream and swam manfully towards the other side. I was a good swimmer, and there are not many men who can beat me swimming, so I plunged in, and in a few strokes I was near enough to catch Hans by the leg. He struggled terribly and buried his bowie in my shoulder; but I clung to him, and with the help of a half-dozen others, brought him ashore, amid the shouts of those who lined the banks. Hans turned out to be one of the best spies the enemy had had. He had been in our camp over two months, and a great deal of valuable information was hidden in his boots. Samuel and I told the general that we had suspected him for a long time, and that we had watched, and, at last, unmasked him. Our service was rewarded by promotion.

Army Life in Washington

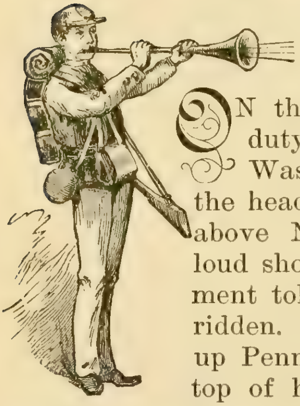
AT THE TIME OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

APRIL, 1864.

How the Capital Received the News of Richmond's Surrender.

BOOTH'S TERRIBLE CRIME AND THE EXECUTION OF THE ASSASSINS.
FINAL GRAND REVIEW OF THE BOYS IN BLUE.

MAJ. H. M. BREWSTER, 57th Regt. New York Vols.



ON the morning of April 4, 1865, while on duty as adjutant-general of the garrison of Washington, and seated at my desk in the headquarters on Pennsylvania avenue, just above Nineteenth street, I was startled by a loud shout, and the clatter of feet on the pavement told me that a horse was being rapidly ridden. A cavalryman was riding at full speed up Pennsylvania avenue, and shouting at the top of his voice, "Richmond is taken!" An orderly was at once sent to ascertain if the news was true, although from our window long files of men were seen coming out of the War Department building, and all seemed to be very much "enthused" about something. Every man seen seemed to be possessed with an irresistible desire to shake hands with every other man. In a few moments came an order from Secretary Stanton to send a band to the War Department immediately.

Musicians were very much like other men that morning, and went on the street to get the news. However, a number of members of different bands were got together, and taken to the War Department. In a few moments, officials began to gather at headquarters and ask: What shall we do to celebrate ? And a parade of all the troops in the city was decided upon. On the 9th, President Lincoln came back from the front.

On the morning of April 14, the daily papers announced that President Lincoln and General Grant would attend the performance of "Our American Cousin," at Ford's theater. It being my turn on duty that evening, I was unable to attend the play, but about nine o'clock I walked down to the White House and saw the torch light procession of the employes of the Washington Arsenal, made in honor of the raising of the flag on Fort Sumter that day. The procession passed through the grounds of the White House, and I went to my boarding house. Upon reaching the house, I read for a short time and then retired. Soon after, a horse was rapidly ridden to the door and the bell pulled with a quick, sharp ring, and in a moment the landlady was at my door sobbing and crying, "President Lincoln is killed and you are wanted at headquarters."

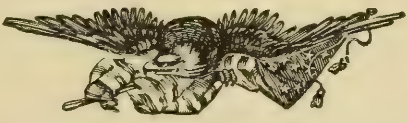
When I reached the office it was full of people laboring under the greatest excitement. Generals, lawyers, congressmen, and others were there, all wishing to do something. The general told me to ride as fast as possible to the Long bridge, and Aqueduct bridge, and give orders to allow no one to go over without a written pass from Secretary Stanton, signed by himself. As I was going, the general called me into his private office and said: "There will probably be an attempt to assassinate many public men here to-night, and, if that is so, you may not be allowed quietly to carry orders,—look out for yourself." The evening previous there had been a large number of rebel prisoners brought in, and, as there were many deserters employed in the quartermaster's and commissary departments, some of the officers feared there might be a plan for these men to make serious trouble. Steps were taken to prevent it. Two regiments were brought out about midnight, and stationed around the Old Capitol Prison, where it was supposed the rebel prisoners were, but they had been sent north by railroad after dark the previous evening. The colonel of one of these two regiments was an old gentleman from Ohio, over 60 years of age. When I woke him up and told the sad events of the evening, he cried like a child. He went to his chest and took out a large Colt's revolver, and, fastening it in his belt, turned to me and said: "Captain, that pistol was given me when I left home for the war, and I have never worn it, but I am going to put it on now, and if any man talks treason to me, by —— I'll kill him."

Everything that could be thought of was at once done to capture the assassins. Booth had been seen by several who knew him to enter the President's box at the theater, and fire the fatal shot; but who were with him and what was intended, no one knew. On every road leading from the city were squads of cavalry, and officers with photographs of Booth were on every train. General Grant, who had left for the North, the evening before, returned in the morning, and we all felt a sense of security when he came. For many days squads of cavalry came bringing in one or more prisoners dressed in gray or butternut, who could not give an account of themselves. As soon as they were noticed on the streets, crowds would collect, and shout: "Kill them!" "Hang them!"

After the death of the President, his body was taken to the White House, and remained in state until the day of the funeral, when it was taken to the Capitol and placed in the rotunda and remained there until the next morning, when it was taken to the cars, and started on its long journey to its final resting place in Springfield, Ill. The guard of honor who accompanied the body, was composed of one captain, three lieutenants (who had each lost an arm in the service), and twenty-five first sergeants, all detailed from the regiments of the Veteran Reserve Corps in Washington.

After the remains of the President had left the city, the work of capturing the assassins was renewed with energy, and at length, Booth and Harold were surrounded in a barn at Bowling Green, Va. Harold gave himself up. Booth would not surrender. Lieutenant Baker, who was in command of the party, surrounded the barn and set it on fire. Booth then slid down from the hay, and was shot through a crack in the barn by Sergt. Boston Corbett, of the cavalry. The bullet entered the assassin's head in almost the same place as did that fired by him at the President. Booth's body was brought to Washington, and the trial of the other assassins by court-martial soon followed.

Soon after this came the grand review, when the Army of the Potomac and Sherman's soldiers marched through the streets of Washington on their last parade. For two days the boys in blue from the East and the West marched past the reviewing stand, where were the President and Cabinet, Generals Grant and Sherman, and many others who had won their honors with them. As they passed this stand, many an eye was wet with tears to miss the tall form of the loved Lincoln. So the boys marched on up Pennsylvania avenue, and across the Potomac to Virginia, and soon by different ways to their homes.



A Glimpse of Stonewall Jackson.

COLONEL STANNARD, 9th Vt.

WHEN Harper's Ferry surrendered to "Stonewall" Jackson, in September, 1862, General Jackson halted his horse in front of the 9th Vermont, and, taking off his hat, solemnly said: "Boys, don't feel bad; you could not help it; it was just as God willed it."

One of Jackson's staff asked me if I had anything to drink. I handed him my flask, and the young Confederate captain poured out a horn and arrogantly said: "Colonel, here is to the health of the Southern Confederacy."

I answered: "To ask and accept a courtesy of a prisoner and then insult him is an act that an honorable soldier would scorn."

Jackson turned on his staff officer and gave him a severe scolding, saying the repetition of such an insult to a prisoner would cost him his place. Then turning to me, General Jackson apologized for the conduct of his officer, saying that it was an exceptional act of insolence on the part of a young and reckless man; and, bowing gravely, the famous Confederate captain rode away.

Second Battle of Fort Fisher.

JANUARY 13, 15, 1865.

A Day Ever to be Remembered by Federals and Confederates.

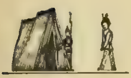
A SECOND fleet as large and as powerful as was the first, concentrated off Federal Point, Jan. 13, 1865. This was supported by land forces under Major-General Terry, with 8,000 men. At 4.30 A. M., the landing of the troops commenced, and at 7.30 A. M., the Brooklyn opened upon the shore covering the landing. The monitors headed on to the fort, opening fire at 8.40 A. M. At 4 P. M., the army was landed and the fleet, relieved of a fatiguing labor, joined the iron-clads in a hot and continuous bombardment until 6 P. M. The second day was a repetition of the first with serious and stern contingencies. Sabbath, January 15, the gates of morning opened a day ever to be remembered by Confederates and Federals in their contest for supremacy. The honor to command gun No. 1 of my vessel was bestowed upon the writer. It was neither idle nor wasteful in its discharges. Until 2 P. M. the navy thundered her heavy guns, while the fort grew less active and weakened visibly, delivering her fire at longer intervals and with less effect.

At this time the firing from the fleet ceased, and the army prepared for the final charge. There had been 2,500 marines and sailors landed, and at 4 P. M. the storm commenced. While the soldiers assailed the merlons farthest inland, the naval brigade attacked the eastern bastion looking seaward. The latter were repulsed with a heavy loss. The army, however, more successful, at sundown had taken seven merlons. The Confederate flag had been twice shot away and the Stars and Stripes were now hoisted in its place. Night dropped her curtain, but the brave soldiers fought on until 10 P. M., when cheers arose from fort and shore and from the decks. Yards were manned, blue lights and sky rockets shone through the darkness, steam whistles shrieked, and officers and men cheered wildly over their victory.

TROOPER FEE'S GHOST.

A Humorous and Strange Incident from the Note Book of a Veteran.

By **JOHN HEINGARTNER**, Sergeant 2d New Jersey Cavalry.



EARLY in the year 1864, on our return from the Smith and Grierson raid into Mississippi, we pitched our tents near Memphis, Tenn. One evening between nine and ten o'clock, as I was standing in front of my tent, I heard a horse coming at a dead run toward our camp. As the horse and rider approached, I recognized James Fee, a lad of eighteen, who shouted: "Oh, sergeant! this is terrible!" "What is terrible? Are you sick, James?" "No, I'm not sick, but it's worse. I've been haunted by a ghost!" "That's too good, my boy; come, tell us about your adventure. I must see that ghost before I go to sleep." After Fee had wiped the large drops of perspiration from his forehead, he related the following incident: "I've been in Memphis without a pass, and to avoid the night picket I made a circuit around the old fair ground. As I approached the cross road my horse sniffed the air, stopped short and refused to move forward. I could not see what the horse was frightened at, but looking over my shoulder I got terrified too at what I saw. A skeleton-like specter on horseback followed me. My horse started to run in an opposite direction and never stopped until I arrived here."

Requesting some of my comrades to accompany me, I found no one inclined to run the risk. If I had asked them to go foraging, no one would have refused; but to fight a ghost was altogether different. In less time than it takes to write this I had my horse saddled, my saber buckled, my carbine slung, and I started alone for the haunted place. When I approached the spot described by Fee, my horse stopped so suddenly that I bounced nearly over the pommel of the saddle; all my endeavors to make my horse move on were in vain. I dismounted, took him by the reins and walked him fifteen or twenty paces. At the same time the affrighted animal leaned his head on my shoulder as if to seek protection against some unseen danger. I was satisfied that the horse had seen something, but I could neither see nor hear anything. I mounted again and my horse started as if the Old Harry was after him. As I was not superstitious, I turned about, resolved at any risk to unriddle the mystery.

Having some control over my horse I compelled him to face the danger, that is to say, I held him to the spot. He was snorting, panting, sniffing the air and rearing on his hind legs in such a way that it was difficult for me to remain in the saddle. Nevertheless I succeeded in managing him. I perceived my own and my horse's shadow, which to my mind accounted for Fee's affright, but it must be something else which frightened the horse. I held my right hand over my eyes and scrutinized the field, and at length discovered the ghost. It was simply a dead horse lying in the field about twenty or thirty yards off the road. The smell of the animal had frightened the horse, and this with the shadow was all there was to Fee's ghost.

* * *

A DEATH-WOUND THAT DID NOT KILL.

GEORGE SINSEL was a private in the 8th N. Y. Heavy Artillery. At the charge on the rebel works at Petersburg, on the 16th day of June, 1864, a minie ball struck him in the head, breaking his skull. The ball divided, part going outside and part going under the skull. For three days he lay on the field and was reported dead. After this time he wandered into a hospital and was treated, the physicians taking out a number of bones from his head. He was then sent to St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester. While there he was under the care of Dr. Moore, and, on the 23d day of October following, Dr. Bradley, the assistant surgeon, took from the unhealed wound a piece of rebel lead, which had lain there over four months. Now Mr. Sinsel is well apparently as ever, though he has a depression in his skull large enough to hide a walnut and over which there is no skull bone. This case was a wonder to the surgeons at the time it occurred and a greater wonder to the man himself that he should be alive.

THE COUNTERSIGN WAS "MARY."

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

'TWAS near the break of day, but still
The moon was shining brightly,
The west wind as it passed the flowers
Set each one swaying lightly;
The sentry slow paced to and fro
A faithful night-watch keeping,
While in the tents behind him stretched
His comrades—all were sleeping.

Slow to and fro the sentry paced,
His musket on his shoulder,
But not a thought of death or war
Was with the brave young soldier.
Ah, no! his heart was far away
Where, on a Western prairie,
A rose-twined cottage stood. That night
The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw,
Her blue eyes kindly beaming,
Above them, on her sun-kissed brow,
Her curls like sunshine gleaming,
And heard her singing, as she churned
The butter in the dairy,
The song he loved the best. That night
The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh, for one kiss from her!" he sighed,
When, up the lone road glancing,
He spied a form—a little form—
With faltering steps advancing,
And as it neared him silently
He gazed at it in wonder;
Then dropped his musket to his hand,
And challenged: "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came. "Not one step more,
Be you man, child, or fairy,
Unless you give the countersign.
Halt! Who goes there?" "'Tis Mary,"
A sweet voice cried, and in his arms
The girl he left behind him
Half fainting fell. O'er many miles
She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear,"
She sobbed; "my heart was breaking;
I could not stay a moment, but,
All other ties forsaking,
I traveled, by my grief made strong,
Kind Heaven watching o'er me,
Until— Unhurt and well?" "Yes, love,"
"—At last you stood before me."

They told me that I could not pass
The lines to seek my lover
Before day fairly came; but I
Pressed on ere night was over,
And as I told my name, I found
The way free as our prairie."
"Because, thank God! to-night," he said,
"The countersign is 'Mary.'"

"WILD'S AFRICAN BRIGADE."

THE 1st Mass. Regt. furnished the first general to command colored troops—Capt. Edward A. Wild, who commanded the brigade known as "Wild's African Brigade."

SENATOR CONNESS AND GRANT.

SENATOR CONNESS, of California, appears to have been the first man to publicly recommend that General Grant be placed in command of the Army of the Potomac.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

FEBRUARY 26, 1865.

CORPORAL DAVE'S LAST SHOT.

J. P. WARD.

ABOUT six o'clock A. M., our orderly sergeant informed me that I was detailed for picket duty. I put on my equipments, grasped my rifle, and joined the detachment on the parade ground. We passed through the works to the left of Fort Howard, and, after passing some open ground, reached a strip of heavy pine timber, which screened our camp from the view of the rebels. Here we halted to load, after which we moved on. When we emerged from the woods into the clear space beyond, we came in full view of both the Union and Confederate picket lines. The picket posts were built of pine logs, breast high, with dirt banked up in front. There were eight men in the post, with a corporal in charge. With the exception of one man—a tent-mate—I was unacquainted with the men on our post; our regiment having been largely recruited during the winter. Everything being quiet we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. A fire was kindled for making coffee, and, lighting their pipes, the boys began conversation. The corporal, who was a stout, resolute looking man, took the opportunity to change his clothing, and I noticed an ugly scar on his breast. Out of curiosity I asked where he got that mark.

He answered, "At Gettysburg, my lad."

I soon noticed that the other six men in the post were acquainted with him, and addressed him as Corporal Dave. After lighting his pipe, Corporal Dave told how he got wounded.

"You see," said he, "I'm a Texan, and belonged to Hood's famous Texas brigade, which got cut up so at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. We were on the right of the line and were trying to turn the left flank of the Yankees, in order to get possession of a ridge called Round Top. Longstreet was driving the Yankees in the peach orchard and we were hurrying to take possession of those hills. Colonel Vincent's brigade of Yankees got there a few minutes ahead of us. I tell you, boys, it was the hottest place I was ever in, and I have been in a good many hot places, too. The bullets flew like hail, and pretty soon one hit me where you see the scar. We lost little Round Top and I was taken prisoner. I tell you, if we had taken those hills, we would have whipped Meade, and captured Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia; the North would have made peace, the South would have gained its independence, and the fighting would have been over." I ventured to dissent from the corporal's opinion, and the consequence was that we had an angry discussion. I asked how it was that he was serving in the Union army, and he replied that after his wound healed he had escaped from prison and enlisted in the Union army for a big bounty. I began to think that Corporal Dave was a rebel still. After that I found that three others of the men had served in the Southern army. One of them, a tall Georgian, said the best shooting he ever had was when Colonel Shaw and his niggers charged on Fort Wagner. My tent-mate, an honest Irishman, whispered that we were among a lot of secesh, and had better look out. I noticed through the day that the corporal and his chums had a good deal of private consultation; but in the evening, when my turn came to stand vidette, I had almost forgotten my suspicions. It grew dark, and the wind being light from the northwest, I could hear the Confederate pickets talking, laughing, and singing an old-fashioned camp-meeting tune. Pretty soon I heard the relief coming, and Corporal Dave came out with a squad to relieve the pickets. He told me to go back into the picket post. I noticed that all the ex-rebels were with him, but had no suspicion that anything was wrong. When I reached the picket post there was no one there but my Irish tent-mate. As it was getting chilly, I unstrapped my overcoat from my knapsack, took off my cartridge box, and leaning my musket against the logs, began to put my coat on. I was standing up, plainly visible to the enemy, by the light of the picket fire. I had got one arm in my overcoat sleeve and was feeling for the other, when a musket was discharged, and a ball struck the logs by my side, and before I had time to change my position six more shots were fired in quick succession.

Two more balls struck the logs and the others whizzed by me. I got my coat on as quickly as possible, grasped my musket, and fired as near as I could guess in the direction of the enemy, and then dropped under cover. The whole line fired a few rounds, and an officer came to inquire the cause of the disturbance. I told him the circumstances, and he ordered my tent-mate and myself to go with him to the vidette post. On our arrival we found that the corporal and the six men were no longer there. A few minutes later we heard the rebel pickets challenge some one, and then came a volley of musketry. When the firing ceased we heard groans of agony, and we recognized the voice of Corporal Dave. We remained on vidette duty until next morning, there being no one left in the post to relieve us, and then returned to camp. A few nights afterwards, we learned from a rebel deserter that on that Sunday night in question seven Yankee deserters came into their lines and had been fired on by mistake, one of them dying from his wounds. So Corporal Dave fired his last shot at me.

Startling News from New Orleans.

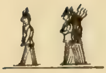
THE first intimation that General Grant was to take command of the Army of the Potomac came from the New Orleans correspondent of the New York *Daily News*, in a letter to that paper, dated August 1, 1863.

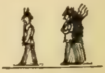
First Colored Officer to Fall.

LIEUT. A. S. SANBORN, of the 1st District of Columbia Colored Regt., murdered by Dr. Wright, at Norfolk, Va., was probably the first officer of a colored regiment who died in defense of the Union.

HONOR TO THE 65th N. Y.

THE only flag taken at the battle of Fair Oaks by our troops was the flag of the 22d N. C., captured by the 65th N. Y.





MORRIS ISLAND MEMORIES.

By H. T. PECK, Company A, 10th Conn. Vols.

I MIND me now of days long past,
When, on old Morris Island's shore,
We faced War's awful tempest blast,
And saw the flood of battle pour.

Before us Sumter's battered walls
Stood grimly 'bove the ocean tide,
Defiant of the iron balls
That rained against her seaward side.

Fort Wagner's earthwork nearer rose,
In line of Charleston's roofs and spires,
Whose sandy slopes, at daylight's close,
Were lit by powder-flashing fires.

And further on, in grim array,
Fort Johnson's guns foreboding ill,
A whirring shell oft sent our way—
The Morris-Island "whip-poor-will."

From sedgy marsh to harbor bound
Our line of siege extended wide,
Whose "Parrotts" oft, with thunderous sound,
Sent death unto the rebel side.

Three hundred pounds of "boot-leg" shell
Sent forth to harvest human crops,
And in return, to pay us well,
The "Johnnies" launched their "blacksmith shops."

And what is that, which in a night
In yonder reedy marsh upsprung?
'Tis the "Swamp Angel" in its might,
Prepared to talk with flaming tongue;

And e'en to Charleston's farthest bound
Attentive audience to seek,
The theme of Justice to expound
In language plain to all, though "Greek."

Shattered and torn by shot and shell,
The "Beacon House" behind us stood,
As if, all eloquent, to tell
The tale of War's destructive flood,—

To speak of those who bravely faced
The deadly storm of shell and ball,
And on that lonely island waste
Gave to their country's cause their all.

Such are the memories that will fill
The active mind in waking hours,
With magic power the soul to thrill,
As currents pulse electric wires.

And e'en while on my couch I lie,
And all around is calm and still,
How oft I view, with spirit eye,
Those scenes, and list that "whip-poor-will."

* * *

HELD AT BAY.

THE Knoxville *Whig* of January 30, 1863, said: "For the first time since the war began each Southern army is held at bay by a superior abolition force."

First Three Years' Regiment.

THE first regiment raised for three years or the war was the 70th, the first regiment of the Excelsior brigade, raised by Col. (now Gen.) Daniel E. Sickles.

JEFF DAVIS'S CAPTURE.

THE EX-PRESIDENT'S VERSION OF THE AFFAIR.

DENIAL OF THE FEMALE DISGUISE STORY.

ON the evening of the 9th of May, preparations were made for departure (from Irwinville, Ga.) immediately after nightfall, when Col. W. P. Johnston returned from a neighboring village with the report that a band of one hundred and fifty men were to attack the camp that night.

Meantime my horse, already saddled, with his holsters and blankets in place, was in charge of my body servant and I was lying clothed, booted and even spurred, when, a little after daybreak, the alarm was given that the camp was attacked. Springing to my feet and stepping out of the tent I saw at once, from the manner in which the assailants were deploying around the camp, that they were trained soldiers and not irregular banditti, and returning I so informed Mrs. Davis.

As I have said, I was already fully dressed. I hastily took leave of my wife, who threw over my shoulders a waterproof cloak or wrapper as a protection from the dampness of the early morning, and with the hope that it might serve as a partial disguise. She also directed a female servant who was present to take an empty bucket and follow me in the direction of the spring, my horse, on the other side of the camp, being cut off from access by the interposition of the assailants.

I had advanced only a few steps from the door of the tent when I was challenged by a mounted soldier, who presented his carbine and ordered me to "surrender." I answered: "I never surrender to a band of thieves." The carbine was still presented, but the man refrained from firing—it is but fair to presume from an unwillingness to kill his adversary—while I continued to advance. This was not from desperation or foolhardy recklessness, but of deliberate purpose. Observing that the man, who was finely mounted, was so near as to be considerably above me, I had little apprehension of being hit, and believed that by taking advantage of the excitement of the shot I might easily tip him from the saddle and get possession of his horse. The feasibility of this design was not to be tested, however, for at this moment Mrs. Davis, seeing only my danger, and animated by a characteristic and heroic determination to share it, ran forward and threw her arms around my neck, with impassioned exclamation. The only hope of escape had depended upon bringing the matter to an immediate issue, and, seeing this was now lost, I said, "God's will be done," and quietly turned back and seated myself upon a fallen tree, near which a camp fire was burning.

* * *

First Fraternity Between Foes.

THE first gleam of fraternal light which beamed upon the dark feelings ruling the great contest was brought forth by a letter from the officers of the 12th Ark. Regt to the officers of the 165th N. Y., at the time of the battle of Port Hudson in 1863.

BRITISH INTERFERENCE.

SECRETARY SEWARD'S letter of October 6, 1861, was the first official document laid before the people of England in which the British government was notified that it would be held responsible for damages done by the privateer Alabama.

◆

First Vessel Captured by Confederates.

THE first vessel captured by the Confederate cruisers was the Harvey Burch. She belonged to Mr. John Brown, of New York.

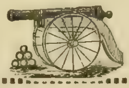
STONEWALL'S SCABBARD.

An Interesting Incident of the Period when General Jackson was Unknown to Fame.

By JOHN TAYLOR.

ON the 19th of April, 1861, a portion of the battalion of the Virginia Military Institute stood in line to receive marching orders. This detachment, consisting of 165 picked cadets, was to drill the volunteers as they reported for duty at Camp Lee, a spot now known as the Richmond Agricultural Fair Grounds. In fact Camp Lee was used for that purpose prior to the war. Well does the writer (one of the cadets) recall the varied emotions which filled the souls of those gallant soldier boys, many of whom, amid the din of war, found soldier's graves where shot and shell fell thick and fast. Boys in years, yet for bravery and daring many of them gained fame, rank, and reputation that gray haired soldiers well might wish. The cadets as a whole begged their commandant and the governor to allow them to enter the war and to enroll the entire battalion as a part of the regular army of the Confederacy. This was refused by the authorities, as this body was the only organization drilled in the science of war and military studies in Virginia, and, as drill-masters and officers, they proved more valuable to the South than they could have done in the ranks. With faces tinged with genuine sadness, that portion ordered to remain at the barracks, stood at "rest," while the joyful faces of those who were to go, showed the feelings of the boys as to war. The professors one by one were called for by the "detail," ordered off, and each addressed the command with words calculated to stimulate military ardor and counsels as to a soldier's duty.

From the town of Lexington, with long and rapid strides, the well known form of "old Jack," as the boys dubbed Major Jackson, then one of the faculty of the Institute, was approaching. "Three cheers for Major Jackson," shouted some one. "Three cheers and a tiger for 'old Jack!'" yelled out many other youthful voices, and a "Hip! hip! hurrah!" was heartily given by nearly three hundred boys. Our eccentric major, being called on for a speech, quietly stepped to the front of the command, raising his faded blue cap with his right hand, and clasping closely under his left arm his trusty sword, which had flashed on many a field in the Mexican war, he cast his piercing eye up and down the line, then replaced his cap on his head, and, suiting actions to his words, said in a clear, sharp voice: "Cadets, when you draw your swords throw away your scabbards." Leaving the scabbard on the ground where he had cast it, he wheeled, and, with his usual rapid stride, returned to Lexington, where he was actively engaged with the Rev. Dr. Pendleton in organizing an artillery company. An order from Governor Letcher, received later, caused "Stonewall Jackson" to change his proposed plan, and he assumed charge of the cadet detachment, conducting the detachment safely to Richmond, from which place he was ordered to Harper's Ferry, where his military genius began first to attract the attention of the Confederate army.



Brilliant Cavalry Charge at Gettysburg.

CAVALRY officers claim that they saved the day, at the most critical moment, at the battle of Gettysburg. Gettysburg was the only battle of the war in which the three arms of the service fought at the same time, each within supporting distance and within sight of the other, and each in its proper sphere. Custer said: "I challenge the annals of warfare to produce a more brilliant and successful charge of cavalry than was made on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg."

Gladstone and Our Rebellion.

MR. GLADSTONE said: "I do not believe history records a case in which the internal dissensions of a country have produced such widespread calamity in other nations beyond its borders as the American rebellion."

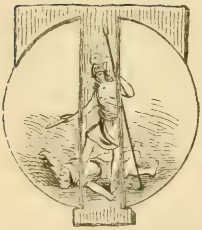
THE SIXTH CORPS.

THE APPOMATTOX CAMPAIGN.

MARCH 25 TO APRIL 9, 1865.

LEE'S SURRENDER.

Capt. J. W. DIXON, Lieut. 2d Conn. Heavy Artillery.



THE Appomattox campaign opened with the battle of Fort Stedman, March 25, 1865. The attack was a complete surprise and the Confederates captured the fort. The victory, however, was a short-lived one. The 1st and 3d Divisions of the 9th Corps, commanded by Maj.-Gen. John G. Parke, recaptured the work after a sharp fight of several hours, during which the fort was raked by an enfilading fire from numerous forts and redoubts of our line. The 9th Corps lost in this action 911 men, of whom 68 were killed, 337 wounded, and 506 missing. The Confederate loss was 2681.

General Grant ordered General Meade to assault the works in front of Petersburg the 29th of March, but a heavy rain set in, which made it necessary to postpone it. Meanwhile Maj.-Gen. E. O. C. Ord's 24th Corps, Army of the James, relieved the 2d and 5th Corps in front of Petersburg, and these two corps joined Major-General Sheridan in an expedition far to the left, to turn the right flank of Lee's army. General Sheridan had been ordered from the Shenandoah valley in February. He was to conduct his superb cavalry corps across the country, destroying General Lee's communications with the West, was to pass through Lynchburg and Danville, and join General Sherman in his march to the sea. The heavy rains rendered the James river impassable, so this plan was impracticable, and General

Sheridan headed for Petersburg. He joined the Army of the Potomac on the 26th of March.

Early on the morning of the 29th, the 2d and 5th Corps, with the cavalry under General Sheridan, marched to the southwest, crossed Hatcher's run, and headed toward Dinwiddie Court House. The Union line reached from the Appomattox to Dinwiddie Court House. The army was posted from right to left as follows: 9th, 6th, 24th, 2d, and 5th Corps, and on the left Sheridan's cavalry. March 31 the Confederates made an attack upon Maj.-Gen. G. K. Warren's 5th Corps, but failed to break the line.

On April 1 Sheridan's cavalry, with the 5th Corps, fought and won the battle of Five Forks. The list of killed was remarkably small considering the number of troops engaged. The Federal loss was 124 killed, 706 wounded, and 54 missing; total 884. The Confederate loss, including prisoners, was 8,500.

On the morning of the 2d the grand assault was to be made. No ordinary earthworks these; they had been for many months an impassable barrier to the Union forces. Erected scientifically under the supervision of competent engineers, they had been strengthened as opportunity offered, until they were regarded by friend and foe as almost invulnerable.

The signal for the attack was to be a gun fired at dawn of day; the exact hour and minute having been determined upon. There was a delay of a few minutes in the firing of the signal gun. During this interval the pickets of the 6th Corps commenced firing, which brought an answer from the Confederates in front. The corps was formed in columns of brigades, *en echelon,* to penetrate the Confederate lines in the form of an enormous wedge.

In front of the works about to be charged impenetrable lines of abatis extended. Men were pushed forward to cut through these obstacles and a force under Major Adams, of the artillery, was ready to spike and disable, or, if possible, to serve the captured guns of the enemy. The strength of the Confederate works rendered the occupants positive that they could not be carried by assault. Just as the first streak of dawn appeared the gallant wearers of the Greek cross sprang to the charge. The entering point was driven through the enemy's pickets; through the bristling abatis; over breastworks and trenches upon the main works. After a fierce and bloody conflict the works were captured, with many prisoners, battle-flags, and guns. The Southside railroad was reached, the rails torn up, and the telegraph destroyed. The troops of the 9th Corps and of the 24th passed through, leaving one brigade of the 6th Corps to guard the position. General Wright swung the corps around to the left, driving the enemy to Hatcher's run.

On the morning of the 3d the corps commenced the pursuit of the retreating enemy. Short, sharp, and decisive was the campaign that followed. On the 4th the corps crossed Winticomack creek, and pushed twelve miles before going into camp. At 3 A. M., the 5th, the pursuit was renewed and continued until dark. The corps was now in position on the right of the 5th Corps, near Jettersville. General Lee had massed his army at Amelia Court House. Here the 6th Corps expected to confront the Confederates and was moving at an early hour. General Lee, with great tact and secrecy, had withdrawn his army during the night of the 5th, and the 6th Corps was ordered to the left of the army, near Burkesville. Passing through Deatonville the railroad was reached before daylight. Turning to the right the 6th Corps was marched toward the retreating trains, where the cavalry was hotly engaging the enemy. Brigadier-General Keifer, of the 3d Division, was in advance. The road was soon in possession of the Union troops and a large number of prisoners and wagons were captured. The 1st Division, Gen. Frank Wheaton, now appeared, and taking ground on the left, advanced rapidly down the road driving the enemy. The two divisions pressed the rear guard of the Confederate army until Sailor's creek was reached. Across this stream the Confederates had thrown up breastworks and here awaited the attack of the exultant Union troops.

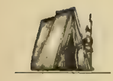
Under cover of a heavy artillery fire the two divisions crossed the swampy ground and the creek itself, and with cheers charged the heights where the enemy was posted. Here a hand-to-hand conflict was carried on and most desperate charges and counter charges were made. Bayonet charges were made, men clubbed their muskets and fought as if individual deeds of valor could carry the day. A column of the enemy charged so impetuously and desperately that they temporarily succeeded, but the 6th Corps, on the right and left, continued to advance, and the gallant charging column of the Confederates was enveloped, surrounded.

Major-General Wright said of this charge: "Never was I more astonished. These troops were surrounded; the 1st and 3d Divisions of the 6th Corps were on either flank, my artillery and a fresh division in their front, and some three divisions of Major-General Sheridan's cavalry in their rear. Looking upon them as already our prisoners, I had ordered the artillery to cease firing as a dictate of humanity."

General Wright had captured Generals Ewell and Custis Lee, with many officers of less exalted rank, together with thousands of prisoners, and many battle-flags. The 6th Corps lost here 166 killed, 1,014 wounded; total 1,180. The Confederate loss was 7,000.

LEE'S SURRENDER.

The flying enemy was now closely pressed by the victorious Union army. Disabled guns, limbers, caissons, battery wagons, forges, army wagons, dead horses, and mules strewed the way for miles. On the morning of the 5th the corps bore far to the right and encamped some eighteen miles from its starting point of that morning. Early the 6th, it was *en route* to Appomattox Court House, where it halted to await the result of the conference between Generals Grant and Lee. What that result was has been graven upon the historical tablets of America.



First Corps at Gettysburg.

The 1st Corps did the hardest fighting at Gettysburg and lost more than any other corps.

GRANT'S FORESIGHT.

TO General Grant is due the credit of giving up the "anaconda" scheme; of relinquishing the idea of "surrounding" a great continent, and of devoting the strength of the government to the task of destroying the armies which kept the Confederacy in existence.

Confederate Honors of War.

THE first time the body of a rebel soldier was returned to his kindred and friends, with the honors of war, was on the 9th of January, 1863. It was the body of Colonel Lawton, who was wounded and captured at the battle of Fredericksburg.

THE SLEEPING GRAY.

In Memory of the Confederate Soldiers who Fell in the Struggle.

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE sounds of the tumult have ceased to ring,
And the battle's sun has set,
And here in the peace of the newborn spring
We would fain forgive and forget;

Forget the rage of the hostile years,
And the scars of a wrong unshriven,
Forgive the torture that thrilled to tears
The angels' calm in heaven.

Forgive and forget? yes, be it so,
From the hills to the broad sea waves;
But mournful and low are the winds that blow
By the slopes of a thousand graves.

We may scourge from the spirit all thought of ill
In the midnight of grief held fast,
And yet, O brothers! be loyal still
To the sacred and stainless past.

She is glancing now from the vapor and cloud
From the waning mansion of Mars,
And the pride of her beauty is wanly bowed,
And her eyes are misled stars.

And she speaks in a voice that is sad as death,
"There is duty still to be done,
Tho' the trumpet of onset has spent its breath,
And the battle been lost and won."

And she points with a tremulous hand below
To the wasted and worn array
Of the heroes who strove in the morning glow
Of the grandeur that crowned "the Gray."

Oh God! they come not as once they came
In the magical years of yore;
For the trenchant sword and the soul of flame,
Shall quiver and clash no more.

Alas for the broken and battered hosts,
Frail wrecks from a gory sea,
Though pale as a band in the realm of ghosts,
Salute them! They fought with Lee,

And gloried when dauntless Stonewall marched
Like a giant o'er field and blood,
When the bow of his splendid victories arched
The tempest whose rain is—blood!

* * * * * * *

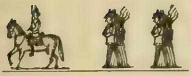
Not vanquished, but crushed by a mystic fate,
Blind nations against them hurled
By the selfish might and the causeless hate
Of the banded and ruthless world!

Enough; all Fates are servants of God,
And follow his guiding hand;
We shall rise some day from the Chastener's rod,
Shall waken, and—understand!

LEE'S SURRENDER.

1865.

PERSONAL ACCOUNT BY GENERAL GRANT.



THE night before General Lee surrendered, I had a wretched headache — headaches to which I have been subject—nervous prostration, intense personal suffering. But, suffer or not, I had to keep moving. I saw clearly, especially after Sheridan had cut off the escape to Danville, that Lee must surrender or break and run into the mountains — break in all directions and leave us a dozen guerrilla bands to fight. My campaign was not Richmond, not the defeat of Lee in actual fight, but to remove him and his army out of the contest and, if possible, to have him use his influence in inducing the surrender of Johnston and the other isolated armies. You see the war was an enormous strain upon the country. Rich as we were I do not now see how we could have endured it another year, even from a financial point of view. So with these views I wrote Lee, and opened the correspondence with which the world is familiar. Lee does not appear well in that correspondence—not nearly so well as he did in our subsequent interviews, where his whole bearing was that of a patriotic and gallant soldier, concerned alone for the welfare of his army and his State. I received word that Lee would meet me at a point within our lines near Sheridan's headquarters. I had to ride quite a distance through a muddy country. I remember now that I was concerned about my personal appearance. I had an old suit on, without my sword, and without any distinguishing mark of rank except the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant general on a woolen blouse. I was splashed with mud in my long ride. I was afraid Lee might think I meant to show him studied discourtesy by so coming—at least I thought so. But I had no clothes within reach, as Lee's letter found me away from my base of supplies. I kept on riding until I met Sheridan. The general, who was one of the heroes of the campaign, and whose pursuit of Lee was perfect in its generalship and energy, told me where to find Lee. I remember that Sheridan was impatient when I met him—anxious and suspicious about the whole business, feared there might be a plan to escape, that he had Lee at his feet, and wanted to end the business by going in and forcing an absolute surrender by capture. In fact, he had his troops ready for such an assault when Lee's white flag came within his lines. I went up to the house where Lee was waiting. I found him in a fine, new, splendid uniform, which only recalled my anxiety as to my own clothes while on my way to meet him. I expressed my regret that I was compelled to meet him in so unceremonious a manner, and he replied, that the only suit he had available was one which had been sent him by some admirers in Baltimore and which he then wore for the first time. We spoke of old friends in the army. I remembered having seen Lee in Mexico. He was so much higher in rank than myself at the time that I supposed he had no recollection of me. But he said he remembered me very well. We talked of old times and exchanged inquiries about friends. Lee then broached the subject of our meeting. I told him my terms, and Lee, listening attentively, asked me to write them down. I took out my manifold order book and pencil and wrote them down. General Lee put on his glasses and read them over. The conditions gave the officers their side arms, private horses and personal baggage. I said to Lee that I hoped and believed this would be the close of the war. That it was most important that the men should go home and go to work, and the government would not throw any obstacles in the way. Lee answered that it would have a most happy effect and accepted the terms. I handed over my penciled memorandum to an aide to put into ink and we resumed our conversation about old times and friends in the armies. Lee no doubt expected me to ask for his sword, but I did not want to take his sword. It would only have been sent to the patent office to be worshiped by the Washington rebels. Then there was another pause, after which he said that most of the animals in his cavalry and artillery were owned by the privates, and he would like to know, under the terms, whether they would be regarded as private property or the property of the government. I said under the terms of surrender they belonged to the government. General Lee read over the letter and said that was so. I then said to the general that I believed and hoped this was the last battle of the war, and I saw the wisdom of these men getting home and to work as soon as possible, and that I would give orders to allow any soldier or officer claiming a horse or a mule to take it. General Lee showed some emotion at this—a feeling which I also shared. The interview ended, and I gave orders for rationing his troops.

M. D.

A SOLDIER once—it was not long ago—
Becoming drier than a Cape Cod fish,
Made up his mind to have a drink,
But knew not how to gain his wish;

For, just before, a mandate had been given,
No soldier should be furnished rum—
Unless the sutler had a paper signed
By an M. D. to give him some.

Our friend, who was himself a waggish knave,
Thus set about to gain his ends:
Some papers in his pack he quickly finds,
And soon a goose-quill to a pen he mends.

And then he writes, with many a thoughtful grin,
"Deliver bearer two pints of good whisky,
And send him back. Yours, sir, I am,
John Jabez Johnston, M. D."

The day went by; the sutler meeting him—
"Why, John, how long since *you* became M. D.?'
"An M. D., sir!" replies this Satan's limb,
"Upon my word, you startle me!"

"Why, yes, see here; now, didn't you,
Sending for whisky, sign yourself a doctor?"
"A doctor? no! what do you mean?
Come, speak out, man! A doctor? pshaw!"

"You signed M. D.!" Our friend is sad,
And looks toward heaven, then heaves a sigh—
"I truly did; yet I'm no quack."
"The M. D., then?" "Meant—MIGHTY DRY!"

THE HISTORY OF THE ALABAMA.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

WHILE the Army of the Potomac was putting itself in fighting trim after its change of base, a decisive battle of the war took place 4,000 miles away. A vessel known in the builders' yard as the "290," and afterward famous as the Alabama, had been built for the Confederate government in 1862, at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool. She was of wood, a fast sailer, having both steam and canvas, 220 feet long, and rated at 1,040 tons. She was thoroughly fitted in every respect, and cost £47,500, or somewhat less than a quarter of a million dollars. The American Minister at London notified the British government that such a ship was being built in an English yard, in violation of the neutrality laws, and demanded that she be prevented from leaving the Mersey. Either through design or stupidity the government moved too slowly, and the cruiser escaped to sea. She went to Fayal, in the Azores, and there took on board her guns and coal, sent out to her in a merchant ship from London. Her commander was Raphael Semmes, who had served in the United States navy. Her crew were mainly Englishmen. For nearly two years she roamed the seas, traversing the Atlantic and Indian Oceans and the Gulf of Mexico, and captured sixty-five American merchantmen, most of which were burned. Their crews were sent away on passing vessels, or put ashore at convenient ports. Several war vessels were sent out in search of the Alabama; but they were at constant disadvantage from the rule that when two hostile vessels are in a neutral port, the first that leaves must have been gone twenty-four hours before the other is permitted to follow. In French, and especially in British, ports, the Alabama was always welcome, and enjoyed every possible facility, because she was destroying American commerce.

In June, 1864, she was in the harbor of Cherbourg, France. The United States man-of-war Kearsarge, commanded by John A. Winslow, found her there, and lay off the port, watching for her. By not going into the harbor, Winslow escaped the twenty-four-hour rule. Semmes sent a note to Winslow, asking him not to go away, as he was coming out to fight; but no such challenge was called for, as the Kearsarge had come for that purpose, and was patiently waiting her prey. She was almost exactly the size of the Alabama, and the armaments were so nearly alike as to make a very fair match. But her crew were altogether superior in gun-practice, and she had protected her boilers by chains, "stoppered" up and down the side amidships, as had been done in the fights at New Orleans and elsewhere. Sunday morning, June 19, the Alabama steamed out of the harbor amid the plaudits of thousands of English and Frenchmen, who had not a doubt that she was going to certain victory. The Kearsarge steamed away, and drew her off a distance of seven or eight miles from the coast. Winslow then turned and closed with his enemy. The two vessels steamed around on opposite sides of a circle half a mile in diameter, firing their starboard guns. One of the crew of the Alabama says, "there was but little swell on, and nothing to prevent accurate gun-practice." Yet the practice on that vessel was very bad; she began firing first, discharged her guns rapidly, and produced little or no effect, though a dozen of her shots struck her antagonist. But when the Kearsarge began firing there was war in earnest. Her guns were handled with great skill, and every shot told. One of them cut the mizzenmast so that it fell. Another exploded a shell among the crew of the Alabama's pivot gun, killing half of them and dismounting the piece. Others rolled in at the port-holes and swept away the gunners; and several pierced the hull below the water line, making the ship tremble from stem to stern, and letting in floods of water. The vessels had described seven circles, and the Alabama's decks were strewn with the dead, when at the end of an hour she was found to be sinking, and her colors were struck. The Kearsarge lowered boats to take off the crew; but suddenly the stern settled, the bow was thrown up into the air, and down went the Alabama to the bottom of the British Channel, carrying an unknown number of her crew. An English yacht picked up Semmes and about forty of his men, and steamed away to Southampton with them; others were rescued by the boats of the Kearsarge, and still others were drowned.

Eight years afterward, an international court of arbitration decreed that the British government must pay the United States $15,500,000 for damages done to American commerce by the Alabama and two or three similar cruisers, because they were built in English yards and escaped to sea through the negligence of that government. The sentence was very light; for that sum falls far short of the damage wrought to us and the corresponding gain to the English carrying trade.

HEROISM AND CHIVALRY AT FREDERICKSBURG.

TOO BRAVE TO BE SHOT.

THE following incident occurred at the battle of Fredericksburg. On the 15th day of December, 1862, the 16th Regt. and three companies of the second battalion of Featherstone's Mississippi brigade were posted at the foot of Marye's Heights, to the left of the plank road leading from the city toward Orange Court House. Between them and the city was a tanyard and many outbuildings. Much sharpshooting was indulged in on both sides, opportunities being afforded us by squads of Federals, who in twos or threes kept moving rapidly from behind extemporized shelters to their rear, posted in the city limits proper. While a squad of these were braving shots, one of them was seen to drop, while all his companions but one, taking advantage of our empty rifles, soon got to cover behind the houses. This brave fellow seeing his comrade fall, deliberately faced about, and, dropping his rifle, assisted his friend to rise, and together they slowly sought the rear. As they moved off a score or more of rifles were leveled with deadly intent, but before a single one of them could be fired our colonel, Carnot Posey, commanded, "Cease firing; that man is too brave to be killed," and then, with admiration for the brave fellow, we gave him a hearty cheer, to which he replied by a graceful wave of his cap as he and his comrade passed behind the protection of an outbuilding.

Incidents of General Lee, Jackson,

AND

GENERAL WILSON'S FAMOUS HORSE, "SLASHER."

By Maj. R. H. BIGGER, Hendersonville, N. C.

EVERY one in General Early's command knew "Slasher." They will recollect with what nimbleness and cat-like treads he carried his master, Col. Daniel Wilson of the 6th La., through all the difficult passes and ways. Colonel Wilson was six feet four in his stockings and weighed three hundred pounds; according to the estimate of his regiment he would pull down a full thousand. It happened on a certain Sunday as Colonel Wilson was taking "Slasher" at a lively pace along a smooth Virginia road that he met General Stonewall Jackson on his way to "preaching." After passing the usual compliments of the day, General Jackson said, "If it were not Sunday, colonel, and if you were disposed to sell 'Slasher,' what would be your price for him?" Colonel Wilson replied, "Well, general, if it were not Sunday, I might answer your question; but being Sunday, you will allow me to postpone the answer to some future day of the week." "Certainly," said Jackson, and rode on with his hat close down over his eyes, and his long, ungainly legs dangling limberly at his horse's side. The boys used to say that "Slasher" could jump over a church.

"Slasher" was standing on one occasion hitched near the tent of Colonel Wilson, with his muscles, sinewy proportions and sleek side showing to great advantage in a bright morning sun, when General Lee approached Colonel Wilson and passing salute said: "Colonel, in this world they say there is nothing perfect, but will you have the kindness to point out the defects in your horse?" "Yes, general, they are very broad and distressing, and they are the cause of the dejected manner which you have observed in me of late. When I ride 'Slasher' at the head of the regiment through villages and towns, everybody cries out, 'Oh, what a magnificent horse!' They never say, 'What a handsome, noble looking officer.'"

OLD ABE,

THE VETERAN WAR EAGLE OF WISCONSIN.

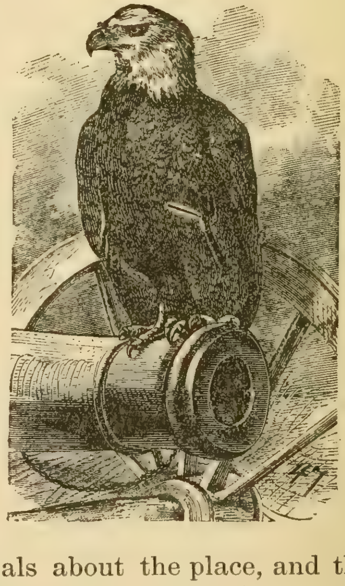
The Gallant Bird that Braved Many a Battle with the 8th Wisconsin Regt.

By W. C. KING, Springfield, Mass.

WHO of our readers has not heard of "Old Abe," the famous war eagle, who so nobly did so much in the late war, in cheering on our brave boys to victory?

"Old Abe" was a native of Lake Superior, and when quite young was taken from his nest, in July, 1861, by a little wild Indian boy by the name of O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig, whose habitation was in the wilds of upper Wisconsin.

The Indian children gave him the name of "Mee-Ke-zeen-ce" (Little Eagle). In the fall of the same year a farmer induced the little Indians to part with their pet in exchange for a bushel of corn. The bird had been in his new home but a short time when he declared war with all the domestic animals about the place, and the farmer was obliged to coop "Abe" in order to preserve peace.



While deliberating as to what disposition to make of the unwelcome family accession the idea occurred to the old farmer that the eagle should go to war. Acting on this idea he took him to Eau Claire and sold him. Shortly after the purchaser presented him to Co. C, 8th Wis. Vols., who made a standard for him upon which he was carried by the side of the regimental colors. For three long, hard, eventful years "Old Abe" was a comrade of that regiment, doing noble service in his way. He accompanied the regiment in all its marches, and took a lively interest in all of its battles. When the army was enveloped in smoke "Old Abe" manifested great delight. At such a time he was always to be found at the head of Co. C. When the storm of battle was raging fiercely and the air was dense with smoke, this noble bird would spread his pinions, jump up and down on his perch, utter such wild and unearthly screams as only an eagle can utter. The more terrific the battle, the fiercer the screams. A rebel soldier, brother of a noted guerrilla chief, visiting Madison in 1875, informed George W. Baker, one of the eagle's attendants, that, while in the Southern service, during one of the battles, he heard a rebel general say, "I rather capture 'Old Abe' than a whole brigade."

During a lull in the battle, as the enemy was preparing again to fire from the brow of the hill, distant not over thirty rods from the 8th Regt., the eagle being exposed in plain sight of the rebels, a Confederate officer was heard by several in Company C to say, "There he is—the eagle—capture him, boys!" No sooner was this command given, than the rebel artillery opened upon our forces, under whose cover a column, just discerned in the gathering smoke, moved briskly over the crest to break and scatter our steady front, and capture the prize. All this while, the eagle scanned with fire-lit eye every movement on that hill, and as the rebel infantry hove clearly in sight, it is said, he whistled a startling note of alarm, and instantly both armies struck each other in deafening shock, commingling with the boom and crash of cannon that trembled forest and valley. Shouts from both sides rent the air, while death mowed his swath clear through both armies, and yet the bloody gaps closed up again and again. Such is war! In the general conflict, the eagle leaped up with a desperate spring, breaking his cord or else it was cut by a minie ball, and was seen by the combatants, circling, careering in the sulphurous smoke. The enemy pressed nearer, exultant, as if sure of their prize; the bullets flew as hailstones; there was a wavering of a wing—was he hit?—but the war bird rallied again, and, as he rose higher, many a rebel shot went up to bring down the American eagle. Yet on he sped, towering above that awful din, screaming back to his assailants, eying the battle from his sky-eyrie, when, catching a glimmer of his comrades in the fight and the colors where his bearer stood gazing upward with suspense—as if inspired by the very Roman gods—he descended, like a "bolt of Jove," to the left of his regiment, where McLane, flying after him, easily caught him up in his arms, trembling and panting with ardor, and whistling with his peculiar air of satisfaction. By permission, his bearer immediately carried him cautiously from the field to the camp, where he remained till the close of the next day of battle, which ended in a Federal victory, purchased at a dear cost. On examination, it was found that the eagle was hit by a rebel bullet in the feathers of a wing near the flesh.

Col. J. W. Jefferson, who led the valiant 8th in the Red River expedition, thus happily describes the eagle on parade and in battle:—

"'Old Abe' was with the command in nearly every action (about twenty-two), and in thirty skirmishes. He enjoyed the excitement; and I am convinced, from his peculiar manner, he was well informed in regard to army movements, dress parade, and preparations for the march and battle. Upon parade, after he had been a year in the service, he always gave heed to 'Attention!' With his head obliquely to the front, his right eye directly turned upon the parade commander, he would listen and obey orders, noting time accurately. After parade had been dismissed, and the ranks were being closed by the sergeants, he would lay aside his soldierly manner, flap his wings, and make himself generally at home. When there was an order to form for battle, he and the colors were first upon the line. His actions upon those occasions were uneasy, turning his head anxiously from right to left to see when the line was completed. Soon as the regiment got ready, faced, and was put in march, he would assume a steady and quiet demeanor. In battle he was almost constantly flapping his wings, having his mouth wide open, and many a time would scream with wild enthusiasm. This was particularly so at the hard fought battle of Corinth, when our regiment repulsed and charged, or, you might say, made a counter charge, on Price's famous Mo. brigade."

Thus the Wisconsin war eagle became the most famous bird that ever fanned the breeze of heaven.

He came out of the war known as the "Eagle Veteran" of the great Rebellion, with eye unblenched, with fearless and untiring wing, with talons still grasping the lightnings of battle, he came home to rest, crowned with the highest honor, revered and loved by all.

Oft had he by example cheered the desponding, roused ambition, and encouraged sacrifices. He had enlivened the dull hours of camp life, and during the thickest of the fight he would stand aloft with unfurled pinions, and with a wild, terrible shriek, lead the deadly charge to victory. Under the national colors, tattered and torn, yet blazing with the stars he loved, this "Bird of the Union" taught, by his spirit and example, the true art of conquest. After his brave and noble career in field and camp with the 8th, he was formally presented to the state of Wisconsin, and assigned quarters in the State House at Madison, where he was called upon by thousands of people eager to gaze upon such a grand specimen of the feathered tribe.

Not only was "Old Abe" of great service on the field of battle, but he was the means of raising thousands of dollars for the benefit of needy soldiers, their widows, and orphans.

When the great sanitary fair was held at Chicago, Alfred Sewell had a beautiful little likeness made of the brave bird and organized a corps of patriotic boys and girls throughout the Union to sell them. This juvenile army numbered nearly 12,000 loyal children, and through their active effort the snug sum of $16,000 was turned over by Mr. Sewell to the committee of the fair.

At the Centennial "Old Abe" was the object of great interest and admiration of the masses who continually crowded about his perch. No bird in the history of the world ever gained such an enviable reputation or was so loved by a nation, and when in 18— the news was spread throughout the land that "Old Abe" was dead, thousands of hearts were caused to sorrow.

* * *

SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

THE ARMY POST OFFICE AT PORT ROYAL, S. C.

**Reminiscences of the Civil Service at the Front During the War.
How Soldiers' Letters and Papers Were Mailed and Distributed.**

By E. PORTER DYER, Springfield, Mass.

THE volunteer army that fought through the War of the Rebellion was a reading and writing army. No other army ever equaled it in this respect. The men had scarcely left their homes for the field before the dear home folks began to follow them with letters, newspapers, books. and all descriptions of reading matter, and at every opportunity on their route and all through the long four years of fighting, the soldiers dropped the sword and took up the pen with their tales of labors, dangers, and sufferings. In many an old trunk and chest, to-day, are stored away precious packets of letters that in their day bore sad burdens of grief or precious freights of consolation from the soldier boy to his mother. Many others are the only relics of lives sacrificed for the country, containing the words and thoughts, and to a great extent the personality of men whose monument in some national cemetery is marked "unknown."

The departure of thousands of home-loving men to the front thus threw a tremendous burden of work upon the post office department. The government at once recognized that the postal service should become a means of moral support to the army, and no restrictions were placed upon frequent and unlimited communication by mail between the camp and the home. The service was greatly enlarged and extended to the army wherever that was practicable, red tape was cut mercilessly and the mails were hustled about, oftentimes regardless of regulations, the only desideratum being to "get there."

In the summer of 1863, after having been in the government service for a year as superintendent of abandoned plantations and "contrabands," near Beaufort, S. C., I was appointed assistant postmaster of the Port Royal post office, on the Island of Hilton Head, S. C. This was the general distributing office for the Department of the South, which included all the army posts in South Carolina, Georgia, and Eastern Florida. The number of troops in the department was about 10,000, but that number was doubled at one time, when the attack upon Charleston was in preparation. In addition, there were many civilians in the department, for Hilton Head became for the time being a lively place for business, and Beaufort, formerly, as now, one of the finest watering places on the South-east coast, was the headquarters of an interesting movement for the benefit of the colored people. Under General Rufus Saxton, the military governor of South Carolina, as he was officially titled, were employed a large number of civilians, men and women, who were distributed about the plantations, teaching schools, helping the colored people to care for themselves, and generally trying to lift them out of the darkness and ignorance and indolence in which slavery left them, into something like civilization. The Port Royal post office also received and distributed the mails for the South Atlantic naval squadron, which blockaded the coast from Charleston to lower Florida, and cruised between the Bermudas and the Bahamas.

Hilton Head was the headquarters of the 10th Army Corps. The government had built a long, substantial wharf from the low, sandy shore, to deep water, where ocean steamships could lie and discharge their freight. From this wharf railroad tracks radiated in various directions to the army store-houses, ordnance stores, forage sheds, etc., which covered nearly a square mile of territory. Along the beach were built the quarters of the officers, not palatial residences by any means, but plain whitewashed wooden buildings, designed for comfort and convenience, rather than luxury. On the shore was also the department hospital, a very large building or collection of buildings, open to the fresh sea breezes and supplied with all the comforts and conveniences that could be afforded in the army. Near the head of the government wharf was an old mansion, once the residence of the planter who cultivated the acres then occupied by the army buildings. This house was used for army offices, custom house, and signal station. From a tower on the roof of the building the signal corps communicated with various posts in the department by signal flags. In the rear of this building across a square, once a garden, but then a desert of sand and dust, were a number of buildings occupied by Adams' Express, a printing office, one or two sutlers' stores, and the Port Royal post office. The government had not spent a fortune in housing the postal department at Hilton Head. Its quarters were an old cotton shed, one story in height, with a commodious garret. At the time I entered the postal service, the business had become so large that the building was wholly inadequate for the work. The postal department could not be induced to furnish better quarters, but the quartermaster general of the department came to our relief, detailed a number of soldiers who were carpenters, gave us some lumber, and we set to work to enlarge the premises. My first few nights in the post office were spent upon a luxurious couch, composed of mail bags spread upon the mailing table. But the army authorities were good to us and gave me an A tent with a board floor, and made me a bunk. The tent was pitched in the yard, back of the post office, and there I spent the nights for two or three months in comparative comfort, except when the Hilton Head real estate took the wings of the wind and half buried me in the bunk. After the renovation of the post office, the postmaster and I had luxurious quarters in the garret, with a door opening upon the top of a piazza, and two dormer windows to admit the sea breezes. The force in the office ordinarily consisted of the postmaster, assistant postmaster, book-keeper, two detailed soldiers and a colored porter. This was force enough for seven days out of eight, but on the eighth day, when the mails arrived from the North, we had volunteer assistance according to our needs. Several of the army chaplains who took charge of their regimental mail, a sergeant of the First Massachusetts cavalry, and other soldiers were always on hand to help us in a rush. We had no red tape about us, and required no bonds of those who assisted us in distributing the mails. Oftentimes we were so crowded with help that we stood elbow to elbow, with scarcely room to turn around. The arrangements were primitive and rough, but the work was done and that was all we cared for.

The regular service in the department was pretty well organized. Steamers ran daily to Beaufort, Folby and James Islands, and mails were forwarded when there was anything to forward. Steamers ran regularly to Fort Pulaski, Ga., and to Fernandina, Jacksonville, and St. Augustine, Fla., and there was always more or less army mail, dispatches, etc., to be forwarded. This, however, was easy work, and the interim between the Northern mails had to be filled in with a good deal of loafing.

But every eight days, with pretty fair regularity, came either the Fulton or Arago, ocean steamships, formerly of the French line between New York and Havre, bringing the mails from New York. Then there was work enough to atone for all the leisure. The week's mail sometimes weighed two or three tons, and was brought from the steamer in forage wagons. The letter bags were first attacked. In those days, letters mailed from distributing post offices, were assorted in packages of 100, wrapped in brown paper, and tied with strings. The post office department had an economical streak in the use of wrapping paper and string, and we had to waste some time in opening the packages. The colored man straightened out the wrappers and corraled the twine for future use. The letters were arranged upon a large table, in rows of thousands, from which the sorters took them and distributed them into bags, every regiment, or separate company, or battalion, and every naval vessel having its own bag, while boxes were provided for headquarters, and for various army departments. In the "general delivery" were about 200 private boxes and all letters not distinctly marked for regiments, etc., went to the general delivery.

It never required less than ten or twelve hours of very hard and steady work for eight or ten men to distribute the eight days' mail and forward it to its destination. We always grew very tired, and sometimes "cross" and "sassy." General and regimental officers at first sent orderlies for their letters, and often delayed us in the distribution. So we made a rule to deliver no mail to anybody till the whole letter mail was distributed, except to those who had lock boxes and could help themselves. This sometimes caused bad language on the part of the army officers, but it came to be understood, finally, that Uncle Sam's postmaster was as big a man on his ranche as a commanding general.

In distribution we became pretty expert. We had to be. If letters went to the wrong regiment we were sure to hear complaints. Soldiers wanted their letters right off. Those who were detailed away from their regiments wanted their letters kept out of the regimental mail and sent direct to them. Officers were here one week and there another, and we kept the run of them. The consequence was that the post office man was a general walking directory of the department, and we were often better able to direct letters correctly than the people who wrote them. When troops were transferred to other departments, as to Virginia or North Carolina, we forwarded their letters as promptly as possible. Once we had a large quantity of mail for regiments that we knew nothing of, which should have gone to Kentucky or Tennessee. Frequently, letters came for men in regiments, supposed to be in South Carolina, but which we knew to be in Louisiana or Missouri.

On several occasions while I was in the Port Royal post office, the steamers were taken off by the government for other service, temporarily, and we waited from twelve to fourteen days for the mails. When they did arrive there was a grand wrestle, of course. The hardest job we ever had, and the hardest work I ever did, was when the government took our steamships for the North Carolina expedition and delayed our mail for nearly three weeks. Day after day we waited, with no idea of what was going on at the North, except through reports received from rebel sources and which we knew not whether to believe or not. At last the steamer was sighted coming over the bar, and all Hilton Head was alive with excitement. The mail reached the office about sundown. It filled a room fifteen feet square and twelve feet high, packed solidly to the top. We worked with full force upon that mail two nights and a day, without pause, except for hurried meals, one at a time, and to make room, we had to send off every few hours as we could, whatever we had distributed.

In addition to the letter mail, to which we always devoted first and closest attention, the newspaper mail was almost limitless. The New York and Boston daily newspapers came in great bundles, local newspapers all over the country had thousands of subscribers in the army, while transient papers, novels, books, and packages of every description came in a flood. These we knew were prized only second to the letters, and while we were not as careful in the distribution as in the case of the letters, they generally went to their destination with accuracy. We did not, however, remail the missent newspapers, except the transient stamped papers, and always had more or less newspapers for our own leisurely reading, or for sending to the hospitals, picket posts, etc. In those days there was no package post as to-day. In fact, it was improper to send certain articles through the newspaper mail. But we couldn't be too scrupulous. There was no time to examine suspicious packages, and many a soldier received articles through the mail that should have been forwarded under letter postage or by express, such as articles of clothing, handkerchiefs, caps, packages of eatables, bottles of medicine and hair oil, boxes of salve and pills, perfumery, etc. Sometimes the office would be so scented with some strange medicinal or toilet article as to drive us to the door or window for breath.

The registered mail was at times quite large and gave us a good deal of trouble. The articles could be delivered only to the person addressed or to his order, and he had to be notified. This registered mail was very largely the result of thinly veiled lotteries, gift enterprises, etc., into which the soldiers were inveigled by floods of circulars and advertisements. The packages contained watches, jewelry, and all sorts of articles of supposed, but often of fictitious value, but they had to be delivered, "unsight, unseen." The registered mail sent North was also large, especially after pay day, when the soldiers sent home their money for safe keeping, or to help the old folks.

After the mail from the North was distributed, we were busy until the steamer sailed, with our outgoing mail. This had accumulated through the week between mails, and was made ready for shipment as fast as it came in. But sometimes several regiments would send in their mails a short time before the sailing of the steamer, and it required very lively work to get them postmarked, and wrapped, and directed to the proper distributing offices at the North in season for the departure of the steamer. This done, the mail off, and we took a week for rest.

In this interim I often served at the general delivery, where there was a fair chance to practice patience and good nature. There was one old soldier on duty at the hospital who used to come nearly every day and ask if there was a letter for him. I could tell him no, without looking, but he would insist on my looking over the letters for him. Then he would say almost invariably: "Wal, I didn't hardly expect one, but thought I'd jest roll round and see." The colored people, who were numerous about Hilton Head and had already begun to reap the benefits of education, were good patrons of the post office. I had to be well versed in hieroglyphics to decipher the addresses of their letters, and was often asked to read the contents for the benefit of the recipient. In this way I became a repository of some tender colored secrets, and had a good deal of amusement out of the singular correspondence which was conducted upon epistolary principles, often quite unique. Sometimes I acted as amanuensis for these colored lovers, and was a good deal puzzled to express myself in a way that would appear vernacular to the person to whom the letter was addressed. Once, two young negroes came into the vestibule of the office, one the pilot of the other, who had a letter to mail. Looking at the sign over the letter box, the pilot spelled, "L-e-t-t-e-r, tar, b-o-x, box, Tarbox,—oh, yas, dat's him,"—then stepping to the delivery he asked, "Is Mass' Tarbox in de pos' offus?" I told him I didn't know Mr. Tarbox. He looked puzzled, and glanced at the sign again and said: "Ain' dat de name on de do' plate, Massa?"

HOW M'CLELLAN WAS LOVED.

JOHN W. MAHAN.

NO man ever lived who was more dear to the hearts of his soldiers. The scene that took place when McClellan, accompanied by General Burnside, his successor, rode along the line of encampments to take farewell of his comrades, will never fade from the memory of those who witnessed it. The troops were not formed, but by a common impulse, from generals to drummer boys, rushed to the roadside and cheered amid their tears, and cried out: "Oh, come back, 'Little Mac'! come back!" General Lee, four miles away, believed an attack was imminent, and prepared for it, but the army was marched to the vicinity of Falmouth, and about a month later was dashed against St. Marye's Heights, in rear of Fredericksburg.

* * *

THE OLD CANTEEN.

BY G. M. WHITE.

SEND it up to the garret? Well, no, what's the harm
If it hangs like a horseshoe to serve as a charm?
Had its day, to be sure; matches ill with things here;
Shall I sack the old thing just because it is queer?
Thing of beauty 'tis not, but a joy none the less,
As my hot lips remember its old time caress,
And I think of the solace once gurgling between
My lips from that old battered tin canteen.

It has hung by my side in the long, weary tramp,
Been my friend in the bivouac, barrack, and camp,
In the triumph, the capture, advance, and retreat,
More than light to my path, more than guide to my feet,
Sweeter nectar ne'er flowed, howe'er sparkling and cold,
From out chalice of silver or goblet of gold,
For a king or an emperor, princess or queen,
Than to me from the mouth of that old canteen.

It has cheered the desponding on many a night,
Till their laughing eyes gleamed in the camp fire light.
Whether guns stood in silence, or boomed at short range,
It was always on duty, though 'twould not be strange
If in somnolent period just after "taps"
Some colonel or captain, disturbed at his naps,
May have felt a suspicion that "spirits" unseen
Had somehow bedeviled that old canteen.

But I think on the time when in lulls of the strife
It has called the far look in dim eyes back to life.
Helped to staunch the quick blood just beginning to pour,
Softened broad, gaping wounds that were stiffened and sore,

Moistened thin, livid lips, so despairing
of breath
They could only speak thanks in the
quiver of death;
If an angel of mercy ever hovered
between
This world and the next 'twas the old
canteen.

Then banish it not as a profitless
thing,
Were it hung in a palace it well might
swing,
To tell in its mute, allegorical way
How the citizen volunteer won the
day,
How he bravely, unflinchingly, grandly
won,
And how, when the death-dealing work
was done,
'Twas as easy his passion from war to
wean
As his mouth from the lips of the old
canteen.

By and by, when all hate for the rags
with the bars
Is forgotten in love for the "stripes and
the stars";
When Columbia rules everything solid
and sole,
From her own ship canal to the ice at
the pole;
When the Grand Army men have obeyed
the last call,
And the Mayflowers and violets bloom
for us all;
Then away in some garret the cobwebs
may screen
My battered, old, cloth-covered tin canteen.

BEAUREGARD'S PULSE IN BATTLE.

[North American Review.]

IN a private note accompanying the second part of his article on the campaign of Shiloh, General Beauregard records this interesting fact:—

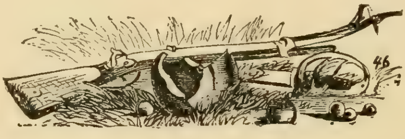
"Just before mounting (on the morning of the second day's fight) it occurred to me to ascertain the pulsations of the human system in the excitement of going into battle. I requested my medical director, Dr. Brodie, to examine the pulses of myself and staff. He found that they varied from 90 to 130."

A Joke in the Thick of Battle.

AN old tar-heel who was "thar" says that at the battle of Chancellorsville, while the fight was raging General Rhodes rode up to General Ramseur and asked him what time it was. Ramseur, pulling out his old timepiece slowly, said:

"General, in such an emergency as this my old watch never runs."

Rhodes "took" right off and returned to where the bullets were "ticking" the seconds.



THE BATTLE OF SAILOR'S CREEK.

Vivid Battle Pictures and Hand-to-Hand Conflict.

APRIL 6, 1865.

COL. ARCHIBALD HOPKINS, 37th Mass. Vols.

ON the 2d of April, 1864, we had been in the front line of the assaulting column at Petersburg. On the 3d, 4th, and 5th, our corps having been attached to General Sheridan's command by his special request, we were making forced marches, keeping up with the cavalry in that relentless pursuit, which was the secret of final success. The weather had grown very warm for the season, and, after the first halt, the ground for acres was covered with overcoats, extra blankets, and clothing, and various little comforts which even the oldest soldiers sometimes begin a campaign with, but which are gradually discarded till only the barest necessaries remain. On the 6th we had already covered twenty miles, when about 2 P. M. rapid artillery firing was heard, and an order to double-quick told us that there was work ahead. There followed a hard three miles run, the men dripping and panting under their loads, but determined to be in at the death, for every one felt the end was at hand.

At the first sound of the artillery the men began without orders to fill the magazines of their Spencer rifles as they moved along. The Spencer, at that time, was by far the best weapon in use, not so heavy as the Springfield, and surpassing it in range and precision.

At the top of the slope in a field to the left of the road, near an old barn, Sheridan sat on his black horse, talking to Wright, and I saw him make a gesture with his palms turned to the front that said unmistakably whatever opposed us on the hill opposite was to be pushed out of the way. As the men recognized Sheridan a rattling cheer went down the line, for every man implicitly trusted his splendid leadership.

His cavalry had cut off the principal wagon train of Lee's army, and Stonewall Jackson's corps, now commanded by Ewell, had been put in position to check our pursuit and save the train. General Kershaw was on the right of their line, Custis Lee on the left, and the naval battalion of picked men from the gunboats at Richmond, was in the rear of Lee's right, in reserve.

After crossing the creek, which was barely fordable, the line was reformed, and the regiment moved by the flank a short distance to the right, and then the order was brought to charge up the hill. The growth of young pines was so dense that it was impossible to tell whether our connection on the right or left was maintained.

We were now moving steadily up the hill, and bullets began to fly plentifully. Instinctively we felt that a few steps more would precipitate a bloody fight, but the line did not waver nor was there any flinching or skulking. As we rose the crest, a crashing volley from an invisible enemy tore through the pines over our heads. The misdirected aim was most fortunate for us. Before the enemy could reload we were close upon them. At the word every man poured in seven shots from his Spencer, at easy speaking distance and with deadly effect. Large numbers fell killed and wounded, many came in and gave themselves up, some escaped, and all semblance of organization or opposition melted away from our front and disappeared. Flushed with success we moved steadily to the front a distance of probably three hundred yards; when the growth becoming less dense it appeared that we had no support on either flank. At this juncture Custis Lee moved the naval battalion through one of the deep gulches around our right, and about half the length of the regiment in our rear. We discovered the movement just in time to face about, and in a moment it was hand to hand, and a brief, fierce struggle ensued with musketry at arm's length, officers fighting with clubbed muskets and pistols and the bayonet coming into free use for the first time in our experience. Clouds of sulphurous smoke obscured everything not close at hand, and it was as these opened and shifted that I had glimpses of battle groups and scenes which will always remain in my memory. One, just a momentary glimpse, seen and lost too soon to know the result, of a powerful officer in gray with clubbed musket raised to strike down Captain Chandley, who had a Spencer rifle and was cocking it to fire. Another of a flaming rebel battle-flag planted in the ground a few feet away, the center of a desperate struggle; a blue-coated sergeant seized it only to fall desperately wounded beneath its folds, when a plucky little fellow whom I recognized through the smoke as Private Taggart, of Co. B, wrested it from its hold and carried it safe to the rear. The battle was now at its height; blue and gray mingled in a confused mass, swayed back and forth in the eddying smoke, and fierce cries of "Down with 'em," "Give 'em h—l," and the clashing of crossed bayonets could be heard rising above the sound of the musketry. Intense excitement swallowed up all sense of danger and every man fought almost with savage fury. Meanwhile our Spencers had again given us the advantage, and the enemy, broken into confused groups, were driven back into the ravine in a huddled mass. We gathered at its mouth and gave them such a terrible raking fire that they soon began to show white handkerchiefs in token of surrender, and our firing ceased.

The adjutant, John S. Bradley, of Lee, demanded the sword of a rebel officer near whom he was standing, when the officer, without a word, put his pistol to the adjutant's breast. He saw the movement just in time to knock his hand aside, when they grappled and rolled down into the ravine, the officer discharging his pistol into the adjutant's shoulder as they went. A rebel soldier also shot him through the thigh, and in an instant more his antagonist would have dispatched him with another shot, when Private Eddy, of Co. B, who had been watching his chance, as Bradley's assailant came uppermost, shot him dead. Eddy had hardly fired when a powerful grayback thrust him through with a bayonet, the point coming out near his spine, and he was pinned to the ground. His antagonist then tried to wrest his Spencer from him, but he clung to it desperately and finally succeeded in firing a shot which was fatal to his enemy. The rebel fell upon him, but Eddy thrust his body aside, pulled out the bayonet which transfixed him, and staggered to the rear, where he was cared for, and he finally recovered. After this we opened fire again with deadly effect and they gave up this time in earnest. Seventy dead were taken from the ravine. During the fight a corporal, who was noted for his quiet promptitude and unvarying good behavior, found himself confronted by a rebel officer whose surrender he demanded. The officer refused, and the corporal fired, shooting him through the body. As he fell the corporal bent over and told him that he was sorry he had to shoot him, and that he was a Christian, and if he wished he would pray with him. The officer eagerly assented and the corporal knelt amidst the drifting smoke and flying missiles and the shouts and groans of the combatants, and offered a fervent prayer for the soul of his dying foeman. When he had finished they shook hands and the officer gave the corporal his sword as a memento, and asked him to write to his wife what had befallen him.

An Irish corporal, whose brother had been killed on the parapet in the assault on Petersburg a few days before, concealed himself in a thicket and killed nine rebels during the fight. When it was over he said he didn't know as it would help poor Mike any, but somehow he felt "aisyer about the heart."

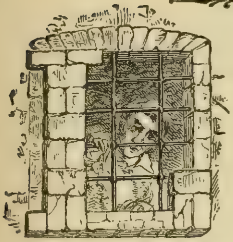
It was past three o'clock when we struck the enemy, and as the shadows fell, and the evening breeze rose and sighed a requiem through the swaying pines, all sounds of conflict died away, and we made our bivouac close at hand. It had been a glorious victory all along the line, resulting in a loss to Lee's crumbling and disrupted army of about 8,000. Three days later came Lee's surrender, and the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac were ended.

* * *

CAMP FORD PRISON.

CRUELTY, STARVATION AND EXPOSURE BEYOND ENDURANCE.

EXPERIENCE OF DANA W. KING, NASHUA, N. H.



LONG will live the memory of Camp Ford. This prison was a stockade, covering about seven acres of ground, on a sunny slope not far from Tyler, Texas. At the southeast corner of the inclosure was a spring strongly impregnated with sulphur, but its supply of water was sadly inadequate for the 4,600 men confined there during 1864. There was hardly enough for cooking and drinking, and to secure this men would have to stand in the hot sun, shoeless, hatless, and shirtless, awaiting an opportunity to fill their gourds. Washing *per se* was sadly neglected. Within fifty feet of the outside of the stockade was a much larger spring, but this was reserved for the rebel guards. Booths of brush were constructed by some, and a few of the earlier comers were fortunate enough to get a few logs with which to build a cover, but by far the larger number had holes in the ground or no shelter at all. The men dropped themselves into the holes, feet first, and, during the winter, obtained partial protection from the bleak winds; but when a northeast rain storm set in the waters soon drove the men from the holes and there was no escape from standing in the cold wind and rain. Constant exercise to keep up circulation and warmth was the only safeguard.

Of clothes, many had a simple pretense; and quite a number were reduced to a rag around their loins. It was no uncommon thing for a man in anticipation of death to sell such apparel as he might have for food, the purchaser to take the clothes from the body of the seller after death. To such an extent did comrades suffer from hunger that in cases they have sold their clothes to one, two, and three different parties before they died. Of course in such cases it resulted in serious and bitter quarrels as to the ownership of the rags. At no time was fuel furnished but for cooking purposes, and then very meagerly; yet there was just outside forests in abundance. For a little time details of men were allowed to go out for wood, but the number attempting to escape soon cut off this privilege. A pint of meal,—corn and cob ground together,—a small piece of blue beef, constituted a day's rations. Many were too reduced to eat such food, but nothing else was furnished, and even this was raw. The writer has seen a man just at the gates of death eagerly clutching and gibberishly talking to an ear of corn, as though it were an inestimable treasure. The enemy frequently quoted their abundant supply of corn as an evidence of their ability to continue the contest until victory should crown their effort. The ground was alive with vermin and of necessity the living suffered indescribably from them. Only the maggots would feed upon the festering corpse; other vermin would leave the victim as soon as dead and seek if possible to increase the swarms already covering the living. The anguish of lingering deaths suffered by comrades, if possible to describe, would haunt the reader with a specter so horrid as to blast every pleasure of life. The atmosphere was poisoned from the sinks which occupied the upper part of the inclosure. No attempt at removing or covering the excrement was made, and so night and day it was breeding disease and death.

There was little that comrades could do for each other; it was an individual struggle for life. The sun by day and the dews and chills of night induced typhus and typhoid fever; chronic diarrhea was alarmingly prevalent; the lack of vegetables induced scurvy, while the poisoned air gave death a mortgage upon all, and in many cases it was speedily foreclosed. The dead line, imaginary in itself, was made real by the forms of those who fell from rebel bullets. Murder was at a premium, and he who could circumvent the death of a Yankee was furloughed or promoted, and no questions asked. One man on his knees, and engaged in prayer in a prayer-meeting,—think of it, a prayer-meeting there!—was shot dead. His murderer was promoted. Bloodhounds were there to outstrip the adventurous one who would attempt to escape, and if he escaped being mangled by the hounds, he could mark time all day in the scorching sun, at the point of the bayonet, knowing, if he faltered but a step, it was instant death or being hung up by the thumbs, until death itself would seem a glad relief. The insurbordination of any person furnished an excuse for cutting off the rations from the whole camp. Thus, the soldier of the Union endured and suffered; and, alas! how many died, until the glad hour of peace brought back hope and home, and a grand realization of all for which they fought and waited?

⁂

THE RETREAT.

"WHERE'S Fred—is he back in the villainous rain?
We're out in an ocean! Let's hold up a bit;
A comrade's a comrade; we'll find him again
And keep him ahead. It's a pity he's hit.

"Keep your horse to the right! Did you hear a halloo?
This pipe in my pocket has torn—ha! he's there!
He rode like a man in the battle all through.
He's coming all right; I'll trust to that mare.

"She's the captain's, you know—or was, to-day noon,
But Fred got her next! I suppose 'ts all fair;
I was corporal, well!—by Jove there's the moon,
And Fred's lying over his pommel, I swear!

"It's too late. Hurry on. We are riding for life.
Oh, it's rough! and he fought like a tiger at bay,
Did you mind that deep cut he got from a knife,
When he closed with the big rebel captain to-day?

"Hurry on! we are lagging. I say, hurry on!
It's too late, we must get to the river to-night.

God! he's groaning! I—I—Jack, you ride on alone,
It won't do; he stuck to us to-day in the fight.

"Well, stay if you will. See how weak he has grown!
How he clutches the mane!
Fred! Fred! Cheer up, man!
Cheer up! the river's a little way on,
If we can make that we're safe, and I am certain we can.

"Rouse up! don't you know me, old fellow? It's I,
Your comrade"—the trooper is calling in vain;
To his anxious ear comes no reply
But the jaded tramp in the plashing rain.

The crouching figure its steed bestrode
With a clasp as firm as in deadly fight;
He has passed the river; the trooper rode
In death, as in life, on that fearful night.

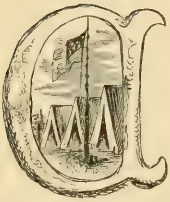
The ride was over, the night had flown;
The river was reached at the dawn of day;
But back by the roadside sleeping alone
In the dusk of the morning a comrade lay.

The 8th Iowa at the Capture of Mobile.

APRIL, 1865.

A Gallant Charge from the Trenches into the Enemy's Works.

By CHAPLAIN HOWARD, 124th Ill.



APRIL 8th, the 13th and last day of the siege, opened fair and cool. Skirmishing had been going on all night, but there had been very little artillery firing. About noon, we received orders to be ready to march with twenty days' rations—five in haversacks, and fifteen in wagons. This the men did not relish; it seemed like cheating them out of the fruits of a well-earned victory. At 5 P. M., our brigade was ordered back into the rifle-pits, as there was to be a general bombardment. Soon after, it began from ninety-six guns, fifty-three of which were siege guns. The enemy were also shelling heavily, and the effect was terrific. The corps commanders had discretionary orders from the beginning of the siege to take every advantage that promised decisive results. Just when the cannonading was at its height, General Carr determined to carry a crest covered with pines, for the purpose of planting a battery. The execution of this undertaking was given by Colonel Geddes, who was in command of the brigade, to Lieut.-Col. Bell, of the 8th Iowa, who accomplished it gallantly, though not without severe loss. In doing it he pushed forward only three companies of his regiment, while all the rest of the brigade was engaged in the rifle-pits, where the firing blinded the rebels to what was being done on their left. So, when those who were first attacked had yielded, and the victorious 8th moved on to adjacent pits, they were a perfect surprise to their occupants, who surrendered or were shot down in their tracks. In this way, the gallant 8th captured about three hundred yards of the Confederate works, with three stands of colors, and about three hundred and fifty prisoners before enemies or friends hardly realized what was being attempted; in fact, it was a surprise to themselves, and was one of the most dashing and brilliant exploits of the war. It was now quite dark; but gaining a knowledge of what was going forward, the rest of the brigade gallantly rushed out of the trenches and entered the works. We were ordered to commence intrenching to hold our ground, as no other portion of the besieging force was in concert with us. This we actually commenced to do; but were soon compelled to form line to repel assault, one having just been made upon the 8th Iowa's advance. After advancing about one hundred and fifty yards, a piece of artillery opened with grape, but they speedily captured it, and with it eight or ten prisoners and another gun. Sending his prisoners to the rear, Captain Pratt requested permission to continue his advance, as he believed that the enemy was evacuating, and that these few men were only a feint to cover the escape of the main body. Co. F continued to move forward, capturing eight or ten pieces of artillery, and more men than its own force numbered. Some of the men inquired if the captain was going to take Co. F to Mobile unsupported. At last the rest of the regiment came up to find the rebels really gone, and they penetrated as far in the darkness as old Spanish Fort, which was reached about midnight. Here, we stacked arms and rested; scrambling meantime for the possession of the guns, and for the hams and cornmeal left by the garrison. Very soon, the Octorora, not knowing of the change of administration in the fort, sent a hundred-pound shell, and it was deemed prudent to withdraw, so they returned to their quarters, reaching them about three o'clock in the morning, confident that they had done a pretty good night's work.

THE "IMPERIAL."

THE first boat to descend to New Orleans after the capture of Vicksburg was the Imperial.

THE FIRST CAVALRY FIGHT.

THE first real cavalry fight of the war took place at Kelly's Ford, about the 15th of March, 1863.

THE CITIZEN SOLDIER.

SOME OF HIS FIRST EXPERIENCES.

Reminiscences of Enlistment Days.—In Camp at Pittsfield.—Incidents of the Journey to Washington.—The First Regular Encampment on Arlington Heights.—Going to the Front in 1862.

JAMES L. BOWEN, 37th Mass.

NO one who participated in the thrilling scenes of 1861-5 will forget the emotions and the mental struggles which preceded and accompanied the active part which he took in the war for the Union. War was so strange, so utterly unknown a thing in the then recent history of the country, with the exception of the brief and far away events in Mexico, that the young men of that day had, I suppose, as little comprehension of what it really meant as an intelligent being could well have. He had read of the bloody scenes in the early history of the country, the cruel Indian wars which had given the fathers possession of the land; the long struggles which had led to the establishment of the country—of the horrors of British prison ships and the sufferings of Valley Forge, and had felt with deep movings of the soul that the blessings which had been won at such cost by the sires should be preserved at all hazards by the sons. But had those sons the courage to meet the great test of the battle field, and all that war meant? This was a question which came home to every thinking man oftener and more forcibly than he confessed to even his nearest friend.

This question deepened in importance as the months rolled away and it became evident to the most reluctant that war in dead earnest was upon us, and that the fact had to be recognized. How feverish those early days! With what eagerness the more impulsive sought to enroll themselves among the defenders of the flag which had been insulted at Sumter! How rapidly companies were formed, and how earnestly they pleaded to be allowed to go somewhere that they might do service before it became too late! The earlier contingents, hastily summoned for brief service, had representatives of our communities; then followed the more deliberate preparations and the gathering of forces for longer terms of service. With what pride we looked upon the imposing battalion line of our brave boys! The summer wore away, and the lessons of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff were learned. The conviction that the war was an earnest one deepened, and yet human nature—intolerant of pain, and suffering, and death for its friends—could look upward with faith-brightened vision and sigh, "Not for long."

The first winter passed, spring came, and the crash of battle shook the country. Wherever the contending armies met our brothers and friends were in the front; day by day came back the sad intelligence of the bright and brave ones who had fallen in battle or by disease; in every community wounded, maimed, and crippled ones were to be seen, everywhere the objects of the most tender attention and the deepest sympathy. And yet the rebellion did not collapse. Notwithstanding the multitudes that had gone forth, the early summer of 1862 saw a call for 300,000 more volunteers for three years or during the war, followed almost immediately by a summons for another 300,000 for nine months, the latter to be raised by draft, if necessary. Those were portentous words; the quotas must be filled.

Meetings were held in every community, urging the cause of the country, the honor of the commonwealth, the patriotism of the individual, among other reasons for the decisive step. A national bounty of one hundred dollars had been offered, twenty-five dollars payable on muster and the balance at the end of the term of service. The great question came to our young men more forcibly than it had come before. Those who had felt bound to home life, to their business pursuits or their books,—who had hoped that their services would not be needed,—could no longer disguise the fact that they were called to attest their patriotism.

It was but natural that the recruit should find some difficulty in adjusting himself to the changed mode of life. The greatest effort was not required in dropping the comforts of home and taking up life in the camp. Perchance the embryo soldier "felt lonesome" as he strolled among the hundreds of men whom he had never seen before, and looked for some one whom he knew, wandering down the street of the company to which he was assigned, with its row of small tents on each side, finding at length one in which the complement of four or six that it would accommodate was not filled and especially rejoiced if among the number there was one whom he had already come to regard as a friend. Then it was not quite his way to wrap a blanket about him and sink down to sleep on the ground inside the tent, curling closer to his tent-mate as the chill of evening stole through the slight covering; but it was easy to learn and the warmth of a comrade's body and a share of his blanket in time of need kindled many a sincere friendship that glows in earnest hearts to-day, or that adds a tear and a kind memory to the annual flower-offering over the graves of the fallen. It cost something of an effort for the recruit to march three times a day to the long tables where the very plain rations with which he was provided were served on rough tin plates; but not very far in the future the "hash" which he then greeted with derisive cries he would have hailed as a royal banquet. In general it was not considered a hardship for the enlisted man to take his turn at guard duty, on drill or in such other service as was required of him; for having become a soldier he was anxious to acquit himself creditably, and the "veteran" who had seen a few months' service, especially if he had been discharged for wounds received and had recovered sufficiently to enlist again, was ever the center of an interested group, who were but too glad to hear and act upon his suggestions.

But there was a task more difficult than all these for the volunteer soldier, and that was the bringing of the free American citizen to the point of military discipline and subordination requisite for efficiency in actual service. It was unavoidable that under the system of issuing commissions which prevailed, a very great diversity of military talent should have been displayed by those who thus suddenly found themselves "officers." It was a good deal of a tax on the bright young man who had been all his life his own master to bring him at once to the inflexible requirements of military discipline, at the best; and this difficulty was sensibly increased when he found that his neighbor and life-long acquaintance, a man in no respect his superior, was placed in a position to demand from him the most implicit and unquestioning obedience. The situation was still further complicated when the officer, as was many times the case, proved destitute of military tact and capacity, or used his power to gratify personal likes or dislikes, or to "pay off old scores." Such wearers of the shoulder-straps were not long left in ignorance of the feelings of the men toward them, though outwardly the semblance of subordination might be preserved. On the other hand, an officer who was an adept in such degree of military science as he was called upon to use in the ordinary discharge of his duties, who was cool, intelligent, impartial, and possessed of a good voice (one of the important requirements), did not fail of appreciation, though a stern disciplinarian and sometimes severe in his methods.

The explanation of this feeling, apart from the common instincts of humanity, was very simple. The rank and file of the volunteer service were the embodiment of Kossuth's terse apothegm, "In this country, bayonets think." These men had become soldiers knowing that privation, hardships, and very likely death were before them; but they held their lives too valuable to feel reconciled that they should be wasted through the incompetence of their officers. "He can handle us when we get into battle," was one of the highest compliments that an enlisted man could pay to his commander of any grade, and that feeling offset many an experience which otherwise would have been unbearable.

What touching scenes were those which witnessed the departure of the volunteers for the "seat of war," and how the memory of them still lingers! The last days in camp were full of interesting scenes; the visits of friends to speak the final farewells, of other kind souls, interested in the welfare of "our boys" who were going forth on so sacred a mission, anxious to present some memento, to do something that should make the experience of the soldier less painful. From the gifts of friends, in addition to the provision made by the soldier himself for his comfort, the knapsacks of the outgoing volunteers became something wonderful to behold. It was a bright autumn day when the regiment left Camp Briggs, and the march to the village, where the formal words of farewell were spoken and cars were taken, was not long; but short as was the journey and favorable as was the day, many a poor fellow, staggering under his burden, anxious on that proud day to make the best and most soldierly appearance possible, found that he had vastly overtaxed his powers with the multitude of "necessaries" which he was undertaking to carry.

Like other days which had witnessed the departure of our volunteers, this 7th of September, 1862, was a memorable day —filled with patriotic pride, mingled with hope and that inexpressible dread and foreboding which the scene could but awaken. How densely the streets of Pittsfield were packed on that Sabbath day, not only with its own citizens but with those of all the country about who had come down to see "our regiment" and to speak a last good-by. Then the great train of twenty-seven cars rolled away westward, leaving behind the friends and acquaintances, bearing its precious freight among strangers,—but though strangers, everywhere the same interest was manifest in the passing regiment. New York city gave an ovation as hearty and a feast as sumptuous as though the volunteers had been their own. The national colors—the red, white and blue—were everywhere, worn by young and old, kindly dames and blooming maidens, white-haired men and impulsive boys. Wherever the regiment came in contact with the citizens, or wherever there was opportunity for the expression of regard, the same feeling was manifested; nowhere, of course, quite so ardently as in Philadelphia,—that city of Brotherly Love through which during all the war no loyal soldier passed, by day or by night, without a bountiful repast served by the tireless men and women of that city. Even Baltimore, not quite recovered from its sullen hostility, and doubtless hoping great things from Lee's army, then in Maryland, had loyal citizens enough to give the various regiments generous treatment.

With all these exhibitions of kindness and that unflagging interest which lined the streets till past the midnight hour with citizens of all classes to give the soldier boys a hearty god-speed, it was a natural expectation that when the National Capital should be reached the reception must be something grand. The reality was terribly disappointing. The train deposited its load at the outskirts of the city in a drizzling rain, and after waiting a while the command was directed to proceed to a "Soldiers' Retreat," or something of that sort, not far away for supper. Canteens and haversacks were emptied that they might be filled anew with the plenteous supply which was no doubt waiting, and then the line moved to its destination. The surroundings were not inviting. If the city of Washington had any board of health, its "smelling committee" certainly hadn't been in that neighborhood. Supper was ready when the hungry men filed into the vast building. And such a supper—in contrast to recent experiences! A slice of bread, a piece of meat and a cup of coffee beside each tin plate constituted the bill of fare. The bread was passable; the meat might have been sometime—its strongest appeal wasn't to the sense of taste. As for the coffee, the less said the better. The broth from *that* meat was evidently one of the principal ingredients; of what else it was composed no one took a second taste to determine.

After supper the regiment was quartered in some barracks close by,—a large structure in whose vast expanse that regiment of more than a thousand men seemed to dwindle into insignificance. One corner was set apart for its occupancy, and into that space the officers and men closed in mass—and a pretty compact mass it seemed, too. However, there was a reasonable amount of room, and stretching themselves upon the floor the men were soon comfortably (?) disposed for the night. But who ever knew the first disposition of a military body to remain unchanged over night? Other troops were coming in, a heavy rain-storm prevailed, and when the rest of the immense shed had been filled the 37th was tersely informed that it must contract itself into half the space then occupied to make room for another regiment. So the men rose to their feet, not very cheerfully, huddled together about as closely as they could stand, and the manner in which the rest of the night was passed in the midst of that steaming mass of water-soaked humanity may be imagined.

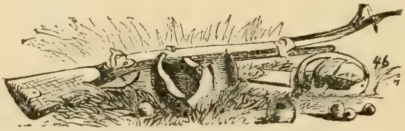
In the morning before setting out to cross the Potomac to the first regular encampment on Arlington Heights, and on the way there, the first impressions of the national seat of government deepened. There were evidences on every hand of what bloody, relentless war meant. The long streets seemed lined with the offices of surgeons, undertakers, and embalmers. Coffins, artificial limbs, and the like ghastly articles greeted the eye wherever it turned. Here and there an ambulance drove carefully along the street, giving unmistakable evidence of its contents; an old army wagon was toiling along here and there; there were soldiers to be seen—too many of them—all without exception were wounded, bandaged invalids, or the more pitiable looking fever patients creeping about the streets with the shadow of death darkening their wan visages. It was to repair the dreadful waste of which these were the visible evidences that the bright-faced, healthful boys and strong young men from the hills of Berkshire and the Connecticut valley were going forth. The soldier realized now, as he had not done before, that he was no longer a freeman, an individual, an important personage of greater or less degree—he had surrendered all this with his citizenship in becoming a soldier, an atom in that great mass of organized humanity that was to surge and dash for almost three years more against armed rebellion, till that magnificent battalion, like so many another, should be reduced to a mere handful of bronzed, scarred, war-hardened veterans; but also till the authority of the government should be fully reasserted, the cause of the war forever removed, and there should be a reunited country beneath the flag of the Union.

Confederate Brigade Driven by a Single Regiment.

THE first time an entire rebel brigade was driven from the field by a single regiment, was on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg, when the 1st Mich. Cavalry Regt. engaged and defeated Hampton's brigade.

Public Honor to Grant at Memphis, 1863.

THE first public exhibition of loyalty to the United States government on the part of the citizens of Memphis, Tenn., was on the 25th of August, 1863, when a grand entertainment was given to General Grant.



A SCOUT'S WONDERFUL ADVENTURE.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTERS CUT IN A BEECH TREE.

A Treasure Discovered by the Kindly Aid of a Friendless Dog, with a Beating for His Pains.

BY A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

WHEN Johnston was falling back before Sherman's advance through northern Georgia, and before the conflicts at Lost and Pine mountains, I was continually on the front with a band of scouts. We penetrated the Yankee lines time after time, but always to return to headquarters with the same report. Sherman had one of the grandest armies in the world, and he was in such strength that he could fight Johnston in front and pass his flanks at the same time.

One day, when scouting between Marietta and the Etowah river, the Federal cavalry passed and cut off my retreat by the highways, and for six or seven hours I was obliged to secrete myself in a thicket. It was in leaving this hiding place that I came across a dog, which was doubtless owned in the near vicinity, but had been frightened into the woods by the skirmishing. He took to me kindly, and had dogged my heels for half an hour, when he suddenly leaped aside and began pawing the ground at the foot of a large beech. I halted for a moment and saw that the earth was fresh, as if a grave had been dug. It was but natural to conclude that some one had been shot near by, and that his comrades had given him burial.

Upon closely examining the tree I found the fresh-cut initials: "D. S. G." They were not where one would have looked for them, but within three feet of the ground. I had no doubt whatever that a dead man rested there, and I picked up a club and drove the dog away under the impression that he was hungry and determined to get at the body. I succeeded after a couple of days in getting back into the Confederate lines, and the incident did not recur to me for long years.

One summer's day in 1870, while I was going from Rome to Cartersville, I formed the acquaintance of a stranger who gave his name as Charles Gaines, and who claimed to be a Virginian. He said he was looking for improved land, and had been advised to locate near Marietta. This story was straight enough, except that I did not believe he was a Virginian. He hadn't the look nor the dialect, and when I came to quiz him about certain locations around Richmond he soon became confused.

I was then a detective in the employ of several railroad lines, and it was only natural for me to ask myself why this man had lied to me. I took pains to let him know that I was willing to answer all his questions, and directly he began asking about the section of country between Marietta and Etowah. He wanted to know the value of land; if much forest had been cleared since the war; if there had been any finds of treasure around Marietta, and various other things. He worked the answers out of me without seeming to be more than generally interested, and while I was somehow suspicious of him, I could not exactly determine on what to place my finger. But he had lied. Why? I kept asking myself this question, but could not answer it.

He had a ticket to Cartersville, and before we reached that place I had made up my mind to go on with him to Marietta. What decided me was this: He sat on the outside of the seat, and a passenger going to the water-cooler knocked his hat off. It rested for a moment in the aisle, and I plainly read the name "Boston" inside in gilt letters. The name of the maker was above it, but I could not catch it. No hat sold in Richmond would bear the name of Boston. Where did he get it? By and by I made a careful examination of his boots. He never bought them south of the Ohio. I decided the same in regard to his clothing. He was trying to deceive me. What object could he have in view?

When we reached Marietta, both of us went to the same hotel. I thought he began to fight shy of me and I took pains to keep out of his way. During the evening he asked several townspeople in regard to the country north of Marietta, and engaged of a livery man a saddle horse for next day. I did a heap of thinking that night over the stranger's case, but when morning came I was none the wiser for it. His horse was brought around after breakfast and he rode off. I was tempted to get another and follow him, but by what right? What had he done or what was he going to do? I went up to my room on an errand, not yet decided whether to go or stay, and in the hallway my foot struck a memorandum book. I carried it into my room, and the first thing my eye caught was the name inside the cover "George Paige." It was a well-worn book, and nearly full of entries. Most of them seemed to relate to trips between Boston and Providence, but near the back end I found one reading:—

> About ten miles north of Marietta, Ga.; turn to right where highway bends to left; go into woods about ten rods; look for twin beech tree, with initials "D. S. G." cut low down.

My heart gave a jump. That was the spot where the Yankee cavalry run me into hiding, and these were the initials I had seen on the tree! Had this stranger come down to unearth a skeleton? I was wondering over the matter when I heard the clatter of hoofs and knew that he had returned. He had discovered the loss of this book. Now, then, I did what you may call a mean trick. I pocketed the book, got down stairs without being seen, and went to the nearest justice and demanded a warrant for the arrest of George Paige for robbery. Before he had ceased looking for his lost memorandum a constable made him prisoner. Meanwhile I had engaged a horse and wagon, borrowed an empty tea chest and a spade, and, as Paige went to jail, I drove out of town. I wanted to unearth that skeleton myself.

It was six years since I had left it, but I had but little difficulty in finding the grave, although the beech tree had been cut down. Indeed, I walked almost straight to it, and, though the initials were indistinct, they were there as witnesses. In half an hour I had unearthed the "corpse." He, or it, consisted of a rotten coffee-sack wrapped around a muddy blue blouse, and inside the blouse were three gold watches, $420 in gold, $1,203 in greenbacks, half a dozen gold rings, a fine diamond pin, two gold bracelets, a gold-lined cup, a full set of cameo jewelry, a solid silver back comb, and about four pounds of silver spoons and forks, the whole find being worth to me nearly $8,000.

The stuff had been deposited there by two or three or perhaps half a dozen foragers, and much of it had been stolen from the dead on the battle fields.

When the treasure had been secured I drove on to Cartersville, and from thence sent the horse back and telegraphed to Paige my regrets at his situation, as I had discovered my mistake in accusing him. He was held a day or two and discharged. He rode out to the spot, found the treasure gone, and left the state without a word as to what his real errand had been.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST WORD.

By PARK BENJAMIN.

HE lay upon the battle-field,
Where late the crash of arms was heard,
And from his pallid lips there came,
In broken accents, one fond word.

"Mother!" was all the soldier said,
As, freshly from his wounded side,
The hot blood flowed and bore away
His life upon its crimson tide.

Bravest among the brave he rushed,
Without a throb or thought of fear,
And loudest 'mid the tumult pealed,
In clarion tones, his charging cheer:

On to the battle! comrades, on!
Strike for the Union! strike for fame!
Who lives, will win his country's praise,
Who dies, will leave a glorious name.

Alas! what courage can advance
Against a storm of iron hail?
What hearts repel a fiery sleet,
Though clad, like ancient knights, in mail?

He sunk beneath the waves of strife,
Among an undistinguished train,
Foremost upon the battle field,
And first among the early slain.

Dying, he turned him from the flag,
Whose Stars and Stripes still onward waved;
Dying, he thought no more of fame,
Of victory won, or country saved.

No! for his home and her he loved
His sad, departing spirit sighed;
"Mother!" the soldier fondly said,
And, looking toward the North, he died.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S REMINISCENCES.

Visit * of * President * Lincoln * to * Richmond.

SHARP DODGE TO SOOTHE SOUTHERN FEELINGS.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM A GRIEVOUS BLUNDER.

By **DAVID D. PORTER**, Admiral U. S. N.

AS we lay below Richmond in the flagship Malvern, Mr. John A. Campbell, late justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, sent a request to be allowed to come on board with General Weitzel. He wanted to call on the President. He came on board and spent an hour. The President and himself seemed to be enjoying themselves very much, to judge from their laughing so much. I did not go down to the cabin. In an hour General Weitzel and Mr. Campbell came on deck, asked for a boat, and were landed. I went down below for a moment, and the President said: "Admiral, I am sorry you were not here when Mr. Campbell was on board. He has gone on shore happy. I gave him a written permission to allow the state legislature to convene in the capitol in the absence of all other government."

I was rather astonished at this piece of information. I felt that this course would bring about complications, and wondered how it had all come to pass. It had all been done by the smooth tongue of Mr. Campbell, who had promised the President that if the legislature of Virginia could meet in the place where the Confederate congress had met, they would vote Virginia right back into the Union; that it would be a delicate compliment paid to Virginia, which would be appreciated, etc. Weitzel backed up Mr. Campbell, and the President was won over to agree to what would have been a most humiliating thing if it had been accomplished.

When the President told me all that had been done, and that General Weitzel had gone on shore with an order in his pocket to let the legislature meet, I merely said: "Mr. President, I suppose you remember that this city is under military jurisdiction, and that no courts, legislature, or civil authority can exercise any power without the sanction of the general commanding the army. This order of yours should go through General Grant, who would inform you that Richmond was under martial law, and, I am sure, he would protest against this arrangement of Mr. Campbell."

The President's common sense took in the situation at once. "Why," he said, "Weitzel made no objection, and he commands here."

"That is because he is Mr. Campbell's particular friend," I said, "and wished to gratify him, and I don't think he knows much about anything but soldiering. General Shepley would not have preferred such a request."

"Run and stop them," said the President, "and get my order back! Well, I came near knocking all the fat into the fire, didn't I?"

To make things sure, I had an order written to General Weitzel, and signed by the President, as follows: "Return my permission to the legislature of Virginia to meet, and don't allow it to meet at all." There was a fruit wagon at the landing, and, giving the order to an officer, I said to him: "Jump into the wagon and kill the horse, if necessary, but catch the carriage which carried General Weitzel and Mr. Campbell, and deliver this order to the general." The carriage was caught before it reached the city. The old fruit wagon horse had been a trotter in his day, and went his three minutes. The general and Mr. Campbell were surprised. The President's order was sent back, and they never returned to try and reverse the President's decision.

Mr. Campbell evidently saw that his scheme of trying to put the state legislature in session with the sanction of the President had failed, and that it was useless to try it again. It was a clever dodge to soothe the wounded feelings of the South, and no doubt was kindly meant by the late Justice Campbell, but what a howl it would have raised at the North. Mr. Campbell had been gone about an hour when we had another remarkable scene. A man appeared at the landing dressed in gray homespun, with a somewhat decayed appearance, and with a staff about six feet long in his hand. It was, in fact, nothing more than a stick taken from a wood pile. It was two and a half inches in diameter, and was not even smoothed at the knots. It was just such a weapon as a man would pick up to kill a mad dog with.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the officer of the deck. "You cannot come on board unless you have important business."

"I am Duff Green," said the man; "I want to see Abraham Lincoln, and my business concerns myself alone. You tell Abraham Lincoln Duff Green wants to see him."

The officer came down into the cabin and delivered the message. I rose and said, "I will go up and send him away," but the President said, "Let him come on board. Duff is an old friend of mine, and I would like to talk to him."

I then went on deck to have a boat sent for him, and to see what kind of a man this was who sent off such arrogant messages to the President of the United States. He stepped into the boat as if it belonged to him; instead of sitting down he stood up, leaning on his long staff. When he came over the side, he stood on the deck defiantly, looked up at the flag and scowled, and then, turning to me (whom he knew very well), he said, "I want to see Abraham Lincoln." He paid no courtesy to me or to the quarter-deck.

It had been a very long time since he had shaved or cut his hair, and he might have come under the head of "unkempt and not canny."

"When you come," I said, "in a respectful manner the President will see you, but throw away that cord of wood you have in your hand, before entering the President's presence."

"How long is it," said he, "since Abraham Lincoln took to aping royalty? Man dressed in brief authority cuts such fantastic capers before high heaven that it makes the angels weep. I can expect airs from a naval officer, but I don't expect to find them in a man with Abraham Lincoln's horse sense."

I thought the man crazy, and think so still. "I can't permit you to see the President," I said, "until I receive further instructions, but you can't see him at all until you throw that wood pile overboard."

He turned on his heel and tried to throw the stick on shore, but it fell short, and went floating down with the current.

"Ah!" he said, "has it come to that? Is he afraid of assassination? Tyrants generally get into that condition."

I went down and reported this queer customer to the President, and told him I thought the man crazy, but he said: "Let him come down; he always was a little queer. I shan't mind him." Mr. Duff Green was shown into the cabin. The President got up from his chair to receive him, and approaching him, offered him his hand. "No," said Green, with a tragic air, "it is red with blood; I can't touch it. When I knew it, it was an honest hand. It has cut the throats of thousands of my people, and their blood which now lies soaking in the ground cries aloud to heaven for vengeance. I came to see you, not for old remembrance sake, but to give you a piece of my opinion. You won't like it, but I don't care, for people don't generally like to have the truth told them. You have come here, protected by your army and navy, to gloat over the ruin and desolation you have caused. You are a second Nero, and, had you lived in his day, you would have fiddled while Rome was burning!"

When the fanatic commenced this tirade of abuse, Mr. Lincoln was standing with his hand outstretched, his mouth wreathed with the pleasant smile he almost always wore, and his eyes lighted up as when anything pleased him. He was pleased because he was about to meet an old and esteemed friend, and better pleased that he had come to see him of his own accord.

Mr. Lincoln gradually withdrew his outstretched hand as Duff Green started on his talk, the smile left his lips as the talker got to the middle of his harangue, and the softness of his eyes faded out. He was another man altogether.

Had any one shut his eyes after Duff Green commenced speaking, and opened them when he stopped, he would have seen a perfect transformation. His slouchy position had disappeared, his mouth was compressed, his eyes were fixed, and he looked four inches taller than usual.

Duff Green went on without noticing the change in the President's manner and appearance. "You came here," he continued, "to triumph over a poor conquered town, with only women and children in it, whose soldiers have left it and would rather starve than see your hateful presence here; those soldiers—and only a handful at that—who have for four years defied your paid mercenaries on these glorious hills, and have taught you to respect the rights of the South. You have given your best blood to conquer them, and now you will march back to your demoralized capital and lay out your wits to win them over, so that you can hold this government in perpetuity. Shame on you! Shame on——"

Mr. Lincoln could stand it no longer; his coarse hair stood on end, and his nostrils dilated like those of an excited race-horse. He stretched out his long right arm, and extended his lean forefinger until it almost touched Duff Green's face. He made one step forward to place himself as near as possible to this vituperator, and, in a clear, cutting voice, addressed him.

He was really graceful while he was speaking—the grace of one who is expressing his honest convictions. "Stop, you political tramp," he exclaimed; "you, the aider and abettor of those who have brought all this ruin on your country, without the courage to risk your person in defense of the principles you profess to espouse. A fellow who stood by to gather up the loaves and fishes, if any should fall to you. A man who had no principles in the North, and who took none South with him. A political hyena, who robbed the graves of the dead, and adopted their language as his own! You talk of the North cutting the throats of the Southern people. You have all cut your own throats, and unfortunately have cut many of those of the North. Miserable impostor, vile intruder, go, before I forget myself, and the high position I hold. Go, I tell you, and don't desecrate this national vessel another minute!" And he made a step toward him.

This was something which Duff Green had not calculated upon; he had never seen Abraham Lincoln in anger. His courage failed him, and he turned and fled out of the cabin, and up the cabin stairs as if the avenging angel was after him. He never stopped until he reached the gangway, and there he stood looking at the shore, seemingly measuring the distance, to see if he could swim to the landing.

I was close behind him, and when I got on deck, I said to the officer in charge, "Put that man on shore, and if he appears in sight of this vessel while we are here, have him sent away with scant ceremony."

He was as humble at that moment as a whipped dog, and hurried into the boat. The last I saw of him he was striding rapidly over the fields, as if to reach the shelter of the woods. The man must have been deranged. When I returned to the cabin, about fifteen minutes later, the President was perfectly calm—as if nothing had happened—and did not return to the subject for some hours. Neither did I.

"This place seems to give you annoyance, sir," said I. "Would you prefer to get under way and go to City Point, where we are more among friends than here?"

"Yes," he answered, "let us go. I seem to be 'putting my foot into it' here all the time. Bless my soul, how Seward would have preached and read Puffendorf, Vattel, and Grotius to me, had he been here when I gave Campbell permission to let the legislature meet; I'd never have heard the last of it. Seward is a small compendium of international law himself, and laughs at my 'horse sense,' which I pride myself on, and yet I put my foot into that thing about Campbell with my eyes wide open. If I were you, I don't think I would repeat that joke yet awhile. People might laugh at you for knowing so much, and more than the President. I am afraid that the most of my learning lies in my heart more than in my head."

We got under way and steamed down the river. While I had been up at Richmond, the gunboat people had completely removed all the torpedoes from the bed of the river, and laid them all out on the banks, where they looked like so many queer fish basking in the sun. They were of all sizes, and some were as large as small alligators, which is rather an incomprehensible description of them.

The President had originally proposed to come up on horseback, but I told him that "there was not a particle of danger from torpedoes; that I would have them all taken up." When he saw them all on the bank, he turned to me and said: "You must have been 'awful afraid' of getting on that sergeant's old horse again to risk all this." We got down safe, however. There was not enough danger to make it interesting. The President had some quaint remarks about everything we saw, particularly about Dutch Gap, which he said "ought to have been commenced before the war, at least ten years." "Then," he said, "you might have had a chance of getting your gunboats up that way. By the way, your friend, the general, wasn't a 'boss' engineer. He was better at running cotton mills. How many people did it cost for that jetty he conquered?"

"One hundred and forty killed there," I said, "as far as I can learn."

Then he went into a discussion of the generals of the war—what difficulties he had in making appointments, etc. He illustrated each case with a story. In speaking of one general, he said it reminded him of a friend of his—a blacksmith—he knew out in the West when he was a boatman. This old friend was celebrated for making good work, especially axes, which were in great demand in that day. No boatmen had a complete outfit unless he had a good axe.

"One day," said the President, "he said to me: 'Lincoln, I have the finest piece of steel you ever saw; I got it on purpose to make an axe for you, and if you will sit down and tell me a good story, you shall have the axe when it is finished.' 'Go ahead,' I said, and I sat down to tell the story while he made the axe.

"My friend the blacksmith first put on a huge piece of fresh coal, and blew it up until it was at a proper heat,—the coals glowing,—then he took up the piece of steel and looked at it affectionately, patted it all over, then 'Lincoln,' he said, 'did you ever see a piece of steel equal to that? It'll make you a companion you will never want to part with, and when you are using it you'll think of me.' Then he put it into the fire and began to work his bellows while I commenced my story. He blew and blew until the steel was at a deep, red heat, when, taking it out of the fire and laying it on the anvil, he gave it a clip with a four pound hammer. Lord bless you, how the sparks flew, and big red scales also! The blacksmith hit it about a dozen blows and then stopped. 'Lincoln,' he said, 'here's a go, and a bad one, too. This lump of steel ain't worth the powder that would blow it up. I never was so deceived in anything in all my life. It won't make an axe. But I'll tell you what it will make. It will make a clevis,' and he put it in the fire again, and went through the same performance as before. Then, when it was heated, he laid it on the anvil, and commenced to hammer it. The sparks flew, and so did the scales, and in a minute half of it was gone. The blacksmith stopped and scratched his head, as men often do under difficulties. 'Well,' he said, 'this certainly is an onery piece of steel, but it may get better nearer the heart of it. I can't make a clevis of it but it will make a clevis bolt. It may have some good in it yet. After all a good clevis bolt is not a bad thing.'

"He put it into the fire again, and this time got it to a white heat. 'I think I have it now, Lincoln,' and he pounded away at it until I was almost blinded with scales.

"'This won't do,' he said. 'I certainly don't know my trade to allow a d—d thing like that to fool me so. Well, well, it won't make a clevis bolt, but I have one resort yet; it will make a tenpenny nail. You will have to wait for your axe,' and he put the metal into the fire again.

"This time he didn't blow it; he let it get red-hot naturally, and, when it was as he wanted it, he put it on the anvil again.

"'This,' he said, 'is a sure thing. I am down to the heart of the piece. There must be a tenpenny nail in this.' But he was mistaken; there was only a small piece of wire left. He was actually dazed.

"'Durn the thing,' said he. 'I don't know what to make of it. I tried it as an axe; it failed me. Then it failed me as a clevis. It failed me as a clevis bolt, and the cussed thing wouldn't even make a tenpenny nail! But I'll tell you, old fellow, what it will make,' and he put it in the fire again until it and the tongs were at white heat. Then, turning around he rammed it into a bucket of water. 'There, durn you, you'll make a big fizzle, and that's all you will make!' and it spluttered and fizzed until it went out, and there was nothing of it left.

"Now, that's the case with the person I was speaking of," continued the President. "I tried him as an axe. I tried him as a clevis. He was so full of shakes he wouldn't work into one. I tried him as a clevis bolt. He was a dead failure, and he wouldn't make even a tenpenny nail. But he did make the biggest fizzle that has been made this war, and fizzled himself out of the army.

"With a shocking bad manner
And his credit at zero,
He was contented to stay
At home as a hero!"

We anchored a short time afterwards, and were glad to be looking on the quiet wharves at City Point.

That evening the sailors and marines were sent out to guard and escort in some prisoners, who were placed on board a large transport lying in the stream.

There were about a thousand prisoners, more or less.

The President expressed a desire to go on shore. I ordered the barge and went with him. We had to pass the transport with the prisoners. They all rushed to the side with eager curiosity. All wanted to see the northern President. They were perfectly content. Every man had a hunk of meat and a piece of bread in his hand, and was doing his best to dispose of it.

"That's Old Abe," said one in a low voice. "Give the old fellow three cheers," said another, while a third called out, "Hello, Abe! your bread and meat is better than pop-corn."

It was all good natured, and not meant in unkindness. I could see no difference between them and our own men, except that they were ragged and attenuated for want of wholesome food. They were as happy a set of men as ever I saw. They could see their homes looming up before them in the distance, and knew that the war was over.

"They will never shoulder a musket again in anger," said the President, "and if Grant is wise he will leave them their guns to shoot crows with—it would do no harm."

Running the Batteries at Vicksburg.

WE first really obtained possession of the Mississippi when Admiral Porter's fleet ran past the batteries at Vicksburg.

First Armed Regiment at Washington.

THE first fully armed regiment to enter Washington when it was beleaguered by the rebels in 1861, was the 6th Mass., Colonel Jones.

Gen. Phil. Kearney's Honor.

GEN. PHIL KEARNEY was the first American officer ever decorated with the Legion of Honor by the Emperor Napoleon.

INTERESTING WAR RELIC.

A Sword Returned to its Owner After Twenty-Two Years.

NEAR the close of the battle of Ball's Bluff, October, 21, 1861, 1st Lieut. J. Evarts Greene of the 15th Mass., found himself surrounded by the enemy so that to fight longer was useless, and to run away impossible. At this moment a gray coated gentlemen stepped forward, and, raising his cap courteously, said: "I am Captain Singleton of the 13th Miss. I must ask you to surrender." Mr. Greene returned the salute, mentioned his name and rank, and handed Captain Singleton his sword. Two young men of Captain Singleton's company were then directed to take Lieutenant Greene to the rear. They escorted him to Leesburg, about four miles distant, chatting pleasantly by the way, for they were very obliging and friendly young fellows, and some hours later all the prisoners taken that day started from Leesburg for Centreville under a guard commanded by Captain Singleton, who showed to them all possible civility and kindness while they were under his care. On arriving at Centreville he turned over his prisoners to the officer designated by General Beauregard to receive them, and they saw him no more. Captain Singleton had been a member of Congress for three terms before the war. Soon after this time he retired from the army and entered the Confederate Congress. When Mississippi was thought to be sufficiently reconstructed to be entitled again to representation in the national government, Captain Singleton, or Hon. Otho R. Singleton as he should now be called, was elected to the House of Representatives, and has been reelected to successive Congresses since. Mr. Greene has had some correspondence with him, and, when visiting Washington in January last, had a most agreeable interview with his former captor, who seemed inclined to make up by the warmth of his present friendship for the conditions of formal enmity under which they had first met. Of course the circumstances of their meeting were recalled, and Mr. Singleton expressed his intention to return the sword which Mr. Greene had surrendered more than twenty-one years ago. On Tuesday the sword arrived by express addressed to Senator Hoar, who had already received the following letter:—

> WASHINGTON, D. C., March 24, 1883.
> HON. GEORGE F. HOAR:—
>
> *My Dear Sir:*—I have taken the liberty of sending to your address by express to-day a United States sword belonging to Major Greene, who visited you at Washington the past winter. I failed to obtain his address when here, and beg to trouble you to see that he gets it. This sword was surrendered to me by Major Greene, immediately after the battle of Ball's Bluff, in Virginia. My earnest desire has ever been to return it to its owner, and assure him of my great respect for him as a citizen and soldier.
>
> Most truly yours, O. R. SINGLETON.

Mr. Singleton has been kind enough to promote Captain Greene one grade, but otherwise his letter calls for no further remark. The sword has suffered no damage, and is entirely fit for further service, but its owner hopes that it will never be drawn on another battle field. It will not, however, be beaten into a ploughshare, nor worked up into steel pens.

Christmas in Libby Prison.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

A STRANGE CELEBRATION BY PRISONERS OF WAR.

A Banquet Under Difficulties and What it Cost.

SEEKING SANTA CLAUS IN PRISON WALLS.

By FRANK A. BURR.

I.

"MAMMA, do you know that it's only two weeks till Christmas! I wonder if Nadine will be well then? Oh! if she only was well and papa would come home, what a beautiful Christmas we would have!"

A little twelve-year old girl uttered these words, almost in a breath, and the mother, who sat in another part of the room, by the bedside of a pretty child some four years younger, had no chance to respond. The girl who wished so earnestly for her sister's recovery and for her father's return, stood looking out of the window, watching the fast falling snowflakes that were being piled into great drifts by the driving wind. Her long, dark hair fell carelessly over her shoulders, and a few becoming curls fringed the broad forehead that crowned rather a striking face.

It was near the end of one of the most eventful years of the history of the republic. It was in December, 1863. Vicksburg had fallen. The billows of angry war rolling up from Virginia had been broken at Gettysburg, and turned southward again by the splendid bulwark of Union arms. But the dark clouds of a desperate conflict yet darkened the skies of the land, and the fierce clash of sword and musket still drowned the voices of peace. Thousands of homes were wrapt in sadness and mourning for their absent ones. The approach of Christmas-tide, usually so full of joy and merriment, brought to the hearthstones of the nation, only a vision of the old-time happiness in a troubled dream of war and death.

It was in a quiet, simple home, not far from Syracuse, N. Y., that the scene mentioned in the opening lines of this sketch occurred. It was the counterpart of thousands of others in every part of the land, in which the little ones, unable to understand the strange ways of men, looked forward to the holiday time with wistful longing for the return of the absent. The snow kept on falling, as if it would gladly cover with a spotless mantle all the wounds strife had made. The little girl still stood at the window looking out upon the dreary scene before her, while her mother sat by the bedside of her sick child. Suddenly she left the scene without, and, walking slowly over to her mother, took a seat at her feet. She was silent a moment, as if in deep thought, and then looking up said, almost appealingly:—

"Mamma, why do men go to war?"

"My child, men go to war for great principles. You would not understand if I told you. Your father went to battle for his country because he loved you and me. It was his duty. Don't be sad, darling, he will think of us at Christmas, even if he isn't with us."

"Yes, I know he will, but it is so hard to be without him. But we'll think of him, won't we?" replied the child, and then, as if visited by a sudden inspiration, she said: "Why, mamma, I'll write him a letter and tell him how much we miss him, and in it I'll ask him to come home for Christmas."

The little girl stole away from the sick room and wrote the letter. It was a child's message to a father. It told of Nadine's illness and breathed hope for her recovery. It pictured the loneliness of the household, the mother's anxiety, the dreariness of winter, and the longing for the return of papa. The missive was sent on its way to reach the father the day before the child so longed for him to come home.

II.

Christmas Eve in Prison.

It was Christmas eve, the close of a dreary, desolate day. Even to those who were free to come and go at will, the dull, cloudy sky was gloomy and dispiriting, and cast a shade of melancholy over what ought to be the most joyous festival in all the year. To the nine hundred and fifty Union officers confined in Libby prison, and the thousands of private soldiers that were huddled together at Belle Isle, on the banks of the James river, just beyond the city of Richmond, the occasion was doubly dismal. The afternoon was fast running on toward the gloaming, when Dick Turner, the keeper of Libby, appeared with the mail, for which every prisoner had been longing for weeks. The letters were quickly distributed, and it was not long before the eager ones who had received them were sitting apart in different parts of the building, greedily reading the news from home. Almost a dead silence prevailed. The time was a solemn one. The realization of having to spend the happiest and holiest of all holidays in a prison pen, remote from the hearthstone and its loved ones, was sharpened and made keener than ever by the arrival of those tender messages from home. An hour went by, and most of the fortunate ones had read their letters, folded them away to be read again to-morrow, and were walking about or engaged in quiet conversation to distract their minds from the thoughts of home and Christmas eve. One jovial spirited fellow, who had helped to cheer scores of gloomy hearts in camp and on the march, and afterward in prison, walking down the long room of the prison, spied a friend sitting, gloomy and silent, apart from every one. His chin rested on his right palm and his elbow was supported by his knee. His head was bowed low, and in his left hand, with outstretched arm, a white letter was clutched. He was the image of sorrow and despair. The merry hearted prisoner approached, slapped him on the back, and exclaimed:—

"Come, Rocky, old boy, don't be so sad. Cheer up. Remember this is Christmas eve." Lieutenant Rockwell, of the 97th New York infantry, looked up at his friend, but for a minute did not speak. Then, with an effort, as if choking back his emotions, he handed him the letter he held in his hand and said:—

"Colonel, read that."

The speaker rose and the two men walked slowly to a window inside of the building overlooking the James river. Twilight was fast approaching, and the shadows were just beginning to settle over the scene. In the distance, a long, low ridge of hills lifted themselves up against the sky, like sentinels guarding the prison from the armed hosts which lay beyond.

The two men stood in the window. Just below rolled the James on its way to the sea, and the James river canal almost touched the base of the prison walls. About them murmured the soft winds of evening, breathing suggestions of liberty and peace in distant homes. In the fast fading light of this lonely Christmas eve the lieutenant's friend read the letter. This is what it said:—

DECEMBER 11, 1863.

DEAR, DEAR PAPA:—It was snowing so hard to-day I couldn't go to school, and so I staid at home with mamma and Nadine. Poor little thing, she has been very sick, but she's getting a little better now. You would hardly know her, papa, she looks so thin and pale. Once this afternoon, when I went over to the bed, she put her little white hands up to my face and looked up to me with her big blue eyes, which look bigger than ever since she has been sick, and said: "I love you, Clara; you look so much like papa. Poor, dear papa, I wonder if he will ever come home?" And then she said: "I wonder why he stays away so long?" I couldn't answer her, papa, and I had to go to the window and look out at the drifting snow to hide my tears. When mamma came in, I sat down by her side and asked her what she meant when she said you were a prisoner of war. She told me, but I can't understand why they should keep you so long. It's a great while since we have seen you, and it seems so hard that you should be kept away from us. It's almost Christmas, papa. Please do come home by that time. It will make us all so happy, for we love you very dearly. Christmas isn't half so nice without you, papa. Ask them to let you come home, just for Christmas. I know they won't refuse you. I can't write any more now, and the only wish we all have is that you may come home, and you will, won't you? Every night when I kneel down to say my prayers I ask the good Lord to keep you safe and let you come home to us. So does mamma, too; and even Nadine doesn't forget you in her simple prayers. We shall watch and wait for you till Christmas. We all send lots of love, and will be so happy when you come home. Your loving daughter, CLARA.

III.

A Christmas Eve Tragedy.

The colonel could not repress the tears which filled his eyes as he finished reading the child's simple letter. He folded it, replaced it in its tiny envelope, and handed it back to the lieutenant, who stood silent and motionless beside him. It had just been placed carefully in the owner's pocket, and the two men were standing, looking out upon the scene, neither caring to break the silence first. A cry of terror from beneath relieved them of the suspense, and, looking down, they saw that the fragile ice on the canal had given way beneath the feet of the skaters on its surface, and six of the pleasure seekers, all children, were struggling in its waters. The scene was an appalling one. The cries of the helpless children fighting for life in the dark, icy waters of the canal, and the shouts of the excited throng along the banks, brought to the windows of the prison nearly one thousand brave-hearted men, whose hands would have been quick to save had they been free to act. But the harsh decree of war rose like an impassable barrier between them and the duty they would gladly have done for humanity, and they stood on the walls helpless, idle and mute, watching the fierce struggle below. An interval of confusion and suspense, and five of the imperiled skaters were safely rescued. The sixth, a fair-haired, manly little fellow, was taken from the water stiff and cold, and laid tenderly upon the bank to await identification. Suddenly a wild cry startled the throng gathered on the banks of the canal, as well as those in the prison, and a woman with flashing eye and disheveled hair, rushed through the crowd crying: "My child! my child! Give me my child!"

The drowned boy was her child. She instinctively ran to the spot where his body lay, and the crowd fell back to let her pass. With one long, low moan, she clutched the rigid form to her breast, speaking to it in endearing words, and trying by all the means known to motherhood, to warm it into life again. As the twilight faded into the gloaming, the dead boy was carried tenderly away to his home, followed by the heartbroken mother, and the lights of Christmas eve began to twinkle in the windows of the city. To the strong men who had been compelled to stand helpless and view it, the scene of death and sorrow just described was almost a torture. After it was all over, they turned to the quiet of the prison, and most of them sat speechless or discussed in low voice the sad occurrence. Each man seemed to have partaken of the sadness of the scene he had witnessed, and the gloom of the hour was made deeper still by the thoughts which it suggested. Hardly a man spoke aloud. The silence was like death. It was painful in its intensity. Unable to endure the terrible monotony any longer, some one finally rose, and, walking hastily across the floor, exclaimed:—

"For God's sake, men, let's do something to break this monotony. It will drive us mad." Then turning to a fellow prisoner he said: "McCauley, sing for us."

McCauley was an assistant engineer in the navy, who had been captured in a naval engagement some months before. He had an excellent voice, and had often whiled away many an hour with his songs, and had done much to sustain the spirits of his companions in prison. A hundred other voices united in the request. He sang for them the first stanza of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

The tender words of the simple old ballad, pouring out upon the quiet air of the night, touched the heart-strings of every man. One verse was enough. The private soldiers confined as prisoners in Pemberton's warehouse, just across the street, had caught the strains of McCauley's voice, and one of them called to the singer:

"Officer, for God's sake, don't sing another line of that song."

The request was seconded by half a thousand others, and the pathetic words of the ballad, which had brought tears to countless eyes that had seen the flash of cannon and the gleam of bayonet without flinching, were left unsung. But the song had broken the spell which hung over the prison, and the men became gay in spite of their gloomy surroundings. A dance was suggested, and soon the orchestra, led by Lieutenant Chandler of a West Virginia regiment, struck up, and the shuffle of a thousand feet beat time to the notes of the quadrille and waltz. A minstrel performance followed later in the evening, given by a company of officers who had organized their musical forces into an excellent orchestra and glee club. When the entertainment was concluded, dancing was resumed, and the fun began anew. It was a stag party, probably the most novel ever given to the world, hundreds of officers dancing the Virginia reel by the dim, flickering lights of a few old lamps in a gloomy prison in a hostile city on Christmas eve. The atmosphere changed easily in the evening, and the dreariness and silence of the twilight gave way to merry making, wild enough in its character to contrast strongly with the utter loneliness of its surroundings. Far into the night, old men and young romped, and danced, and sang, and yelled like school boys at play, and then, when time was touching the sands with the wand of a newborn day, an old, grizzled officer appeared among the crowd with a well-worn sock in his hand, and said: "Now, children, it is late, and this is Christmas eve. Hang up your stockings where Santa Claus will find them, and go to bed." The suggestion was adopted, and half a thousand officers hung their stockings along the wall as they had in childhood. Libby Prison was asleep and dreaming of Santa Claus.

The rollicking began with the day. Men did not care to think of serious things. Occasionally, when their thoughts turned toward home and their spirits began to wane, some new game would be proposed and started with a will. When the church bells summoned the citizens who dwelt in the capitol of the Confederacy to divine service, the voice of Chaplain McCabe of a Maryland regiment called the rollicking prisoners to divine service. Morning, afternoon, and evening, the ministers who were also prisoners gathered their comrades together and invoked the divine blessing on them and the cause for which they were suffering. The hours between the service were filled full of games, pastimes and songs; to keep away the sad thoughts that ever and anon would come unbidden.

IV.

Christmas Dinner in Libby.

The Christmas dinner was the great feature of the day, but, with all but a very few, there was not much to make it a meal. No luxuries, and, in many instances, not enough to satisfy the pangs of hunger, was at hand. Yet all spread their humble feast upon the floor, and gathered around in little knots of three or four, and went through the form of a Christmas feast. Apple butter spread on corn bread, occasionally a single potato or a little piece of bacon, perhaps a scrap of meat, or a chunk of dried beef, stood in the place of the bountifully spread table in their homes far away, over which was spread a shadow, because of the vacant chair at the family board. With these crude and rude necessities of life, the prisoners served to each other imaginary dishes of turkey and cranberry sauce, plum pudding and other dainties, and they laughed, joked and frolicked over the illusion, and got all the comfort that brave men possibly could out of the dispiriting surroundings.

Perhaps ten officers out of the one thousand confined there had a full meal that day. They had been lucky enough to smuggle in a few dollars before the holidays and to have them exchanged for Confederate money, with which they induced the prison officials to purchase for them a few necessities which were luxuries to them. A description of one little group in the throng huddled into the tobacco warehouse called Libby Prison, is essential, as it is the groundwork of my whole story. The officer who presided over it is the same who read the letter from Lieutenant Rockwell's little daughter, and who now, almost twenty years after the event, recalls the incidents here related.

Many weeks before the holidays, he had written home, asking that a box of eatables be sent to him. He also wanted money. But he could not ask for it, nor could it be sent to him unless concealed so as to escape the eye of the prison officials. The old United States notes bore the pictures of Mr. Lincoln. At the end of his letter he said: "Send me two of Lincoln's pictures."

The letter reached home. An ample box was quickly prepared for him, and his mother cast about for two of President Lincoln's pictures to send to him.

"It isn't pictures he wants," said his sweetheart, now his wife, "it is money."

She quickly took two $10 notes, crowded them into a tiny druggists' vial, cut open one of the four pieces of dried beef that were in the box, carefully concealed it and then drew the meat together, and no one would have ever detected the arts woman had devised to get money to her lover.

In due time the box and its precious contents arrived at Libby Prison, and finally found its way to the owner, after being carefully inspected by the Confederate authorities. When it came to the officer's hands he quickly overhauled it, looking carefully into every possible and impossible place he could think of for the money he has so much coveted. He looked in vain and began to empty the box. He took the dried beef out, hung it up on the prison wall, and day by day disposed of it and the other contents of his box among his little mess. It was not all gone when the rumor came that the Union soldiers who were on Belle Isle were starving. The officers secured a parole for one of their number to go over and investigate. Gen. Neal Dow of Maine, the noted temperance advocate, was selected. He returned with a sorrowful story of the sufferings of the soldiers in the exposed camp on the opposite side of the James. He assembled the one thousand officers and recounted the touching story of what he had seen and heard there, closing his remarks with, "For God's sake, gentlemen, if any of you have anything to spare, send it to those starving men."

Each officer responded nobly. One by one they went to their scanty board, and, taking the lion's share therefrom, gladly contributed it to the soldiers whom Neal Dow had visited. The officer whose story I am writing had consumed all the contents of his box except three pieces of dried beef. Two of these he sent to the camp across the river, keeping one for himself. The next day he began cutting into the last piece. Two days later, and the day before Christmas, he was hacking away at the meat, getting a few chips for his dinner. The knife struck a hard substance. A minute later he pulled out the vial which loving hands had placed in this singular receptacle, and cautiously withdrew the two Lincoln pictures for which he had written. They had finally reached him, almost by a miracle.

"Just in time for a Christmas dinner," was the first thought and exclamation. He sold one of the $10 bills for $150 Confederate money, and got the prison keeper to buy him from the market the materials for his contemplated feast. The next day Col. A. K. Dunklee, now secretary of internal affairs of Pennsylvania, invited Capt. John C. Johnson, 149th Pennsylvania, and Lieutenant Fellows of the same regiment, to enjoy the good cheer with him. Here is the bill of fare and the cost of each item.

One chicken, $12; one dozen eggs, $12; half pound of sugar, $4; a few potatoes, $3; one pound of butter, $12; total, $43.

This spread was the envy of all the prisoners in Libby, and it was divided among them as far as it would go. Not a dozen officers had anything but prison fare. Col. J. M. Sanderson, commissary of subsistence on General Reynolds's staff, who had friends in Richmond, had a turkey sent to him—the only one in the prison. A Massachusetts officer, who had received a ham from home, and in cutting into it had found it stuffed with gold dollars, was also one of the fortunate ones, and had something that resembled a dinner in his New England home. Instances of this kind in this holiday dinner in Libby were not numerous, but they were striking. Columns might be written of the scenes before and after Christmas, but the plain story is the best. Hundreds who were there are still living, and will recall them as though they transpired only yesterday. The events of that time are indelibly engraved on their memory.

I recall the following names as those of New England men who were present: Col. Charles W. Tilden, 16th Maine; Lieut.-Col. C. Farnsworth, 1st Connecticut Cavalry; Lieut.-Col. G. C. Joslyn, 15th Massachusetts; Lieut.-Col. M. Nichols, 18th Connecticut Infantry; Maj. J. J. Edwards, 37th Massachusetts; Maj. J. H. Hooper, 15th Massachusetts; Maj. J. B. Hill, 17th Massachusetts; Maj. J. Hall, 1st Vermont Cavalry; Capt. C. A. Adams, 1st Vermont Infantry; E. W. Atwood, 16th Maine; E. D. Brown, 18th Connecticut; D. Barton, 1st Massachusetts; F. B. Doten, 18th Connecticut; H. C. Davis, 18th Connecticut; G. C. Davis, 4th Maine; E. Dillingham, 10th Vermont; W. L. Hubbell, 17th Connecticut; F. R. Josselyn, 18th Massachusetts; R. O. Ivro, 10th Massachusetts; W. F. Martins, 4th Massachusetts; E. J. Matthewson, 18th Connecticut; F. H. Pillsbury, 5th Maine; F. E. Wentworth, 16th Maine; G. W. Warner, 18th Connecticut; Lieuts. H. M. Anderson, 3d Maine; G. C. Bleak, 3d Maine; L. C. Bisbee, 16th Maine; J. D. Bisbee, 16th Maine; D. S. Bartram, 17th Connecticut; E. G. Birun, 3d Massachusetts; L. D. Comins, 17th Massachusetts; E. D. Carpenter, 18th Connecticut; H. F. Cowell, 18th Connecticut; J. N. Childs, 16th Maine; S. E. Cary, 13th Massachusetts; F. C. McKeag, 18th Connecticut; R. N. Mann, 17th Massachusetts; S. F. Merwin, 18th Connecticut; J. B. Sampson, 12th Massachusetts; J. E. Woodward, 18th Connecticut; W. Wadsworth, 16th Maine; D. Whiston, 13th Massachusetts; J. C. Norcross, 2d Massachusetts Cavalry; J. B. Stevens, 5th Maine; M. Tiffany, 18th Connecticut; M. Tower, 18th Massachusetts; A. B. Rockwell, 18th Connecticut; J. H. Russell, 12th Massachusetts; J. Ranny, 11th Massachusetts; N. A. Robinson, 4th Maine; A. J. Scranton, 18th Connecticut; J. N. Whitney, 2d Rhode Island Cavalry; N. A. Robbins, 4th Maine; Fuller Dinley, 17th Rhode Island; Capt. C. Chase, 1st Rhode Island Cavalry; Capt. Julius Litchfield, 4th Maine; Lieut. George A. Chandler, 5th Maine. The names of these officers are recalled as among those who spent the Christmas of 1863 in Libby Prison. There may have been many more. The roll was a long one, and if any name has been omitted, the mention of which would appeal to a New England heart, it has been forgotten in the mist that twenty years have spread over the track of war.

Almost every state in the Union was represented in the crowd who spent the Christmas of 1863 in Libby Prison. New England had a large number of her brave men there, as did Pennsylvania, New York, and other states. Lieutenant Rockwell, I hear, is dead. Engineer McCauley runs a boat on the Schuylkill, and you meet almost every day, on Washington street, men who were captured at Gettysburg and in other battles, and who spent months of 1863 as prisoners of war. Those who were not there or in other prisons can find in this story, from one who was a prisoner of war, a faithful picture of a Christmas in Libby Prison.

Gen. B. F. Butler Originated the First Move for Raising Volunteers.

THE credit of originating the first movement for the raising of volunteers has been awarded to General Butler, who issued a call for a meeting of the officers of the 6th Mass. Regt., to be held at Lowell, on the 21st day of January, 1861; but the records show that the honor is justly due to Capt. (General) Allen Rutherford of New York City (now of Washington). Captain Rutherford issued a call for a meeting, which was held at the Mercer House in New York, on the 9th of January—twelve days before the meeting at Lowell—for the purpose of organizing for the protection of the United States and the enforcement of the laws.

Cavalry Charge at Bull Run.

THE only cavalry charge made during the second battle of Bull Run was made by the 1st Mich. and 4th N. Y. Cavalry Regts., under the direction of Gen. John Buford.

Com. Vanderbilt's Handsome Gift.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT'S name stands first on the list of magnificent donations to the United States government. He presented the steamer Vanderbilt, which cost $800,000.

The Last Silk Dress in the Confederacy Made into a Balloon.

THE last silk dress in the Confederacy was lost when the Federals in 1862 captured a balloon which had been made of all the silk dresses to be found in the Confederacy. Gen. James Longstreet said in the *Century Magazine* that the capture of this balloon was the meanest trick of the war, and one he has never yet forgiven.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

A Reminiscence of the War in Verse.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
And fastened the bars all snug again.

Under the willows and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober trace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy; and his father had said
He never would let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead,
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he swung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on the hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple bloom;
And now when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cold and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one.

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again,
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprung to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

One Country and One Flag.

LEE'S FLIGHT AND THE PURSUIT.

The Grapple at Sailor's Creek.—The Surrender at Appomattox.

IN SEARCH OF JOHNSTON.

By JAMES L. BOWEN, 37th Mass.

NOT the Army of the Potomac alone but the whole country was electrified by the tidings which that never-to-be-forgotten 3d of April, 1865, proclaimed to the world. Not only Petersburg but Richmond had been evacuated during the night; the Confederate government as well as Lee's army was in full flight.

General Weitzel, whose lines faced the Richmond defenses, was startled by heavy explosions and volumes of black smoke rising from the city. A cavalry vidette was pushed forward which entered unopposed the city to gain which such countless thousands of lives had been sacrificed and planted its guidons on the late Confederate capitol. The retiring traitors in their eagerness for destruction had fired large warehouses filled with tobacco situated in the heart of the city; and though Weitzel's soldiers were at once hurried to the spot and fought the fire with all their power, it could not be checked till the business part of the city was destroyed and a vast number of people rendered homeless.

General Lee on retiring from Petersburg moved north to Chesterfield Court House, half way to Richmond, where the fragments of his army from different directions concentrated, marching thence with all speed due west. The route led across the Appomattox at Goode's Bridge to Amelia Court House on the Danville railroad, thirty-eight miles west of Petersburg, whence Lee intended to move by the railroad to Burkesville, twenty miles to the southwest, the crossing of the Danville and Southside roads. From that point he could retreat either in the direction of Danville or Lynchburg, prolonging the struggle indefinitely; but Providence decreed that the mad folly which for four years had reigned should come to a sudden end at last. On reaching Amelia, Lee found that large quantities of supplies which had been ordered to that place had by a misunderstanding been carried on to Richmond, and they had in fact been burned there with other stores. His army was consequently without food and was obliged to remain there during the 4th and 5th while numerous foraging parties were sent out in all directions to gather such supplies as were obtainable from the surrounding country.

General Sheridan with the cavalry advance of the Union army gained the Danville railroad at Jetersville, some miles to the southwest of Lee's position, on the morning of the 4th, cutting off the intended retreat toward Danville. The 5th, 2d, and 6th Corps coming up during the following day, preparations were made to attack on the morning of the 6th.

The forces from the Army of the James, under General Ord, followed the Southside railroad, while Sheridan's cavalry, the 5th, 2d, and 6th Corps, in the order named, pursued the roads between the railway and the river. Some ten miles were made the first day, the march was resumed at daylight of the 4th, and continued with brief halts for breath till an hour after dark. On the morning of the 5th an order was read to each regiment asking the troops to cheerfully endure hardships and hunger if necessary in order to ensure the speedy downfall of the rebellion, which was greeted with cheers and followed by another hard day's march, the corps joining Sheridan's forces at Jetersville late in the evening.

An advance was promptly made toward Amelia at daylight of the 6th, but it was soon evident that the prey had escaped during the night. Lee had in fact moved past the Union left flank and made a strong push for Farmville, thirty-five miles west, where he hoped to cross to the north side of the Appomattox and still escape to Lynchburg and the mountains beyond. General Ord, whose command had reached Burkesville, was at once directed to move to Farmville, and sent on in advance of his main body a light column of some five hundred men under Gen. Theodore Read. This little force succeeded in reaching Farmville in advance of the enemy and in checking the latter till General Ord arrived; but General Read was killed and his command nearly destroyed.

Meantime the three infantry corps of the Army of the Potomac, preceded by cavalry, moved westward from Jetersville on parallel routes, the 6th Corps on the southernmost road following General Sheridan. At Deatonsville he began to feel the Confederate rear guard, fully a third of Lee's army under General Ewell, which was making determined efforts to protect what remained of the wagon trains. Custer's cavalry division had succeeded by a detour in cutting off the train and its guards, while Sheridan pressed sharply on the rear. A running fight ensued for some distance, when the Confederates having reached favorable ground on the west side of Sailor's Creek turned upon their pursuers for a last desperate stand. The afternoon was waning, and if they could hold the Federals at bay till dusk it might be possible to save something from the surrounding and converging circle of fire.

Never had so many miles been made with such heart as the seventy marched over since leaving Petersburg, and dashing the sweat from their faces the enthusiastic fellows began to fill the magazines of their rifles, to cast aside knapsacks, blankets, and superfluous clothing in preparation for the anticipated struggle. The men were ready to break into a run when the order to "double-quick" was received, and for three miles they went forward at a pace which nothing but the intense excitement of the occasion could have enabled them to sustain.

Just where the road passed the crest of an elevation Generals Sheridan and Wright sat upon their horses watching on the one side the magnificent advance of the troops and on the other the scene of the coming battle. Pausing for a moment to receive a welcome and directions as to the placing of his command, General Edwards bore straight for the battle field and his men followed with no slackening of speed. As they passed the crest the scene of strife lay spread before them like a panorama. For a mile a gentle open slope led down to the creek, a narrow, sluggish stream with marshy and bush grown banks; on the opposite side there was a somewhat more marked ascent, broken by ravines and covered vith a scattering thicket of pines and bushes. On the latter slope, protected by the contour of the ground, Ewell's lines of battle were disposed. Far beyond the smoke of burning wagons showed the presence and the work of Custer's horsemen. On the eastern side of the creek the guns of Sheridan's artillery had been holding the enemy to cover till the Union infantry could get up.

Wheaton's and Seymour's (3d) Divisions were pushed across the creek, which was waist deep and difficult to ford, while Getty's was held in reserve on the eastern bank.

As the foot of the ascent was reached the lines were again adjusted, moved by the right flank for a short distance, and once more advanced up the slope. A scattering fire was immediately encountered from the enemy's skirmishers, and one of the first of the 37th to fall was 1st Sergt. Ezra P. Cowles of Co. D, which he commanded, Captain Edwards acting as major. Sergeant Cowles was mortally wounded through the body, but heroically cheered on his comrades as he fell. Shortly afterward as the regiment scrambled through the undergrowth a terrific crash of musketry burst from the Confederate lines but a few yards in front.

Fortunately, owing to the position of the foe on somewhat higher ground and the impossibility of their taking proper aim through the thicket, what was intended for an annihilating volley at close range mostly went over our heads. The men pressed forward, holding their fire with wonderful self-control till they were in plain sight of the enemy, almost face to face.

Then the Spencer rifle did the work for which it was intended. Volley followed volley with almost the rapidity of thought, tearing the opposing line into demoralized fragments. While some surrendered and many fell, the rest broke away and ran through the forest, hotly pursued by our boys. In the wild exultation of the moment the officers did not discover that our regiment was alone and utterly unsupported in its advance. The rest of the Union line had been broken and pushed back temporarily by the mad onset of Ewell's corps, some of them to and across the creek to the shelter of Sheridan's artillery. Of course this temporary success of the enemy would be brief, but it was sufficient to place the little more than two hundred members of the 37th in a remarkably unpleasant position.

The first realization of the true situation came from the discovery of what seemed to be a heavy column of the enemy passing the left flank of the regiment. Front was changed in that direction and a few volleys from the Spencers drove the force out of sight, but not a moment too soon. Gen. Custis Lee, the son of the Confederate commander-in-chief, on the right of the 37th, saw his opportunity and moved his brigade through a ravine to the rear of the isolated regiment. His command included the famous 7th Regt. of Savannah and a battalion of marines from the gunboats which had been destroyed at the evacuation of Richmond. The latter were picked men and especially anxious to signalize their presence on the field of battle.

Captain Hopkins had barely time to face his command to the rear to meet this new danger when Lee's brigade burst from the cover of the gulch and dashed in a ferocious charge upon our thin line. It was the severest test to which the veteran regiment had ever been subjected, but it was most magnificently met.

Lee's wave of chivalry struck the rock of Massachusetts manhood only to recoil. Both sides fought with desperate courage, hand to hand, with bayonets, swords, and pistols. The lines of Blue and Gray, half hidden in the veil of smoke, seemed to mingle in one mass as they swayed back and forth, and for a time the issue seemed in doubt. But the Men in Blue did not give an inch. Meeting blow with blow, loading and firing their deadly repeating rifles as rapidly as possible, they checked the onset of the enemy, held him, pushed him back, at first slowly and with obstinate resistance, then in a broken rout into the gorge from which he had emerged.

As the disorganized Confederates took shelter in the ravine a sharp fire was poured in upon them, when they made signals of surrender. Adjutant Bradley stepped forward to meet a Confederate officer who was advancing as though to give himself up, when the latter drew a pistol and wounded the adjutant, who grappled his assailant and they rolled down the bank in the struggle which followed. Bradley having been shot in the thigh by a bystanding rebel was overpowered, and his antagonist was poising his pistol to give a death-shot when his own traitorous life was extinguished by a well directed shot from the rifle of Private Samuel E. Eddy, of Co. D. Simultaneously with the shot Eddy was thrust through the breast with a bayonet in the hands of a stalwart Southron. The weapon protruded from the back near the spine, and the unfortunate soldier being thrown down was literally pinned to the ground. The assailant then endeavored to wrest away Eddy's Spencer rifle, but the wounded man grasped his trusty weapon with a grip which few men in either army could equal, and notwithstanding his awful situation succeeded in throwing another cartridge into his rifle, the bullet from which was next moment sent through the heart of his antagonist. The Confederate fell across the prostrate Unionist, but the latter threw aside the body with one hand as though it were the carcass of a dog, withdrew the bayonet from his own horrible wound, rose to his feet, and walked to the rear.

After this exhibition of treachery the regiment re-opened fire with a vengeance, and it required but a few volleys to bring the Confederates to their senses and to a surrender in reality, the cavalry at the upper end of the ravine cutting off their retreat. The 37th secured and sent to the rear over three hundred prisoners, considerably in excess of the number of men it took into the fight, while from all sides captives and captures of every sort poured to the rear in bewildering numbers and quantity.

No less than six Confederate generals were secured, including Ewell, Kershaw, and Custis Lee, with about all that remained of Ewell's corps. There was but little attempt to count, and scarcely to guard the captures made; while everywhere the shout was "Forward!" "Onward!" to strike the final blows and destroy everything that remained to Lee as an organized army.

In such a struggle as the 37th had passed through, where every man had proved himself a hero and fought largely on his own responsibility, it is impossible to note more than a few of the noteworthy deeds performed, and the narration of certain incidents will only serve to show the character of many which must be passed without chronicle, but which will live long about the camp-fire and in the traditions of the home. Gen. Custis Lee, who directed the charge upon the 37th, had till shortly before filled a clerkship at Richmond, but finally laid down the pen to take up the sword, surrendering the latter at the muzzle of the Spencer rifle to Corp. David White of Co. E. First Sergt. Almon M. Warner of the same company attempted to capture a battle-flag, but was severely wounded, when Private Charles

A. Taggart of Co. B sprang forward and secured the colors, for which act of bravery he received a medal.*

One brave corporal becoming somewhat separated from his comrades encountered a Confederate officer whose surrender he demanded and on receiving a refusal shot him, inflicting a fatal wound. As the wounded man fell the corporal bent over him, saying: "I am sorry that I had to shoot you! I am a Christian, and if you wish I will pray with you; it is all I can do for you now." The offer was thankfully accepted, and while the tempest of battle raged near them the earnest voice of prayer rose in behalf of the departing spirit. At its close the dying officer joined in the "Amen," gave his sword to the young soldier with a message for his wife, when the latter, who had been fired at on the supposition that he was committing a robbery, resumed his rifle and continued the battle.

Though the loss was severe, it was found to be far less than might have been expected from the ferocity of the conflict. Nine had been killed and thirty-one wounded, several of the latter fatally and nearly all seriously. The killed were: Co. B—Corp. Henry L. Messinger and Edgar N. Phelps. C—Sergt. Samuel M. Bolton and Charles Blakesley. D—Corp. Timothy D. Smith. E—William H. Henderson. F—William F. Leggett. H—Sergt. David B. Miller. K—Timothy Mullin. Capt. Walter B. Smith and Lieut. Harrie A. Cushman were severely wounded in the early part of the engagement—the former by a charge of "buck and ball" in the thigh received at short range. The loss in non-commissioned officers was especially severe. Four first sergeants were wounded—Warner of E, Cowles of D, Freeman of B, and Partridge of H, the three latter fatally. Sergt. Bolton of Co. C, who was killed, was one of the transfers from the 10th, a fine soldier, who in the closing battle of the rebellion crowned nearly four years of faithful service by the supreme sacrifice.

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* These medals had been authorized by a resolution of Congress approved July 12, 1862, "to provide for the presentation of Medals of Honor to the enlisted men of the army and volunteer forces who have distinguished, or may distinguish, themselves in battle during the present rebellion." On the back of the medal was engraved, "The Congress, to Private Charles A. Taggart, Co. B, 37th Mass. Vols." That these medals were not promiscuously distributed is sufficiently attested by the fact that but eighteen were bestowed on Massachusetts soldiers.

That night our boys camped near the battle field, and the succeeding two days were occupied in following up the retreating fragments of the Confederate army. On the night of the 6th Lee had retired across the Appomattox at High Bridge with what was left to him of the hungry, broken, dispirited army, but before the bridges behind him could be destroyed the 2d Corps was rushing across and the pursuit was unbroken. The 8th found his forces hopelessly hemmed in at Appomattox Court House, the Federal troops closing in resistlessly and General Grant demanding his surrender to save the further waste of life. There was one more desperate attempt on the morning of the 9th to force the thin lines through the cavalry environment which Sheridan had placed between the Confederates and further retreat, but the pushing back of the dismounted horsemen only disclosed the advancing bayonets of the Army of the James, and the white flag which preceded formal surrender took the place of the Stars and Bars.

As the fact of Lee's surrender became generally known through the Union army that afternoon there was joy too wild, too deep, too sincere for utterance in formal words. Cannon thundered, men shouted themselves hoarse, then pitched their shelter tents for the first time since leaving winter quarters and lay within them with the strange realization that there was no longer an opposing army to be watched and feared.

Our regiment enjoyed a night and a day of unbroken rest and were then ordered to report back to Burkesville, for which place they started on the morning of the 11th in a drizzling rain, marching twenty miles toward Farmville over the road by which they had moved toward Appomattox. Both the rain and the march continued for two days longer, camp being pitched near Burkesville on the afternoon of the 13th in a beautiful pine grove. There the regiment remained for ten days, during which time every heart was inexpressibly saddened by the news of the assassination of President Lincoln.

During this time occurred the last muster of officers — Dr. Charles E. Inches, of Boston, on the 13th as assistant surgeon, and on the 15th 2d Lieut. James O'Connor of Co. G as 1st lieutenant of Co. C, vice Jones, promoted. Surgeon Inches was a young man, enthusiastic and ambitious in his profession, with a heart overflowing with kindness for his fellow-beings; and brief as was his service and happily free from the ravages of battle, his tender humanity won prompt and heartfelt appreciation from every member of the regiment.

Meantime in every direction the end of the armed rebellion was approaching. General Sherman after tarrying at Savannah for some weeks had moved forward in resistless force to Columbia, S. C., whence he swept straight through the Carolinas toward Richmond, driving before him the remnants of the Confederate forces which General Johnston was striving to gather somewhere for a determined stand. Fort Fisher, guarding the harbor of Wilmington, N. C., having fallen before the determined assault of General Terry, and Wilmington itself before General Schofield's 23d Corps, which had been brought to the Carolina coast by way of Washington, these forces were transferred to New-Berne, and moved—though not without opposition and some sharp fighting—toward the center of the state to intersect the line of Sherman's march. Hardee had evacuated Charleston on hearing of Sherman's movement, lighting fires which burned most of the city and killed two hundred of the inhabitants by an explosion, and at Averasboro had a sharp engagement with some of Sherman's forces on the 16th of March. This was followed by the more determined battle of Bentonville, three days later, in which Johnston succeeded in checking the column under General Slocum from the 19th to the 21st, when Sherman having concentrated an enveloping force the Confederate commander retired during the night and the march of the Union army was resumed.

At Goldsboro, Sherman formed a connection with Schofield, and halted to rest his exhausted troops, communication being opened by rail with New-Berne, but on the 10th of April the campaign was resumed. Next day the tidings of Lee's surrender were received, and Raleigh was occupied on the 13th; the day following Johnston sent in a flag of truce and from the armistice which resulted his surrender ensued on the 26th. In his case as in that of Lee, the hungry Confederate soldiers were supplied with rations by the government they had so long fought against, and at once started for their homes to resume the pursuits of peace and begin the great task of repairing the ravages of war.

Meantime the 6th Corps had been ordered from Burkesville to Danville, on the North Carolina border, one hundred miles away, and on the morning of the 23d set forth. The roads, following the general direction of the railroad, were good and the weather was quite favorable, which with the encouragement received from recent events gave the troops great heart and strength for whatever trials might be deemed necessary. Twenty-five miles were made the first day and twenty the next, bringing the corps to bivouac on the banks of the Staunton river. Soon after dark of the 27th our regiment as rear guard of the corps passed through Danville and a mile beyond went into camp.

As the corps approached the city, which is situated on the south bank of the Dan river, an attempt was made by some of the bitter inhabitants to burn the bridge, but the mayor and the more sensible citizens protested so vigorously that the purpose was abandoned. To the right on an elevation a fort with six guns commanding the bridge looked grimly down, but it had no garrison and was simply a reminder of the days which had passed. The city had also been a depot for Union prisoners, but such as were there had been released and with joy had hurried to the now all-potent protection of the triumphant Stars and Stripes.

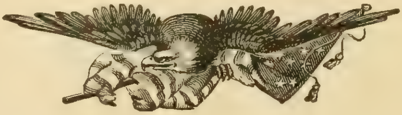
Reliable intelligence of Johnston's surrender, which had been prematurely rumored, was received on the following day, and then it was even more vividly realized that with the dispersion of the last formidable armed force the existence of the rebellion practically ceased, that the long looked for day had come when there was in reality but one Country beneath one Flag.

First N. Y. Regt. to the Front.

THE first regiment in the state of New York to offer its services to the government, is said by Colonel Adams of the 67th, to be the regiment he commanded.

First Conflict of the War.

THE first actual conflict of the war was in St. Louis, on the 10th of May, 1861, on the occasion of the *coup d'etat* of General Lyon—capture of the rebel camp Jackson.



A TOWN OF RUINS.

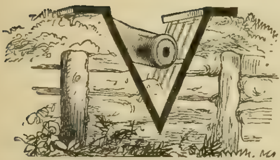
How * Harper's * Ferry * and * its * Romantic * Surroundings * Now * Look.

BATTLE FIELDS OF THE VALLEY.

Antietam from Bolivar Heights.—Kernstown and Cedar Creek.

By C. H. H.

Harper's Ferry, July 15, 1886.



VERY desolate is the appearance of this town at the present time. It is like a country cemetery with half the gravestones knocked down. It is a town of ruins. Everything is in decay. Everybody is asleep. In years past the roar of artillery about the mountain peaks kept things in a tolerably lively state. In these days the nearest approach to a warlike sound is the occasional crack of the sportsman's rifle. The puffing of an engine is about the only noise which awakens the echoes. The only excitement is when the express trains from Washington draw up to the little depot. Then every boy in town swarms upon the unsuspecting traveler like a hive of bees and insists upon disposing of a basket of cherries and hard-boiled eggs and indigestible pies. In a moment more the train scoots up the bank of the Potomac and threads its way through the mountains to the west, or follows along the Shenandoah and rushes up the fertile valley of Virginia, and Harper's Ferry sinks back into its sleepy state and waits for something else to turn up. There is not another such tumble-down place on the earth. The main street runs up hill at an angle of forty-five degrees. It is a good deal like climbing a ladder to go up it. One house is built almost upon the roof of another. At least that seemed to be the idea when the place was laid out, but now about one house in every possible five has its side blown out or its roof caved in, or its underpinning completely knocked away, and when a house begins to go its end is near, for no one ever thinks of repairing damages. It requires a pretty sure-footed horse to climb a street, and as for sidewalks—well, there may be some, but I haven't seen any. There hasn't been energy enough in town even to keep the vandals away. All the sentiment of the thing is taken away when one reads on the side of the historic landmark, Jefferson's Rock, the wretchedly scrawled advertisement of a nasty cigarette.

From the Top of Bolivar Heights.

But ruin and decay cannot detract from the beautiful scenery, and they only add to the interest of the many stories of the war. Old John Brown's fort looks as if it had had a bad attack of ague, the old arsenal is in ruins; but no one passes them by if he knows it. Neither the fort nor the arsenal was here when President Jefferson climbed up Bolivar Heights, but his eyes flashed upon the same grand scenery that one can see to-day. He told everybody he met that to stand on the top of Bolivar was worth a trip across the Atlantic. There are those who come to Harper's Ferry in these days who are not disposed to contradict him. Three great states terminate their boundaries in three huge mountains. When the thunder rolls and the lightning plays about their peaks they seem to hurl defiance at each other. The Potomac, dividing Maryland and West Virginia, and the Shenandoah, separating West Virginia from the Old Dominion, mingle their waters under the long bridge, and piercing the very heart of the Blue Ridge flow on to the sea. They look very peaceable just now, flowing over their rocky beds, but when the rains of early spring melt the snow and it rushes down the mountain sides the peaceful rivers become mighty torrents almost without warning and nothing can withstand them. Mountains line the side of the united rivers as far as the eye can reach, while to the west high walls soon shut out from view the winding Potomac. Behind lies the great valley of Virginia, where, as the fortunes of war changed, opposing armies chased each other, bent only on death and destruction.

The valley is one great battle field. From Harper's Ferry to Staunton many of the bloodiest battles of the rebellion were fought, and thousands of the sons of Virginia lie buried under the sod by the side of the dead of the Northern armies.

South Mountain and Antietam.

From Bolivar some of the battle fields can easily be picked out. In fact there was fighting on this very height. In September, 1862, Colonel White held Harper's Ferry, and he had something like eleven thousand men to help him do it. Stonewall Jackson, on the way to meet Lee, captured it. While the fight was raging on Bolivar, Lee was engaged with McClellan at South Mountain. It was at South Mountain where a man from Ohio named Hayes was wounded. Lee fell back to Sharpsburg, and, from Bolivar, Jackson saw the smoke of Antietam, only ten miles away. He joined Lee and saved his army from being pretty effectually blotted out, and Lee managed to escape to Winchester. Every inch of land between Harper's Ferry and Winchester has been trodden under foot many a time by marching men. There is no more interesting point in the valley than this latter town. Rich in its memories of Washington it was knocked about like a shuttlecock between "Feds" and "Rebs." On an eminence back of the town are two cemeteries, mute witnesses of strife and carnage. In the Union Cemetery the Stars and Stripes rise and fall above the graves of 4,400 dead. Keeper Druin keeps the grass closely shaven and the flowers in full bloom; but even he cannot tell the names of more than half the heroes who rest under the sod. The rest belong to that great army of the unknown. Just across a narrow path lie the heroes of the opposing forces. They have no marble slabs at their heads, but their slumber is just as peaceful. The granite shaft made in Philadelphia and erected here three or four years ago is a lasting monument to the unrecorded dead of the Stonewall Cemetery.

Any one who cares to do so can find in Winchester all sorts of anecdotes of the war. Ladies can tell of the part they played in nursing the wounded. Men can tell of the incessant tramp of marching feet and of many a narrow escape. But four miles away is Kernstown, where, in the winter of 1861, Shields and Stonewall Jackson came together and where the Confederate general lost his grip and was forced up the valley.

There are people, too, who remember Sheridan's famous ride to Cedar Creek, where Jubal Early had routed General Emory and was having everything his own way until Sheridan snatched victory from the very jaws of defeat. I asked an old colored man out on the Kernstown road the other day—a decrepit old darkey, who said he had seen Sheridan go by—how the general looked.

"Look!" exclaimed the old man. "Look! Why, he didn't look nohow. I done reckon he didn't have no time to look. He done went by so fas' dat he jes' took in fences 'n walls. Bless yo' heart, boss, he didn't have no time to stop for no road even."

Still further up the valley is New Market, where Breckinridge defeated Sigel, although his army was inferior in numbers. Twenty miles further on is Harrisonburg, rich in the memory of Ashby and of Cross Keys. Not far from Harrisonburg Ashby fell during a charge of the Pennsylvania Bucktails.

Sentiment in the Valley.

Probably there is more feeling over the war in the Valley of Virginia than in any other part of the South. It is natural. In no other place were the results of the war so terrible. The valley was a continual battle ground. Lives were taken and property was destroyed, and much of it, too, without right or reason. People who saw their homes burned before their eyes cannot forget it. The people still believe in Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and when Randolph Tucker went to Winchester. and, at the commencement at the academy there, made some rather remarkable statements in the way of eulogy, he was roundly applauded. It was in poor taste, and a few of the Northern boys in the academy couldn't stand it and left the hall; but Tucker isn't much of a statesman, as statesmen go, and he went right on just the same. The people applauded him because he lauded Lee and Jackson to the skies. Yet a little while later a Pennsylvania fire company visited town and the "Yankees" were received with open arms. Nothing was too good for them and every building was decorated and at night every window was illuminated. Queer, isn't it?

The fact is, the valley people have a deep feeling for their dead sons and destroyed property. They cannot forgive the North for this in their hearts, but it is not often that they allow their sentiments to overcome them. They have a valley rich and fertile and are gradually recovering what they lost. Instead of a battle field the Valley of Virginia has been changed to an immense summer resort. Numerous springs and summer hotels dot the mountain sides and there is no more imposing mountain scenery anywhere.

GRANT PROMOTED THEM.

Soldiers Who Would Obey Even if They Shot Their General.

By "SOLDIER SAM."

WHILE we were down on the Mississippi, a big barge loaded with bombs and gunpowder was lying alongside the wharf. Grant had given orders that no one should smoke on board that barge. I suppose the old tub had thousands of dollars' worth of powder under her decks. So the corporal sent a guard there, and ordered him to shoot the first man who should cross the plank with a lighted pipe or cigar. Well, when the word got abroad we kept away, for we knew that the order meant business. One day when I was off duty General Grant rode up on his horse. He wore a big blouse and a slouch hat. He had no star, no side-arms. We all knew him without the aid of trinkets.

"Is that the powderboat?" he asked.

I told him it was.

He looked at me sharply over a red-hot cigar, and said: "I'll go on board, then."

I knew he'd never take that cigar out of his mouth except to eat or sleep, so I said: "General, if you walk across that plank smoking the sentry will shoot you."

He saw that I was in earnest, but he said: "Don't you suppose he knows me?"

"Of course he does, general," I replied; "but he's been ordered to shoot the first man caught smoking on that barge, and he'll do it. That's the kind of chap he is."

Grant looked rather amused. I reckon he never intended to go near the old barge. He just wheeled his horse about and away he went.

That evening I told the sentry all about the talk. The next morning he and the corporal were ordered up to the general's headquarters. The sentry was a black man, but when he heard that Grant wanted to see him he was rather white. He went up.

"Can you read?" asked Grant.

"No, sah; I nebber had no chance to la'n."

"Do you always know me when you see me?"

"Yes, sah."

"Suppose I had gone on board that powderboat with a lighted cigar, what would you have done?"

"Shot you, sah."

"But I'm your general!" said Grant.

"Yes, sah; and we jes' obeys yo' orders," said the sentry.

Grant looked the men all over. The corporal was trembling, and the sentry was actually pale; but both were as firm as rocks. At last the general relaxed. "Well, sir," he said to the negro, "we'll make you a corporal, and this other man shall be a sergeant.

PROMOTED.

FRANK N. SCOTT.

FROM field and fortress, battlement and spar,
Droops the proud ensign freedom loves so well,
While on the listening air, from near and far,
In solemn cadence tolls the funeral bell.

The booming cannon and the muffled drum
In fitting measure mourn the soldier brave,
Who faced the screaming shell and bullets' hum,
His country's grand integrity to save.

The busy thronging thoroughfares are clad
In somber-hued habiliments of grief;
A mourning nation, sorrowing and sad,
Bends in affliction o'er her fallen chief.

From distant nations, cabled in the deeps,
On lightning wings, flash words of sympathy;
A waiting universe its vigil keeps,
Where sleeps the champion of liberty.

No truer patriot ever yet was fired
By holy zeal to plead his country's cause;
At her command, his sword flashed out, inspired
By Union, liberty, and sacred laws.

He bore her flag o'er many a sanguined plain,
And visited destruction on her foes,
But, peace restored, his sword he sheathed again,
And sought the good of those who felt his blows.

Oh, soldier fearless, conqueror and friend,
Oh, statesman, honored throughout all the earth,
Oh, father loving and beloved, we bend
Among the saddened mourners round thy hearth.

Though here the wearied body resting lies,
The final battle fought, the victory won,
Ah, doubt it not, above the drooping skies
His soul, o'er fields celestial, marches on.

On grander battle plains he stands, who erst
Held all our patriot legions in his hand,
He watched the gathering thunders as they burst
And scattered desolation o'er the land.

Oh, severed sisters of the North and South,
Strike hands in amity above the sacred bier;
Heed the monitions of that death-closed mouth,
Nor let one jarring discord pain his ear.

Oh, life heroic, triumphing o'er death;
Oh, God-like soul, which pain could not cast down,
To latest time be freedom's shibboleth,
The name thy deeds have gilded with renown.

The Verification of a Dream.

Narrated by D. W. WARE, Company H, 10th Vt. Vols. (Springfield, Mass.).

WHILE encamped in front of Petersburg we lay near Fort Fisher. I had three tentmates, Sergt. E. T. Johnson, Joseph A. Smith, and John Smith. John Smith was a quiet Irishman, with dry, humorous wit, the trio making a very pleasant set of mates, and many evenings have we passed in soldier life in pleasant converse together. Joseph had been home on a sick furlough, and while in hospital he became acquainted with a young lady, and perhaps was engaged when he returned to the front, which was but a few days previous to what I am about to relate.

On the morning of the 25th of March, '65, our regiment, the 10th Vt., were detailed for picket. We had been on the picket line but a short time when Joe Smith came to me and said he had a dream that troubled him, and wished to relate it; so we sat down, and he said he dreamed we were going to advance the picket line; we should have a hard fight, and that he and John would be killed, but I should get through safe. I laughed at him and told him there was no indication of an engagement, and he must not trouble himself about dreams, but he continued and said he wanted I should pack his things and send them home, designating the disposition of the articles, particularly a ring he wore. While talking, what should we see but Colonel Damon coming through the main line on horseback, towards our line. Says Joe, "There, Dan, that is just as I dreamed." The colonel came down and told us we must take the rebel picket line in our front, but go no further; to pack up carefully so the rebs would not see us, and at a signal from Fort Fisher, charge the line. Joe was quite sad and told me to keep near him. We got the order to go, and started through an open field, had not gone more than twenty-five rods before the rebs opened on us and the first volley Joe fell, shot through the groin, severing the main artery. As I seized him the blood spurted all over me, and I could not stop it, the ball passing clear through him producing a wound that must soon end in death. He lingered a short time with his head resting in my arms, telling me to be sure to send his effects home as before requested. Meantime the troops not having started with our regiment, we were ordered back, but I remained out in the open field until Joe breathed his last—being safe from the enemy's fire while caring for a wounded comrade. I took the ring from the dead soldier's finger and made a lively retreat down the hill through a shower of bullets, to the right, into a swamp, thinking to get out of range. I found John Smith behind a stump all in a heap. Says I, "Why don't you fall back?" "In faith I'll wait until they come again and save so much travel." Just then five or six rebs fired at the sound of our voices; one ball cut my sleeve from my elbow to wrist, and one cut a furrow through the top of John's head, killing him almost instantly. The dream was verified. I was safe thus far. I fell back to the line, re-enforcements came to our aid and we again charged and captured the line with all the men as prisoners, which was held until the fall of Petersburg. On my return to camp we buried our comrades, and forwarded the articles as directed.

* * *

First Recognition of Colored Troops as Equals by the Confederate Army.

THE first official recognition of negro troops as equals, by the rebels, was in December, 1863, when a flag of truce borne by Maj. John C. Calhoun, a grandson of John C. Calhoun, was received at Hilton Head, by Major Trowbridge of the 1st S. C. Negro Regt.

* * *

First Hussar Regiment, Trenton, N. J.

THE first Hussar regiment raised in the country for real service in the war was organized at Trenton, N. J., by Col. Andrew J. Morrison.

SUMNER AND LINCOLN.

SENATOR SUMNER was the first person to urge upon President Lincoln to make public the Confiscation Proclamation.

Narrow Escape of a Traitor.

A DRUM-HEAD COURT-MARTIAL THAT WAS HELD IN OLD LIBBY.

OF the six officers of the regular army who found themselves in Libby Prison in 1863–4, one was a fine looking colonel from Indiana—a big bodied, big brained, big hearted fellow, chock-full of energy. He worked like a steam engine until he got out of Libby. Once he found his tunnel too small for his burly form; once he was checked at the outer end of it by two or three armed Confederate soldiers, who had been quietly waiting for him; again a clever ruse was detected just as he got to the middle of the gate, and so it went, until he had made half a dozen attempts. But he never gave up, and finally got out, and is now a prosperous citizen of Indianapolis, a trifle stouter than when he was in Libby, and a good deal richer, but otherwise unchanged. After two or three attempts to get out of Libby had failed, he began to suspect that his failures were the result of treachery in the prisoners' camp. Exchange, like kissing, went by favor. The colonel, after thinking each failure over, came to the conclusion that some poor devil was selling his manhood for a mess of pottage—currying the favor which would "exchange" him to his home by betraying the plans of his companions in arms to the enemy. He looked about him for the man. Cautious inquiries at length gave him such information as prompted him to say to each of the five other regular army officers: "Meet me at such a spot at midnight. I have found the traitor. We will court-martial him to-night." At midnight the six men met in a dark corner, and, in low, whispering voices, organized a drum-head court-martial. The colonel presented the name of the suspect, and then his proofs. In the ballot that followed, each of the six voted "guilty." "Now," said the colonel, "this is not a farce.

We must vote a sentence, and then we must execute it." "Very well," said the next man. "Well," said the colonel, "I vote for death. The wretch deserves it." "So do I," said the next, and so on down to the sixth—a Pennsylvania major. He knew the culprit—a Pennsylvanian, like himself—better than the rest. He knew that he was quite capable of the crime charged against him. He had no doubt of his guilt. He wanted to see him punished. He said all this to the other members of the court, and then he added: "But, you know, we are not a legal court-martial. We have no authority to act—certainly no authority to kill. We may sift the evidence presented against a man for our own satisfaction, but we cannot sentence, much less kill him. The most we can do is to prefer charges against him to the War Department. We can't kill him—" Suddenly interrupting himself, he said: "Colonel, what's that in your hand?" "The rope," said the colonel, grimly; "I've been plaiting it as we talked," and he passed it around. He had taken an old shirt, torn it into narrow strips, and woven it into something that looked like a rope. "Now, major," he said, when it was handed back to him, "what you have said is all very well. It does credit to your heart as well as to your head. But you're outvoted; the majority are against you. The sentence of the court is that the scoundrel shall die, and die he will this minute, for I'll kill him myself. Come, captain," he said to the brawny Irishman next to him, "you and I will settle the rascal." "Why, you wouldn't strangle him in his sleep, would you?" asked the major, also on his feet as the others started toward the sleeping form of the traitor. "Certainly," whispered the colonel, "why not? He can't pray, and we can't have any noise." "You never will," said the major, firmly, getting in front of the colonel; "I won't let you; you'll have to kill me first. I won't stand by and see you stain your honest hands with his dishonest blood in such a way as that. Why, man, it would be a murder. You would be a murderer. I won't permit it." Gliding softly before the rest, he reached the sleeping man and sat down beside his head. There he sat till the gray morning came stealing in through the chilly atmosphere. Long before that time the colonel and his companions, baffled and disgusted, had stolen away to their sleeping places, carrying the plaited rope with them. As soon as the major could see the traitor's face in the dim light of the dawn, he waked him and told him all that had occurred. "Now, sir," he said, sternly, "I saved your life last night, although I believed you worthy of death. I won't do it again. I saved your life for my sake, not for yours. My advice is that as soon as the guard comes in for roll-call you get out of Libby, and as soon as you get to Washington get out of the army. If you're in the army when I get out I'll prefer charges against you, and if I meet you I'll kill you." Trembling with excitement, the wretch, without a word of denial or palliation, got up, and, as soon as the guard came in, got out. The stalwart six forwarded charges against him from Libby. When they got out of prison they found him out of the army, so they dropped the matter. The traitor is in the army now, re-instated by act of Congress, I believe; but the major who promised to kill him on sight is under the green sod of the prairie. Still, the colonel would make things lively for the traitor if they met face to face.

THE EIGHTH KANSAS.

CHAPLAIN J. PAULSON.

ONCE more we meet—but not as when
With youth and hope we marched away,
A thousand men we mustered then—
A feeble remnant here to-day.

Our banner flashed in waves of light,
O'er serried columns, brave and strong,
While thousands gathered to the sight,
With cheers of parting, loud and long.

The merry jest and laugh went round,
Our toils and hardships to beguile,
As with the soul of "Old John Brown,"
We tramped through many a weary mile.

We tramped and fought, and fought and tramped,
War's fierce tide surging to and fro,
O'er mountain height and dismal swamp,
Until the grand concluding blow.

But now, by conflict torn and marred,
Our flags hang on the silent wall,
And we, gray-haired and battle-scarred,
The struggles of the past recall.

For suffering binds with links of steel
The souls that death together braved,
And hearts, with tender memories fill,
For those whose blood the Nation saved.

Our comrades of those troubled years,
Who sleep beneath the silent sod,
Who yielding not to foes or fears,
Were true to country and to God,

Wasting, as wastes the crumbling rock,
Work by exposure, want, and toil,
Falling in battle's deadly shock,
But dying with the conqueror's smile—

For them the camp-fire burns no more,
Nor morning reveille shall wake;
The bugle's blast, nor cannon's roar,
Shall never more their slumbers break.

Their dust is scattered far and wide
O'er battle fields their valor won,
'Neath Alabama's mountain side,
And Georgia's fervid Southern sun;

Kentucky's dark and bloody ground
Has closed upon the manly breast,
And Tennessee a place has found
For many a comrade's final rest;

Down by the Gulf Stream's cypress gloom,
Where mosses gray, funereal wave;
Or where magnolias blend perfume
With orange blooms above their grave.

Our Western households mourn the loss,
Of lovers, sons, and brothers slain;
Yet joy relieves the bitter cross—
They died, but perished not in vain!

The Union banner floats supreme
O'er every spot their feet have pressed,
And glory crowns the patriot's dream—
A land united and at rest!

Thus Kansas gave, in faith sublime,
The life bloom of her children free,
While from it springs through after time
The flower and fruit of liberty.

But while we drop the silent tear
In memory of our comrades gone,
A grateful country greets us here,
And hails our work as nobly done.

Then let the tale from age to age
Be told with varied speech and style,
In poet's song, on history's page,
And art's proud monumental pile.

The parting comes—the conqueror, Death,
Lays prostrate both the brave and strong,
But while the Union stands, the Eighth
Shall live in story and in song.

A SAILOR'S PRAYER.

ON board a gunboat in the Mississippi squadron, just as the vessel was going into action, a gilded officer found a sailor on his knees, and sneeringly inquired if he was afraid.

"No," he responded, "I was praying."

"Praying for what?"

"Praying," said the sailor, with the utmost composure, "that the enemy's bullets may be distributed the same way the prize money is, *principally among the officers*."

Guarding Davis at Fortress Monroe.

CHAS. S. TRIPLER, 12th U. S. Infantry.

IN 1865 I was first lieutenant in the 12th United States Infantry, and, in the absence of my captain, commanded Company E of the 1st battalion of that regiment. Early in October I was ordered to Fortress Monroe, and reported for duty to Gen. N. A. Miles. My rank as lieutenant subjected me to detail as officer of the guard, and, as such, I had for the twenty-four hours of my detail immediate charge of our distinguished prisoner, my orders being "not to allow him out of my sight during my tour of duty." Mr. Davis was confined to a room in Carroll Hall, which was designed as quarters for lieutenants entitled to two rooms only, so all the rooms, except the mess hall and library, are in suites of two rooms each. The doorways were all grated with iron, and a sentry walked before each on a pile of cocoa matting some four inches thick. The officer of the guard was not allowed to leave the room unless relieved by the officer of the day, nor to sleep at all during his twenty-four hours of duty. The grated windows were locked, the keys being in the custody of the officer of the day. As was the custom, on my first day of duty as officer of the guard I was introduced by my predecessor to Mr. Davis thus: "Mr. Davis, Mr. Tripler of the 12th." Mr. Davis said: "Are you Stuart Tripler?" I said: "Yes, sir." He then said he remembered my grandmother (Mrs. Hunt) and had very pleasant recollections of my father (Surgeon Tripler of the army). We had that day no further conversation until the time came for his daily walk around the parapet. At that time the officer of the day came, accompanied by two negro prisoners, unlocked the door, when Mr. Davis, dressed in snuff-colored clothes, with a Raglan overcoat and soft, high-crowned, black felt hat, stepped into my room. General Miles entered at this time with the daily papers, which were placed on a table in Mr. D.'s room. The prisoners commenced at once to clean up the room, and we left in the following order: Mr. Davis and officers of the guard, ten paces behind two sentries, a couple of paces behind them the officer of the day, and lastly, some distance off General Miles strolled along reading.

We took our time, and Mr. Davis, by his instructive and most entertaining conversation, rendered this a most delightful duty. He seemed to know everything. He had the unusual faculty of drawing a young man out and making him show his best side. We would sometimes stop abreast of the water battery, in front of the commanding officers' quarters, and recline on the crest of the works, where he would relate pleasant stories of the old army, ask after common friends, and often give me points in my profession which were invaluable. To show how small a matter he would notice and speak of, there were a number of trees growing along one of the fronts of the casements which bore clusters of small white berries. Mr. Davis said: "Lieutenant Tripler, I saw you riding a nice looking horse the other day, but it is out of condition. Those berries you see there are one of the best condition medicines I know of, and you can find them all over the South; remember that; it's worth knowing." On our return Dr. Cooper's servant came in with Mr. Davis's lunch. All his meals were supplied from Dr. Cooper's table, and Mrs. Cooper was a notable housewife, and the markets of Fortress Monroe were well supplied; you may be sure Mr. Davis did not suffer. The only request he ever made me during the time I was stationed there was to bring him a few apples each time I came on guard, which I did. I rather think he asked me for the sake of letting me think I was doing him a favor in return for his exceeding kindness to my grandmother when he was Secretary of War. He could make a request in such a way that you felt he had conferred a favor on you in preferring it.

C. C. Clay was confined in the rooms directly beneath Mr. Davis, but as Mrs. Clay was with him he was not guarded as Mr. Davis was. Mrs. Clay used to send sometimes a pitcher of punch to Mr. Davis. My orders not forbidding it, the pitcher was always passed in. Mr. Davis was supplied with good cigars by his friends. I know they were good, because Mr. Davis remarked that "smokers are gregarious, and I can't enjoy a cigar alone," and offered me one nearly every night, after he had assumed his night robes—he wore a red flannel nightgown, cap, and drawers. He was never annoyed, insulted, or worried during his stay. General Miles was coldly civil, and others "officially polite." I, perhaps, was more kindly disposed, but I never exceeded my instructions. I think Mr. Davis will himself give the lie to the exaggerated accounts of his sufferings. Imprisonment is not pleasant under the most favorable circumstances, and no fallen chief of a great movement could have received more considerate treatment than did Mr. Davis.

Songs Upon the Battle Field.

A BRAVE and godly captain in a Western regiment related the following as we were taking him to the hospital. He was shot through both thighs with a rifle bullet—a wound from which he could not recover. While lying on the field he suffered intense agony from thirst. He supported his head upon his hand, and the rain from heaven was falling around him. In a little while a little pool of water formed under his elbow, and he thought if he could only get to that puddle he might quench his thirst. He tried to get into a position to suck up a mouthful of muddy water, but he was unable to reach within a foot of it. Said he, "I never felt so much the loss of any earthly blessing.

"By and by night fell, and the stars shone out clear and beautiful above the dark field, and I began to think of that great God, who had given His Son to die a death of agony for me, and that He was up there—up above the scenes of suffering, and above those glorious stars; and I felt that I was going home to meet Him, and praise Him there; and I felt that I ought to praise God, even wounded, and on the battle field. I could not help singing that beautiful hymn,

> "'When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies,
> I'll bid farewell to every fear,
> And dry my weeping eyes.'

"And," said he, "there was a Christian brother in the brush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took up the strain; and beyond him another and another caught it up all over the terrible battle field of Shiloh. That night the echo was resounding, and we made the field of battle ring with hymns of praise to God!"

THE FIRST TO DIE FOR THE CONFEDERACY.

The Beardless Boy who Fell in the Battle of Big Bethel.

By S. R. WRIGHT.

THE first soldier who died while in the service of the Southern States was a tailor from Augusta, Ga., who died in April, 1861, and the first soldier killed in battle was a beardless boy not twenty years old, from North Carolina, in May, 1861. This was the first blood shed in the Southern cause. There were two 1st Georgia regiments which went to the war in April, 1861—the 1st Regulars, who were sent to Savannah, and the 1st Vols., who were ordered to Pensacola under Colonel Ramsay, from Augusta. There were two companies from Augusta, Ga., in this regiment—one of boys just from school, and one of older citizens of Augusta. In the latter company was a tailor, who in a frolic caught and put in his bosom a garter, or, as sometimes called, a thunder-and-lightning snake. There is a variety of this species of serpent—some whose bite is deadly, and others who are not at all poisonous. The soldier made a mistake, as there is but very little difference in their looks. Whilst going around with the snake in his bosom a crowd of his fellow-soldiers gathered around, and in a spirit of bravado he took it out and provoked the reptile until it bit him on the back of his hand, from which he died very soon. The snake was killed, taken to Augusta, and preserved in alcohol. Being in that city a few months afterwards I saw the reptile, which was two feet long and about the size of a child's finger. All the members of the 1st Ga. Regt. will recollect this circumstance.

The first soldier killed in battle on the Southern side was at Big Bethel Church, about fifty miles from Gut Town, Va. Benjamin Butler had landed the first Yankee troops in Virginia in May, 1861, and was met by a Virginia regiment at the church named. General

Wadsworth, of Connecticut, was in immediate command, and upon seeing the Southern troops advancing on him jumped upon a log, waved his sword over his head, and ordered his men to fire. They did so, and the North Carolina boy, who was a volunteer in the Virginia regiment, fell dead, the only one killed on our side. Immediately our men returned the fire, shooting the general from the log, and his soldiers left the field. The blood of these two men, one on each side, was the first shed in the war, except that of the men of the Massachusetts regiment who were killed by a mob in Baltimore, Md. I was with my regiment in July, 1861, and visited the cemetery in Richmond, Va., and stood over the grave, at the head of which was a board bearing this inscription (the name I have forgotten): "From North Carolina, the First Soldier Killed in the War Between the North and South." Any of the old soldiers of the 16th Ga. Regt. will recollect the circumstances of this, the first battle of the war.

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The First Confiscation Act.

THE first case under the confiscation act came up July 23, 1863. It was that of the property of Dr. Garnett, a son-in-law of Henry A. Wise.

An Officer who Meant Business.

THE first officer to resign his position in the United States army for the purpose of participating in the rebellion, was Wm. H. T. Walker, of Georgia, who subsequently became a major-general, and was killed in the battle before Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

FIRST MEDALS OF HONOR.

THE first medals of honor awarded by the War Department were given to members of the 2d, 21st, and 33d Ohio Regts.

LONGEST PONTOON BRIDGE.

THE longest pontoon bridge ever constructed in this country, was built by Co. F, 15th N. Y. Vols. It extended across the Chickahominy, and was used on the occasion of McClellan's withdrawing his troops from Harrison's Landing.

* * *

Some Gallant Deeds of Brave Men.

Instances of Heroism which the Gunner's Act at Alexandria Calls Up.

HONOR to the brave gunner on board the British man-of-war at Alexandria who picked up a shell with a burning fuse and immersed it in a bucket of water. This was a courageous act, but it was not "more gallant than anything of the sort ever before chronicled." During our own war for the Union hundreds of cases as deserving of mention occurred.

At Stone river, when Croft's brigade of Palmer's division was pursuing the routed rebels on the 2d of January, they came suddenly on a reserve battery that opened on them with surprising fury. The men were ordered to lie down, and dropped in the soft mud of a corn-field. The rebel artillerymen had the range, however, and poured shot and shell into the advance line in a way that tore some unfortunates in pieces and covered nearly every one with mud. In the midst of the terrific fusillade a shell struck between two men lying flat on the ground so near to their heads as to stun both. Dozens of men, the bravest there, closed their eyes in anticipation of the terrible scene that would follow the explosion. But one of the soldiers at whose shoulder the smoking shell had struck, digging up a handful of mud, held it aloft for a moment while he said coolly: "Ten to one, boys, she don't bust," and then with a sort of gleeful agility he brought his great wad of mud down on the shell smoking in the shallow hole, and "she didn't bust." No one thought George Hunt, of Co. C, 1st Ky. Inf., a hero for doing that, but possibly he ranked as high as the courageous gunner on the Alexandra.

Another case: When Sherman was getting ready for his move on Atlanta great quantities of ammunition were stored in the railroad sheds at Resaca. One day, in the midst of a thunder-storm that dismantled the camp, the ammunition building was struck by lightning. Hundreds of the bravest soldiers ran blindly away as they saw the boxes of shell thrown about, saw the guards drop as if shot, and saw smoke issuing from the top of the great pile of explosives. But one man, clear-eyed and cool-headed, saw that the smoke came from tow in which the shells were packed and, climbing to the top, seized the burning mass, and holding it up shouted: "All right, boys; no fireworks this time." His intrepidity and alertness saved the ammunition and possibly many lives, and his record should be kept as green as that of the gallant gunner of the Alexandra.

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GRANT'S SENTENCE UPON LIEUTENANT WICKFIELD.

The Only Joke Ever Known to have been Perpetrated by the Distinguished Author.

WHEN Grant was a brigadier in southwest Missouri, he commanded an expedition against Jeff. Thompson, in northern Arkansas. His command had marched for two days through a country almost barren of subsistence, and as officers, unlike the men in the ranks, generally depended on the country for their supplies, there were many empty stomachs among them. Lieutenant Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment, commanded the advance guard. About noon on the third day he arrived at a neat farm house at which he judged something fit to eat might be had. Grant's fame had already gone out in that country, and our lieutenant thought to better his chances by passing himself and companions as the general and his staff. Assuming an austere demeanor, he announced himself as Brigadier-General Grant, and ordered dinner to be served. The awe-struck inmates obeyed, and presently the adventurers had set before them the best the house afforded. Everything was devoured, and payment having been declined, Wickfield and his men rode on. Towards night Grant, in a famished condition, alighted at the same house and modestly inquired if he could have a meal cooked.

"No," said a female in a shrill voice, "General Grant and his staff have just been here and eaten everything in the house except one pumpkin pie."

"Humph," murmured Grant. "What is your name?"

"Selvidge," replied the woman.

When the camping ground had been selected that evening, and the men were busy preparing their bivouac, suddenly the order rang through all the camp, "Fall in!"

Instantly all were under arms and in rank, breathlessly awaiting an attack from the enemy, which was supposed to be the occasion of the sudden call to arms. Instead of this the adjutant of each regiment stepped to the front and read the following order, which is believed to be the only joke ever perpetrated by its distinguished author.

Headquarters, Army in the Field,
Special Order, No. ——.

Lieutenant Wickfield, of the ——— Indiana cavalry, having this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton, Pocahontas, Black River, and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, he is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred men and eat that pie also.

U. S. Grant,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Grant's orders were law, and there was nothing to do but for the lieutenant to obey, which he did literally amid the cheers of his escort.

PARLIAMENT INVESTIGATION.

THE first motion made in Parliament for an investigation into the legality of the sailing of the Alabama, Florida, and other privateers, was made by Mr. J. Shaw Lefevre, member of Reading, son of the late speaker.

A LOYAL CAVALRY OFFICER.

COLONEL B. T. DAVIS, 8th N. Y. Cavalry, killed at Beverly Ford in June, 1863, was a Mississippian, and is said to have been the only cavalry officer of Southern birth in the Union army.

The Gun-Shy Warrior.

MAJOR MULDOON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE GUN-SHY SOLDIER IN BATTLE.

It Isn't Sweet to Die for One's Country.—The Gun-Shy Man's Epitaph.

By MAJ. H. A. MULDOON.

SO much has been written concerning battlefield courage that the heavy artillery approaches the subject with much trepidation.

Beyond all question, if we had to rely solely on the book and newspaper accounts of field fighting we should be forced very close to the conclusion that all soldiers are heroes and that a man's nature radically changes as soon as he puts on a uniform and takes up a musket.

Certainly man is pugnacious by nature, and most men are courageous.

But war—especially the kind of war they got up down South—is not the normal condition of the average citizen, and we rather force conclusions when we assume that the cordwainer, the pickle-peddler, the lawyer, and the layman will stay at the front on his courage, with no other restraining influence.

Indeed, the popular notion as to the amount and kind of courage the soldier displays on the battle field is not altogether correct. This will seem enough if you will but recall that one knows very little about war until one has been shot at by many.

Sitting by a comfortable fire in a room with no draft, with your slippers on, with your consoling pipe and such other luxuries as your purse and tastes may command (I bar none), it is not difficult to enthuse into a heap of patriotism over battles as they are recorded in the books.

Just, my bird-shooting reader, as there are in these United States upwards of two millions of voters who can kill ninety-eight out of a hundred ruffled grouse on the wing—with their lips.

The writer hereof well remembers when a boy to have read a sort of half-romantic account of Napoleon's campaigns, which so filled him with martial enthusiasm that he slept only to dream of the clashing of steel, which don't clash, the rattling of drums, which don't rattle, and the braying of trumpets, which don't bray, on the battle field.

So doth the swift-winged grouse frequently—more frequently than otherwise—hie him to his native lair even after the blue smoke from the breech-loader hath skyward curled.

Ah! how easily, when the regiment is marching through your streets to the front, in the midst of the music of bands, the waving of flags, the cheers of men and the smiles of women—yes, she smiled and smiled, Heaven bless her! though her heart was breaking and the tears would come—how easily, I say, your kindly-disposed newspaper reporter sends the newly-made warrior right up to the cannon's mouth—in printers' ink!

Peradventure, my friend, peradventure. 'Tis a long, long toddle up to an able-bodied cannon's mouth.

And, for a cold solidly frozen fact, there is nothing in life so well calculated to remind one of home, and of all the charms and endearments of the domestic circle, as a minie bullet playfully skipping about one's ear or a ten-pound shell disporting gayly just over one's head.

Years ago some one wrote, and to make it as unintelligible as possible to the average taxpayer, they usually print it in Latin:—

"'Tis sweet to die for one's country."

The writer hereof, in this contribution to his country's warlike literature, begs leave to differ with the cheerful idiot who originated that assertion.

It is not sweet to do any such thing.

Of course the writer has not died for his country to any great extent, so that he speaks not from actual experience.

Yet he has seen several others die for their country and they seemed not to like it a bit, and he insists that, while that sentiment may look well on gravestones and monuments, the idea embodied in it is not one the average patriot absolutely hankers to put into practice.

Appreciative reader, discipline keeps one class of men in a fight; the other class comprises all those who stay there and take their chances of getting shot because it is easier to do that than to go to the rear and meet the charge of cowardice.

'Tis a sad comment on our race, yet such is the heart-rending fact, that there are men whom neither discipline, nor love of country, nor sneers, nor taunts, nor anything else, excepting a rope, will keep in a fight. So do we see, now and then, a setter dog, the well marked descendant of a long line of aristocratic dogs accustomed to the gun, that is, gun shy.

There was a gun-shy man in the heavy artillery.

He joined that patriotic body just before the last Wilderness fighting, which, I shall willingly admit, was not especially adapted to give him a cheerful insight into the business.

The very first shell that plowed its rough furrow through our ranks after he put on the blue took him to the rear like a sky-rocket.

He had no particular business at the rear.

He said afterwards that in going to the rear he was only actuated by a desire to ascertain just how far a shell would trespass on a man's land when it got its back up.

Let it be recorded right here that he was an intelligent, sensible, and educated citizen, but he was gun shy.

However, he hung round the outskirts of the artillery until we reached Cool Arbor—a spot, of all the spots that were ever known, the most outrageously misnamed.

The writer hereof makes that assertion from well-grounded and deep-seated convictions.

Twice during those bickerings it was his fortune to spend a few days at that celebrated Southern summer resort.

It may have been cool there in the winter, years ago, in the glacial period; it may have been cool there in the summer, but in that summer time when he was there, it was not cool.

No! It was hot.

It was very hot—red hot. And there was no arbor, no shade of any kind.

The gun-shy man, with sagacity that was in some respects commendable, but not precisely practicable to all of us, at once dug a hole in the soft and attractive earth. Deep down in the very bottom of that hole the gun-shy man established himself.

It was not a pleasant position.

It gave him the cramp in the legs, and led his associates to liken him to a woodchuck.

But what cared he for jibes or sneers?

Lay not the flattering unction to your soul that there can be a hole too deep for a Southern shell to penetrate or a tree too high for a Southern bullet to climb.

Such was the experience of the gun-shy man.

For it came about after a few days of rather unpleasant but unremitting interchange of lead and iron, the people on the other side mounted their artillery so that they shot their Confederate valentines into the air and kindly allowed them to drop into our very midst, in half circles of the most beautiful but heart-rending proportions. This was too much for the gun-shy man.

One morning when they took him his hardtack and coffee he had no use for them. Partly from exposure, but mostly from fright, he had crossed the dark river.

True, he counted not much for a soldier living, but dead, he was entitled at least to a small portion of the broad mantle of charity that belongs to humanity.

They made him a rude coffin from ammunition boxes.

In the expressive vernacular of those heartless times they planted him in the hole he had dug with his own hands. Then they sought from their commander a suitable inscription for his headboard.

Thinking that it might gratify the relatives of the gun-shy man to hear that we had paid some little respect to his memory, the commander of the heavy artillery suggested for an inscription:—

On fame's eternal camping ground
  Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards with solemn round
  The bivouac of the dead.

The suggestion was favorably received and the inscription duly inscribed on the headboard.

But during the first night after the burial some patriot, who evidently regarded the subject from his own standpoint, added the word "beat" after the word "dead" in the last line.

So that the inscription, as finally amended, while it may have been strictly in accordance with the truth, was not exactly such as we had intended.

SOLDIER * LIFE.

SOME OF ITS SCENES AS DEPICTED BY A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH AND THE BATTLE, BY A MAN WHO HAS SEEN HARD SERVICE IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

CARLTON McCARTHY,

Private 2d Company of Richmond Howitzers, Author of "Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Va., '61-5.

ORDERS to move! Where? when? what for?—are the eager questions of the men as they begin their preparations to march. Generally, nobody can answer, and the journey is commenced in utter ignorance of where it is to end. But shrewd guesses are made and scraps of information will be picked up on the way. The main thought must be to "get ready to move." The orderly sergeant is shouting "Fall in!" and there is no time to lose. The probability is that, before you get your blanket rolled up, find your frying-pan, haversack, axe, etc., and "fall in," the roll-call will be over, and some "extra duty" provided. No wonder there is bustle in the camp. Rapid decisions are to be made between the various conveniences which have accumulated, for some must be left. One fellow picks up the skillet, holds it awhile, mentally determining how much it weighs, and what will be the weight of it after carrying it five miles, and reluctantly, with a half ashamed, sly look, drops it and takes his place in the ranks. Another, having added to his store of blankets too freely, now has to decide which of the two or three he will leave. The old water bucket looks large and heavy, but one stout-hearted, strong-armed man has taken it affectionately to his care. This is the time to say farewell to the bread tray; farewell to the little piles of clean straw laid between two logs, where it was so easy to sleep; farewell to those piles of wood, cut with so much labor; farewell to the girls in the neighborhood; farewell to the spring; farewell to "our tree" and "our fire"; good-by to the fellows who are not going, and a general good-by to the very hills and valleys. Soldiers commonly threw away the most valuable article they possessed. Blankets, overcoats, shoes, bread and meat—all gave way to the necessities of the march; and what one man threw away would frequently be the very article that another wanted, and would immediately pick up; so there was not much lost after all. The first hour or so of the march was generally quite orderly, the men preserving their places in the ranks and marching in solid column; but soon some lively fellow whistles an air, somebody else starts a song, the whole column breaks out with roars of laughter; "route step" takes the place of order, and the jolly singing, laughing, talking, and joking that follow, no one could describe. Now, let any young officer who sports a new hat, coat, saddle, or anything odd or fine, dare to pass along, and how nicely he is attended to. The expressions of good natured fun, or contempt, which one regiment of infantry was capable of uttering in a day for the benefit of such passers-by, would fill a volume. As one thing or another in the dress of the "subject" of their remarks attracted attention, they would shout: "Come out of that hat!—can't hide in thar!" "Come out of that coat, come out—there's a man in it!" "Come out of them boots!" The infantry seemed to know exactly what to say to torment cavalry and artillery, and generally said it. If any one on the roadside was simple enough to recognize and address by name a man in the ranks, the whole column would kindly respond, and add all sorts of pleasant remarks, such as: "Hello, John, here's your brother!" "Bill! oh, Bill! here's your ma!" "Glad to see you!" "How's your grandma?" "How d'ye do!" "Come out of that biled shirt!" Troops on the march were generally so cheerful and gay that an outsider, looking on them as they marched, would hardly imagine how they suffered. In summer time, the dust, combined with the heat, caused great suffering. The nostrils of the men, filled with dust, became dry and feverish, and even the throat did not escape. The "grit" was felt between the teeth, and the eyes were rendered almost useless. There was dust in eyes, mouth, ears and hair. The shoes were full of sand, and the dust, penetrating the clothes, and getting in at the neck, wrists, and ankles, mixed with perspiration, produced an irritant almost as active as cantharides. The heat was at times terrific, but the men became greatly accustomed to it, and endured it with wonderful ease. If the dust and the heat were not on hand, their very able substitutes were: mud, cold, rain, snow, hail, and wind took their places. Rain was the greatest discomfort a soldier could have; it was more uncomfortable than the severest cold with clear weather. Wet clothes, shoes and blankets; wet meat and bread; wet feet and wet ground; wet wood to burn, or rather not to burn; wet arms and ammunition; wet ground to sleep on, and mud to wade through, swollen creeks to ford, muddy springs and a thousand other discomforts attended the rain. There was no comfort on a rainy day or night, except in "bed," that is, under your blanket and oil cloth. Cold winds, blowing the rain in the faces of the men, increased the discomfort. Mud was often so deep as to submerge the horses and mules, and, at times, it was necessary for one man or more to extricate another from the mud holes in the road.

Night marching was attended with additional discomforts and dangers, such as falling off bridges, stumbling into ditches, tearing the face and injuring the eyes against the bushes and projecting limbs of trees, and getting separated from your own company and hopelessly lost in the multitude. Of course, a man lost had no sympathy. If he dared to ask a question, every man in hearing would answer, each differently, and then the whole multitude would roar with laughter at the lost man, and ask him if his mother knew he was out? Very few men, the writer tells us, had comfortable or fitting shoes, and fewer had socks, and, as a consequence, the suffering from bruised and inflamed feet was terrible. It was a common practice, on long marches, for the men to take off their shoes and carry them in their hands or swung over their shoulder. Bloody footprints in the snow were not unknown to the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia! When large bodies of troops were moving on the same road, the alternate "halt" and "forward" were very harassing. Every obstacle produced a halt, and caused the men at once to sit and lie down on the roadside where shade or grass tempted them; about the time they got fixed they would hear the word "forward," and then have to move at increased speed to close up the gap in the column. About noon, on a hot day, some fellow with the water instinct would determine in his own mind that a well was not far ahead, and start off on a trot to reach it before the column. Of course, another and another followed, till a stream of men were hurrying to the well, which was soon completely surrounded by a thirsty mob, yelling and pushing and pulling to get to the bucket as the windlass brought it again and again to the surface. It was in vain that the officers tried to stop the stream of men making for the water, and equally vain to attempt to move the crowd while a drop remained accessible. As the men tired, there was less and less talking, until the whole mass became quiet and serious. Each man was occupied with his own thoughts. For miles nothing could be heard but the steady tramp of the men, the rattling and jingling of canteens and accoutrements, and the occasional "Close up, men,—close up!" of the officers. The most refreshing incidents of the march occurred when the column entered some clean, cosy village, where the people loved the troops. Matron and maid vied with each other, in their efforts to express their devotion to the defenders of their cause. Remembering with tearful eyes the absent soldier, brother, or husband, they yet smiled through their tears, and with hearts and voices welcomed the coming of the road-stained troops. Their scanty larders poured out the last morsel, and their bravest words were spoken as the column moved by. As evening came on, questioning of the officers was in order. After all, the march had more pleasure than pain. Chosen friends walked and talked and smoked together; the hills and valleys made themselves a panorama for the feasting of the soldiers' eyes; a turnip patch here, and an onion patch there, invited him to occasional refreshment, and it was sweet to think that "camp" was near at hand and rest, and the journey almost ended.

FUN AND FURY ON THE FIELD.

A battle field, when only a few thousand of men are engaged, is a more extensive area than most persons would suppose. When large bodies of men—20,000 to 50,000 on each side—are engaged, a mounted man, at liberty to gallop from place to place, could scarcely travel the field over during the continuance of the battle, and a private soldier, in the smallest affair, sees very little indeed of the field. What occurs in his own regiment, or probably in his own company, is about all, and is sometimes more than he actually sees or knows. Thus it is that, while the field is extensive, it is to each individual limited to the narrow space of which he is cognizant. The column, hitherto moving forward with the steadiness of a mighty river, hesitates, halts, steps back, then forward, hesitates again, halts. The colonels talk to the brigadiers, the brigadiers talk to the major-general, some officers hurry forward and others hurry to the rear. Infantry stands to one side of the road while cavalry trots to the front. Now, some old wagons marked "Ord. Dept." go creaking and rumbling by. One or two light ambulances, with a gay and careless air, seem to trip along with the ease of a dancing girl. They and the surgeons seem cheerful. Some, not many, ask: "What is the matter?" Most of the men there know exactly; they are on the edge of a battle. Presently a very quiet, almost sleepy looking man on horseback says, "Forward, 19th!" and away goes the leading regiment. A little way ahead, the regiment jumps a fence, and—pop! bang! whiz! thud! is all that can be heard, until the rebel yell reverberates through the woods. Battle? No! Skirmishers advancing. Step into the woods now and watch these skirmishers. See how cheerfully they go in. How rapidly they load, fire, and reload. They stand six and twelve feet apart, calling to each other, laughing, shouting, and cheering, but advancing. There, one fellow has dropped his musket like something red hot. His finger is shot away. His friends congratulate him, and he walks sadly away to the rear. Another staggers and falls with a ball through his neck, mortally wounded. Two comrades raise him to his feet and try to lead him away, but one of them receives a ball in his thigh which crushes the bone, and he falls groaning to the ground.

The other advises his poor, dying friend to lie down, helps him to do so and runs to join his advancing comrades. When he overtakes them he finds every man securely posted behind a tree, loading, firing, and conducting himself generally with great deliberation and prudence. They have at last driven the enemy's skirmishers in upon the line of battle, and are waiting. A score of men have fallen here, some killed outright; some slightly, some sorely, and some mortally wounded. The elements now add to the horrors of the hour. Dense clouds, hovering near the tree tops, add deeper shadows to the woods.

Thunder, deep and ominous, rolls in prolonged peals across the sky, and lurid lightning darts among the trees and glistens on the gun barrels. But still they stand. Now, a battery has been hurried into position, the heavy trails have fallen to the ground, and, at the command, "Commence firing!" the cannoneers have stepped in briskly and loaded. The first gun blazes at the muzzle, and away goes a shell. The poor fellows in the woods rejoice as it crashes through the trees over their heads, and cheer when it explodes over the enemy's line. Now, what a chorus! Thunder, gun after gun, shell after shell, musketry, pelting rain, shouts, groans, cheers, and commands! But help is coming. At the edge of the wood, where the skirmishers entered, the brigade is in line. Somebody has ordered, "Load!" The ramrods glisten and rattle down the barrels of 1000 muskets. "F-o-o-o-o-r-r-r-r-w-a-a-a-r-r-d!" is the next command, and the brigade disappears in the woods, the canteens rattling, the bushes crackling, and the officers never ceasing to say: "Close up, men; close up! Guide c-e-n-t-r-r-r-r-e!" The men on that skirmish line have at last found it advisable to lie down at full length on the ground, though it is so wet, and place their heads against the trees in front. They cannot advance and they cannot retire without, in either case, exposing themselves to almost certain death. They are waiting for the line of battle to come to their relief. At last, before they see, they hear the line advancing through the pines. The snapping of the twigs, the neighing of horses, and hoarse commands, inspire a husky cheer, and when the line of the old brigade breaks through the trees in full view, they fairly yell! Every man jumps to his feet, the brigade presses firmly forward, and soon the roll of musketry tells all who are waiting to hear that serious work is progressing down in the woods. All honor to the devoted infantry. The hour of glory has arrived for couriers, aides-de-camp, and staff officers generally. They dash about from place to place like spirits of unrest. Brigade after brigade, and division after division is hurried into line, and pressed forward into action. Battalions of artillery open fire from the crests of many hills, and the battle has begun. Ammunition trains climb impassable places, cross ditches without bridges, and manage somehow to place themselves in reach of the troops. Ambulances, which only an hour ago went gayly forward, now slowly and solemnly return loaded. Shells and musket balls, which must have lost their way, go flitting about here and there, wounding and killing men who deem themselves far away from danger. Among the anecdotes told is one which occurred at the battle of the Wilderness, in May, 1864, when a North Carolinian precipitated a severe fight by asking a very simple and reasonable question. The line of battle had been pressed forward and was in close proximity to the enemy. Everything was hushed and still. No one dared to speak above a whisper. It was evening and growing dark. As the men lay on the ground, keenly sensible to every sound and anxiously waiting, they heard the firm tread of a man walking along the line. As he walked they heard also the jingle-jangle of a pile of canteens around his neck. He advanced with deliberation to within a few yards of the line, and opened a terrific fight by quietly saying: "Can any one of you fellows tell a man whar he can get some water?" Instantly the thicket was illuminated by a flash of a thousand muskets, the men leaped to their feet, the officers shouted, and the battle was begun. Neither side would yield, and there they fought till many died.

General Sumner and His Son at Antietam.

An incident is related by a veteran, of General Sumner, at Antietam. His son, young Captain Sumner, a youth of twenty-one, was on his staff. The old man calmly stood amidst a storm of shot and shells, and turned to send him through a doubly raging fire upon a mission of duty. He might never see his boy again, but his country claimed his life, and as he looked upon his young brow he grasped his hand, encircled him with his arms and fondly kissed him. "Good-by, Sammy." "Good-by, father," and the youth, mounting his horse, rode gayly on his message. He returned unharmed, and again his hand was grasped with a cordial "How d'ye do, Sammy?" answered by a grasp of equal affection.

The scene was touching to those around.

HOW Rivers are Bridged for Retreating Armies.

WINTER QUARTERS AND THEIR DANGERS.

HOW GREAT ARMIES ARE GUARDED IN CANTONMENTS.

"VETERAN."

EXCITEMENT, demoralization, and utter rout have frequently attended the arrival of an army on a river's bank. Most of the great catastrophes to either side in the war of the rebellion were strategically or tactically identified with rivers which are now gradually or mournfully historic. Ball's Bluff and the Potomac are inseparably joined, so are Fredericksburg and the Rappahannock, Vicksburg and the Mississippi, the seven days' battles and the Chickahominy, the Wilderness and the Rapidan. The dreadful strain, the wonderful romance, and the practical pivots of the great war were experienced and found on these and other streams of the Sunny South. Brilliant maneuver and desperate struggle, developed by one or both armies, from month to month and through the years of contest, marked the progress of the American citizen in the art of war. Rivers were the great obstacle teachers at whose feet the greatest names in the country were obliged to prostrate themselves in a humiliation of tutelage, from which some of them never arose to renown or even to a command. One Red River campaign is enough for any man. The passage of a river in retreat is an operation of the greatest interest. If the stream is narrow, and there are permanent bridges over it, the operation is nothing more than the passage of a defile, but when the river is wide, and is to be crossed on a temporary military bridge, it is a maneuver of extreme delicacy. Among the precautions to be taken, a very important one is to get the parks, the wagons, and the reserve artillery well advanced, so that they may be well out of the way of the army. For this purpose it is well for the army to halt a half-day's march from the river. This excellent rule of war would hardly have availed Jubal Early in his ruinous flight, when attempting to cross Cedar creek with Sheridan at his heels, an instance where the pursuer was at the crossing about as soon as the pursued army, or rather mob, for all organization was destroyed. But in spite of Early the rule holds good. The rear guard should also keep at more than the usual distance from the main army—as far, in fact, as the conditions will allow. If these precautions are secured, the army may file across the bridge without being too much worried. The march of the rear guard should be so arranged that it will reach a position in front of the bridge just as the last of the main body passes. This will be a suitable moment for relieving the rear guard with fresh troops strongly posted, the rear guard passing through the intervals of the fresh troops and crossing the bridge. The enemy coming up and being confronted by fresh troops, strongly posted, ready to give battle, will not attempt to press them too closely. The new rear guard will hold its position until night, and will then cross the river, destroying the bridges after it. It is, of course, understood that, as fast as the troops cross, they will form on the opposite bank, plant batteries, etc., if the enemy is demonstrative, so as to protect the corps left to hold the enemy in check. The dangers of such a passage in retreat, and the nature of the precautions which facilitate it, indicate that measures should always be taken to throw up intrenchments at the point where the bridge is to be constructed and the passage made. When time is not allowed for the construction of a regular *tête de pont*, a few well armed redoubts, or the rudest sort of breastworks, will be found of great value in covering the retreat of the last troops. If the passage of a large river is so difficult when the enemy is pressing only on the rear of the column, it is far more so when the army is threatened both in the front and rear, and the river is guarded by the enemy in force. The celebrated passage of the Beresina by the French is one of the most remarkable examples of such an operation. Never was an army in a more desperate condition, and never was one extricated more gloriously and skillfully. Pressed by famine, benumbed with cold, distant 1,200 miles from its base of operations, assailed by the enemy in front and in rear, having a river with marshy banks in front, surrounded by vast forests, how could it hope to escape? It paid dearly for the honor it gained. The mistake of Admiral Tschitchagoff doubtless helped its escape, but the army performed heroic deeds, for which due praise should be given. "It is difficult to tell which to admire most," says Baron Jomini, "the plan of operations which brought up the Russian armies from Moldavia, Moscow, and from Polotzk to the Beresina as to a rendezvous arranged in a time of peace—a plan which came near to effecting the capture of their formidable adversary—or the wonderful firmness of the lion thus pursued, who succeeded in opening a way through his enemies."

The only rules to be laid down are not to permit your army to be closely pressed upon, to deceive the enemy as to the point of passage, and to fall headlong upon the corps which bars the way before the one which is following the rear of your columns can come up. Never place yourself in a position to be exposed to such danger, for escape is rare in such a case. If a retreating army should try to protect its bridges by redoubts or otherwise, it is natural, also, that the pursuing enemy should use every effort to destroy the bridges. When the retreat is made down the bank of a river, wooden houses may be thrown into the stream, also fireships, etc. In 1796 the Austrians used mills, sending them down stream upon Jourdan's army on the Rhine. The Archduke Charles did the same thing at Essling in 1809, where he broke the bridge over the Danube and brought Napoleon to the brink of ruin. It is difficult to secure a bridge against attacks of this character unless there is time to place a stockade above it. Boats may be anchored, provided with ropes and grappling hooks and with means for extinguishing fireboats.

It is to be observed that the pontoon system as employed by the armies of the war of the rebellion, obviates largely the difficulties here referred to. A pontoon bridge is so flexible a contrivance that an opening may easily and quickly be made to allow destructive floats to pass harmless by. This would be so obvious to an enemy that he would scarcely waste his time, except where exceptional conditions favored such an enterprise, in making the attempt. Certainly at Fredericksburg the rebel army under the admirable cover of the buildings on the banks of the Rappahannock, enjoyed peculiar facilities for opposing the laying of a bridge. It was laid, however, by the Union engineers, in the very teeth of an alert foe and a crossing effected. That branch of the art of war which pertains to bridge building has advanced rapidly within fifty years. This is especially true of railroad bridges, which were, of course, entirely unknown half a century ago.

WINTER QUARTERS.

Formerly, in European countries, it was usual for each party to go into winter quarters at the end of October, and all the fighting after that was of a partisan character, carried on by the advanced troops at the outposts. This habit was violently broken in upon by Frederick and Napoleon, and all Europe was surprised at this innovation. Attacks from outpost forces were previously often severe and sometimes disastrous. The surprise of the Austrian winter quarters in upper Alsace in 1674, by Turenne, is a good example from which may be learned the best method of conducting such an enterprise, and the precautions to be taken by the other side to prevent its success. The question of cantonments or winter quarters is a difficult one with a war carried on actively, however connected the arrangements may be, and there is almost always some point exposed to the enemy's attack. Formerly, a country where large towns abounded presented more facilities for the establishment of winter quarters than any other, but the building of military railroads and the use of steam transports on sea and river, have completely revolutionized this branch of the service, so that if wood is plentiful and a base not too distant, a big army may encamp for the winter in a wilderness. Old methods of sustaining an army in winter have been largely superseded by the appliances and expedients which steam has made practicable. The railroads and streams of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee pre-eminently exemplify modern methods. In the war of the rebellion, strategic points and communications decided positions for winter quarters in most cases, while, in the first three winters in the East, the Southern commander dictated the cantonments of the Northern armies to a great extent. In Tennessee it was the reverse. Most of the rivers above named became famous as the scenes of great improvised cities, populous and full of life and encampment animation, only to be utterly and forever deserted in an hour when the next campaign burst upon the theater of war. Manassas, Centreville, the Rappahannock, the Rapidan, and about Petersburg were winter homes for the vast hosts of Northern and Southern soldiers through several eventful winters, while through Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, and North Carolina, great armies found briefer or longer cantonments. Some of the Union generals tried to avoid the long inaction of a whole winter in strict winter quarters, notably Burnside, but his campaign in the mud was neither forgotten nor repeated, although some brilliant cavalry raids were made while the great bulk of the army was in stockades, made more comfortable than those at home could believe. Through the northern belt of the great conflict, the troops were obliged to protect themselves from severe cold, and the writer well remembers the intense suffering experienced by forces in northern Virginia repelling rebel raids, with only the protection at night of shelter tents. But throughout the greater portion of the theater of war, the inaction of the winter was more occasioned by rain and mud than by any conditions of temperature, while in the far South there was no such thing as sending an army into winter quarters. There were periods of inaction, however, which might well correspond to winter torpor. Without especial reference to any particular war or latitude, the best general rules seem to be the following: Establish the cantonments very compactly and connectedly, occupying a space as broad as long, in order to avoid having a too extended line of troops, which is always easily broken through and cannot be concentrated in time. Cover them by a river or by an outer line of troops in huts, and with their position strengthened by field works. Fix upon points of assembly, which all the troops can reach before the enemy can penetrate so far. Keep all the avenues by which an enemy may approach constantly patrolled by bodies of cavalry. Finally, establish signals to give warning of any attack. This last rule was fully in force before the use of the electric telegraph, and was to a considerable extent essential during the rebellion.

In the year 1807 Napoleon established his army in cantonments behind the Passarge, in face of the enemy, the advance guard alone being hutted near the cities of Gulstadt, Osterode, etc. The army numbered more than 120,000 men, and much skill was requisite in feeding it and keeping it otherwise comfortable in this position until June. The country was of a favorable character, but such is not always the case.

The difficulty increases with the size of the army. It must be observed, however, that if the extent of the country occupied increases in proportion to the numbers of the army, the means of opposing an irruption of the enemy increases in the same proportion. The important point is to be able to assemble a large force in twenty-four hours. With such an army in hand, and with the certainty of having it rapidly increased, the enemy may be held in check, no matter how strong he may be, until the whole army is assembled. It must be admitted, however, that there will always be a risk in going into winter quarters if the enemy keeps his army in a body and seems inclined to make offensive movements, and the conclusion to be drawn from this fact is that the only method of giving secure repose to an army in winter or in the midst of a campaign is to establish it in quarters protected by a river, or else to secure an armistice. During the first winter of the rebellion the rebel armies were quite secure in their repose, especially in Virginia, by the fear they engendered in the minds of the commanders of the Union forces. In Kentucky and Tennessee, at the same time, Grant was not in winter quarters at all, but was pushing things wonderfully, and laid siege to and captured Donelson in the midst of snow-storms and freezing cold. In the strategic positions taken up by an army in the course of a campaign, whether marching or acting as an army of observation, or waiting for a favorable opportunity for taking the offensive, it will probably occupy quite compact cantonments. The selection of such positions requires great experience upon the part of a general, in order that he may form correct conclusions as to what he may expect the enemy to do. An army should occupy space enough to enable it to subsist readily, and it should also keep as much concentrated as possible, to be ready for the enemy should he show himself, and these two conditions are by no means easily reconciled. On the continent the rule is that there is no better arrangement than to place the divisions of an army in a space nearly a square, so that, in case of need, the whole army may be assembled at any point where the enemy may present himself. Nine divisions placed in this way, half a day's march from each other, may in twelve hours assemble on the center. The same rules are to be observed in these cases as were laid down for winter quarters. In the late war in this country, more reliance was placed on ample breastworks than in a concentrated line, so that, whether in winter quarters or during temporary reposes in the midst of a campaign, some of the most elaborate operations at times consisted in the throwing up of strong earthworks. The Army of the Potomac doubtless retains a vivid recollection of "Quaker guns."

MY FATHER'S UNKNOWN GRAVE.

W. E. P.

THE teardrops trickle down my cheeks
As I sit thinking of the brave;
Ah me! I shudder now to think
Of my father's unknown grave.

He left his wife and children three,
Whilst he his country went to save.
How little did he think that he
Would fill a soldier's unknown grave.

I weep, but I am not alone,
For thousands of the good and brave
Are sleeping in some Southern clime,
Where rise of earth scarce marks their grave.

All these had friends who loved them well,
And they in turn did their friends crave;
But where are they, these noble men?
They died, and fill an unknown grave.

Shall we not love these noble men,
Shall we not call them honored dead?
What if their graves *are* all unknown,
Can less be of their honor said?

Remember, we will soon be gone,
To live always we would not crave;
How many years shall pass away,
Till ours shall be an unknown grave?

But if in church-yard he did lay,
Where I his bed with flowers could pave,
I there would in my grief resort,
And deck my father's lonely grave.

May heaven smile on these soldiers dear,
And for them all choice blessings save;
For He above doth know the spot
Where rests my sire in unknown grave.

An English Steamer Captured.

SHE HAD RUN THE BLOCKADE AT CHARLESTON THREE TIMES.

On Her Fourth Voyage to Help the Confederacy.

A WELL-LAID PLAN THAT DIDN'T WORK.

(BY THE SECOND MATE.)

IN the spring of 1863, just after my return from a voyage to China and back in a British bark, I was loafing around Liverpool to wait for a berth, when one William Savage, an old sailor mate of mine, ran across me one evening and offered to ship me in a steamer which had run the blockade into Charleston three times, and was about to attempt a fourth trip. She was a fair sized side wheeler, called the Isle of Wight, and had nearly finished her loading. She carried a crew of about twenty men, and Savage was kind enough to say that I should be second mate, and that the pay would be the highest I ever received.

In a day or two I found that the steamer was loading with two or three field batteries, two large guns for cruisers, and an immense amount of other war material. When everything was aboard I heard it said that steamer and cargo were worth a full million dollars, and we were to touch at Nassau and take on three thousand muskets, a lot of hospital stores, and some odds and ends badly wanted by the Confederacy. Our crew were a riff-raff set, with nothing of the sailor about them, while the captain was a typical John Bull, named Graham.

I heard it said that our venture was known to the American Minister, and that he promptly notified his Government, but no cruiser would have any business with us until we left Nassau. We made that port in due season, everything working smoothly, and although we took in our additional cargo inside of twenty-four hours, the steamer delayed her sailing to the fifth day, on account of a Yankee man-of-war hovering on the coast in hopes to nab us. Meanwhile the crew had a jolly time among the taverns, and Savage and myself bore our full part. It was one evening when we were both the worse for liquor that he took me aside and began:—

"William, I believe you to be a reliable man. You are poor, and I can put you in the way of handling a snug $25,000."

His language sobered me up and astonished me. He beat around the bush for awhile and then came to the point, which he stated as follows:—

"Here's a steamer and cargo worth at least $120,000. What's to prevent us from seizing her, making a Yankee port, and coming in for the prize money?"

"Why, the captain and crew will prevent," I replied.

"The captain may try to, but the crew are all right. I've sounded 'em to a man, and they'll stick by me."

"Wouldn't it be mutiny and piracy?"

"Exactly. If any of us are fools enough to return to England we must stand our chances. The Yankees will be only too glad to welcome us."

To my discredit, perhaps, I needed but little urging to join the conspiracy, and when we finally put to sea, everything was ripe for the seizure. The pilot, who was a Southerner, was the only man besides the captain not in the plot. Savage had sounded him a bit, but found him loyal to the core, and gave him up. It was arranged that the seizure should take place at midnight. At that hour the pilot was asleep in his berth, the captain dozing with his clothes on, and the steamer was running through a calm sea, with the stars shining overhead. As the moment arrived Savage and I went down to secure the captain while two others went to take care of the pilot. The latter was the one who got the start of us. The men went down to find him just turning out, and though they threw themselves upon him he knocked them right and left and got up stairs to the pilot-house. There he was attacked by the two men at the wheel, but the row ended in his shooting one stone dead and bouncing the other out with a broken head. The racket raised by the pilot when first assaulted alarmed the captain, and he greeted us with a shower of bullets and forced us out of the cabin, Savage being shot in both the arm and leg.

Then began a high old time. Every man of us had a revolver and we divided off so as to keep the captain below and the pilot in his house. The engineers and firemen quit their posts to take a hand, and in about an hour the steamer lay idle on the sea, having no longer any steam. We were now in for it and bound to have the craft. We could keep the captain below, but we must down the pilot. I should say that one hundred bullets were fired into the pilot house between midnight and daylight, but none of them wounded him. In return he killed one man and wounded two. When daylight came we were scattered about wherever we could find cover, and we opened on him again. It became evident, however, after we had wasted a good deal of lead that the only way to get him out was to make a rush. Nobody wanted to head one, as two or three men were certain to be killed. We had him penned up, but he had us rolling on the sea as helpless as a log.

It was about nine o'clock, and we had gone aft one by one for a bite to eat, when a Yankee blockader hove in sight. Indeed, when we first saw her she was only ten miles off. Less than an hour later she was alongside and we were all prisoners. We told our story, claiming, I believe, to have been incited to capture the craft by patriótic motives, but all the prize money which we got out of it was three months in jail apiece. Either the story didn't wash or the Yankee commander didn't want to whack up on his rich haul.

* * *

HISTORIC MASONIC JEWELS,

TAKEN FROM FREDERICKSBURG LODGE, 1862.

THE lodge of Masons in which George Washington was "initiated, passed and raised," Fredericksburg, No. 4, was pillaged in 1862, when that town was attacked by hostile soldiery, the lodge safe blown open and the records, regalia, jewels, etc., carried off. Among the articles taken, was an old jewel of solid silver in the form of a "level," highly prized by the lodge for its antiquity. The old relic was recently discovered by the secretary of Integrity Lodge, No. 158, A. F. and A. M., of Philadelphia, in the safe of that lodge, where it had been deposited for safe keeping during the war by a former member of Integrity Lodge, who had recovered it from a soldier, who acknowledged having taken it from the lodge room of No. 4. A note tacked to the jewel required its delivery to No. 4, "when the state of Virginia should cease to be in open rebellion against the authority of the government of the United States." The jewel has been returned to the lodge.

Three Against Three Hundred.

A THRILLING WAR STORY OF DEFEAT TURNED INTO VICTORY.

I REMEMBER an instance, says a writer in the *State*, where men showed cowardice and bravery almost at the same time, so quickly was the change made, showing that neither valor nor fear is a fixed quality, but depends on the surroundings. Before daylight on the morning of April 2, 1865, the 2d Corps was in line, and a general advance on the rebel works in front of Petersburg seemed imminent. The troops left the temporary breastworks that had been thrown up parallel to the White Oak road and advanced well up to the rebel picket line, which was about one hundred yards in advance of their main line. As it became light enough to see, a spluttering fire began between the two lines. One of the brigades of Mott's division was massed in a piece of woods west of the Boydton plank road, and the 8th N. J. was sent in to charge the intrenched picket line. This regiment had been re-enforced only a few days before by about three hundred green troops, many of them Germans, and not a few who were unable to speak English. They advanced to their work under cover of the woods in splendid shape, and the general commanding the brigade remarked that this regiment would do something to be proud of. They advanced to the edge of the woods, delivered a volley, and charged across the open. They were allowed to almost reach the work, when a heavy fire was opened upon them. They broke, turned and ran, and came back through the woods literally like a drove of cattle. The general, with one aide and one orderly, was following up the movement on foot, and the three were in a small opening in the woods about as wide as the front of two companies. He acted promptly. "Draw your swords, gentlemen," he shouted, "and beat back these fellows," and to the frightened runaways he ordered, "Get back, you cowards, or we will murder you!" The general had only a dress sword, but the other two had sabers, and drawing their weapons the three threw themselves in front of the "drove," and, charging right and left, presented to the demoralized soldiers a new danger.

The effect was magical. The sudden appearance of three men from an unexpected quarter, threatening death to three hundred, was so ridiculous that some of them stopped and commenced to laugh. Others were hysterical and all hesitated. No one attempted to get away from the determined trio who held the pass, and their officers, whom they ran over, as well as away from, coming up, the line was reformed. The general was furious to think that one of his regiments should act so, and insisted on leading them in person, to show them how soldiers should act. The men had entirely recovered from their panic, and said they would soon show him what they could do, and, without stopping to reload, they moved forward to the edge of the woods, and then, with a yell, charged across the ground over which they had just fled in confusion, and carried the picket line at the point of the bayonet. They captured some prisoners, but the most of that picket made up their minds before the line reached them that this charge meant business, and fell back to the main line with all possible dispatch.

The breastwork was promptly turned, and fire opened on the main line. The general ordered up the other regiments of Mott's third brigade, and as soon as they were up to the picket, "Forward to the main line!" was ordered, and it was then a race to see who should first get there. The 11th Mass. was the first regiment to reach the main line, but the 8th Jersey's was the first flag planted on the works. An officer of that regiment who was serving on Gen. McAllister's staff rode up to the color bearer, seized the colors, and ran his horse in advance of the line and placed Jersey technically ahead of the Bay State. Another aide offered to block the Jerseyman's game by racing him with the flag of the 11th, but the sturdy color bearer of the old 11th refused the offer, with the remark, "Time enough to take my colors when I'm dead." The honors, however, belonged to Jersey for their gallant charge after their cowardly skedaddle. That was a great day for the old brigade, for they had broken the lines that had so long held them away from Petersburg, and the rebel cause survived but a single week. While they remained in service the members of the 8th would always laugh when "the day we broke the lines" was referred to, for they said they did not realize how ridiculous the whole thing was until they saw three men threatening to whip three hundred.

HUMORS OF THE CAMP.

Gayety of Some of the Southern Leaders and Light-Heartedness of the Troops.

PEN PICTURES OF LEE, JACKSON, EWELL, STUART, BEAUREGARD AND OTHERS KNOWN TO FAME.

By J. ESTEN COOKE, Confederate, Boyce, Va.

THE humorous side of the drama may be less inspiring and exciting, but it is more amusing and characteristic. There was a great deal of laughter in the midst of the gloomiest surroundings, at least on the Southern side, of which alone I am able to speak. The comic phase would persist in enlivening the hearts of all, and this "persistent gayety" in the dark hour, as in the bright, always struck me as a curious and interesting illustration of human nature.

In this article it is not my intention to weary the reader with a moral essay on war and its ravages, but to relate some incidents and anecdotes showing the gay temper of the Southern soldiers, especially of officers in high command. It would be an endless task to make a collection of comic scenes and incidents relating to army life at large and I have no design of attempting it. What is here set down came for the most part directly under my personal observation, and the main object is to show how men in positions of the gravest responsibility, enough to crush out all tendency to fun, yet showed a marked tendency to enjoy the ‘ sunny side" of things, and laugh when ruin itself stared them in the face.

Stuart's Gayety.

Stuart was the gayest probably of all the Southern generals, and some anecdotes of him, not given in previous papers of this series, may entertain the reader, and show the ever ready and abounding vivacity of the man. The propensity for "fun and frolic" in a human being depends largely, no doubt, on his physical constitution. A hearty man is hearty in temper, and a dyspeptic invalid is gloomy. Stuart was a proof of the former. He was a man of robust health and strength, warm blooded, as restless as a child, from what seemed pure excess of animal spirits, and he allowed no opportunity of perpetrating or enjoying a joke to escape him. I saw more or less of him from the time in 1861, when he was a colonel picketing the front, to 1864, when he was a corps commander and fell in defense of Richmond, and he was always the same gay, laughing, high-spirited companion, with a fund of comic humor which burst out on every occasion. His staff were, for the most part, young men, as prone to fun as himself, and his banjo player, Sweeney, who accompanied him everywhere, made the camp ring with his thumming, or the loud resounding chorus, "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry," in which Stuart joined with ardor.

Stuart and a Former Chum.

Stuart was making a reconnaissance in the summer of 1861, when, riding ahead with two or three officers, he saw coming to meet him a Federal captain, whom he recognized as Cadet Perkins, an old West Point friend.

"Hello, Perk!" he exclaimed, "glad to see you. What are you doing here?"

"Why, Beauty," replied Perkins, using Stuart's nickname at West Point, "how are you? I didn't know you were with us!"

"And I didn't know you were on our side!" retorted Stuart. "What is your command?"

Perkins pointed over his shoulder to a Federal battery coming in sight.

"There's my command," he said.

"Oh! the devil!" cried Stuart, bursting into a roar of laughter. "Good-by, Perk!" And wheeling rapidly he went back at a gallop, followed by laughter from Captain Perkins, who had probably enjoyed the mystification.

Fitz Lee's Old Company.

This mutual recognition by old friends during the war occurred on very numerous occasions, and I remember an amusing instance of it in 1862. We were making the well known reconnaissance in June of that year to the rear of General McClellan's forces on the Chickahominy, and near Old Church, in Hanover, captured a company of Federal cavalry on picket. The detachment on the Confederate side engaged in the charge was commanded by Gen. Fitz Lee, the gay and gallant, whose jovial face, with its sweeping moustache and heavy beard, was always the picture of enjoyment. As "General Fitz" looked at the blue-coated prisoners brought in he suddenly cried:—

"How are you, Brown? Are you down there? How's Robinson and the rest of my old people?"

The individual addressed as Brown looked intently at General Fitz, and suddenly his face lit up:—

"Why, how are you, lieutenant!" he said, touching his hat, and in a moment afterwards General Fitz and Brown were shaking hands. Fitz Lee had captured his old company in the United States army, and he and Private Brown were exchanging friendly greetings.

In the Hands of Old Friends.

A similar recognition took place between my friend Lieutenant Washington, a descendant of the family of the *pater patriæ*, and some West Point friends. The lieutenant was captured near the White House in New Kent, and, instead of being placed in durance vile, was met with open arms by his old chums. They made much of him, and the first news his friends had of him was through a photograph sent through the lines, representing himself and a young Federal lieutenant seated, arm in arm, with a small "bull pup" between them, which would have delighted General Grant."

He Slew His Own Brother.

Other occasions when old friends and often relatives recognized each other were not so comic. In 1862 Gen. Bradley Johnson, commanding the 1st Md., C. S. A., charged and drove at Front Royal the 1st Md., U. S. A., among whom were probably many old acquaintances. And in the same region, the Valley, one of our generals told me this incident occurred. He had made an attack on a picket post and a brisk action followed. The Federal picket force was repulsed, but was returning to renew the action, when a Confederate cavalryman was seen dismounted and sitting beside the road, at the foot of a tree. His officer called to him: "Come on! We are going into action." But the cavalryman shook his head.

"I can't go, general," he groaned out.

"What do you mean?"

"General, I have just killed my brother!" sobbed out the poor fellow, "and I don't feel as if I could fight any more to-day."

He explained that in the charge on the picket he had cut down a Federal cavalryman, and that as he fell he recognized his own brother, who was on the Northern side.

The Witty Parson.

Such incidents are too melancholy for a paper dealing with the humorous phases of war. To come back to more cheerful subjects. Stuart had many persons around him as fond of the comic aspect of things as himself. Among these was the "Parson," as we called him, who was full of wit himself, and the cause of wit in others. The parson was the soul of good humor—a fount of gayety, in fact, from which flowed fun and laughter in unfailing stream. For a long time he was seen flitting to and fro on his white horse in every engagement, but at last he was captured, and had some amusing experiences, which he related to us on his return. His capture took place during the bustling campaign culminating in the second battle of Manassas. Stuart had been sent in front of Jackson, who was making his famous flank and rear movement against General Pope, to reach Manassas and destroy the Federal stores there, and many comic scenes followed while the great depot was burning. Men in rags were seen eating lobster salad and drinking champagne, and when Stuart reprimanded one of his young officers who had become somewhat elated, the young fellow ordered him to mind his own business, as he was in command there, whereat Stuart burst into laughter and rode on.

Stonewall Jackson's Nap.

Soon afterwards occurred the melancholy event of Parson ——'s capture. We had followed the retiring forces of the Federal army, and Stuart and his staff spent the night outside the lines, at the house of some young lady friends near Frying Pan Church, returning the next day to take part in the final fight near Germantown. Here a trifling incident occurred—to digress temporarily from the affairs of the parson—which showed Stuart's joyous mode of action. We had passed the infantry, waiting orders to advance on the Chantilly road, and Gen. Stonewall Jackson, seated on the ground with his back to a tree, was peacefully dozing in the midst of a sharp picket fire a hundred or two yards off, and Stuart pushed one of his guns down the road to shell a body of Federal cavalry.

As to Damp Powder.

The cavalry was soon seen to be a decoy. As the gun came into battery a line of sharpshooters, hidden in tall weeds, about seventy-five yards distant, rose up and opened a hot fire on the gun detachment. It was altogether a very "unwholesome" place, to use a military phrase. The hiss of bullets was incessant, and I said to Stuart: "Things are getting hot, general." He laughed, facing the fire with great indifference, and said in a matter-of-fact tone: "It is getting rather warm. I wish you would go to General Jackson and tell him I want some sharpshooters on my left." The battle, however, began nearly at once, and continued during a violent storm, which gave rise to one of Jackson's *bon mots*. An officer came to him and said that his command would have to fall back, as the rain had wetted their powder and the guns were useless.

"No," said Jackson; "hold your ground. If the rain wets your powder it will wet the enemy's, too."

A reply similar to that of General Hoke, of North Carolina, when some one said in great perturbation:—

"The enemy are very near you—yonder, general!"

"Not nearer than I am to them," Hoke said, laughing.

The Parson Lost.

After the Germantown fight Stuart pushed on toward the high ground to the left of Fairfax Court House, in pursuit of the retiring enemy. But night had come and nearly a tragic or comic incident followed. As he was returning one of his own brigades took his force for Federal cavalry, and had sounded the charge on the bugle, when the terrible mistake was discovered. But the incident of the occasion, which produced most impression on the cavalry, or rather headquarters, was the mysterious disappearance of Parson ——. He had accompanied the advancing column, either thirsting for action or in hopes of commissary spoil, for the parson was an epicure and devoted to the good things of life, when suddenly the staff had lost sight of him in the darkness, and he was no more seen for many a day.

The Parson Returns.

We mourned him as one lost to us and were beginning to grow resigned to the inevitable, when one day the worthy parson reappeared as suddenly as he had vanished. He was portly, ruddy, more jovial than ever—not the least bit of a ghost, or indicating in his rotund person the slightest experience of prison life. He was received with an ovation, and became the center of admiring eyes. Very seldom, indeed, had we seen so portly a Confederate—one displaying so unmistakably a recent familiarity with the good things eatable and drinkable of this life. Then eager questions followed. What had happened to him? Where had he been? What was the explanation of that pleasing rotundity of abdomen and the flush of luxurious health on the smiling countenance?

The Parson's Story.

The parson explained. On the night of the movement toward the hills near Fairfax he had found a carbine on his breast in the darkness and a voice had ordered him to surrender, which he did without discussion, when he was conducted to Fairfax Court House. The next day he was confronted by the commandant of the place, Sir Percy Wyndham, an English officer of imposing splendor in dress and bearing—the same who had planned the "bagging" of Ashby in the Valley campaign, but had been "bagged" by Ashby near Cross Keys. The parson described the colonel as a military dandy of the first water, with long curls, and a profusion of gold lace. Then the following pithy dialogue ensued:—

"Who are you?" said Col. Percy Wyndham.

"I am Parson ——, of the Confederate States army."

"A parson? And they captured you?"

"It looks like it, colonel."

"Well, they did a d——d foolish thing! Capture a parson! Well, parson, as you have been brought into my lines, you must go back *via* Washington and Fortress Monroe."

Among the Philistines.

So the parson was forwarded to Washington and securing a day's parole telegraphed to Georgetown and Baltimore, where he had hosts of friends, that he was in the hands of the Philistines. He then went to the old Capitol Prison and awaited the result, which was eminently gratifying. His friends hastened to his assistance, overwhelmed him with good things, and he made such interest with Major Wood, keeper of the prison, that his table was spread with the daintiest bill of fare. No expense was spared, he said, and "many a bivalve has entered here," he added, smiling and patting his ample abdomen. In two weeks, he said, he had run up a bill of twenty-three dollars against his unfortunate enemies. His hours of confinement were thus not irksome and he found excellent company, among the rest Chaplain G——, of a Maryland regiment.

General Ewell's Cork Leg.

The chaplain related for his amusement the adventure of General Ewell's cork leg. He had run the blockade to Philadelphia, and had procured the cork leg and packed it in a box beneath some Bibles, but on his return was caught at the Potomac.

"Your name and business?" said the Federal officer, before whom he was conducted.

"Chaplain G——, of the Maryland regiment, with a box of Bibles."

"They are confiscated."

"What! my Bibles, sir?"

"Let me see."

Whereupon the officer opened the box and saw the volumes.

"Well, I see they are only Bibles," he said, "and I don't suppose they are contraband. Bibles are sent to the heathen."

After which neat joke the Federal officer permitted the chaplain to proceed southward with his Bibles and General Ewell's cork leg. Our parson came back to us by the shorter route of Alexandria, where General Patrick commanded.

"You can return, parson," said the general, "but I must take your parole to give no information as to anything you have seen."

"Why, general," said the smiling parson, "there are no troops here and nothing to see."

"No troops?" said the general, laughing. "Well, hang it! isn't that a great deal to see, parson?"

There was often a great deal of amusing discussion in the Southern army on the subject of dodging. As to the propriety or impropriety of the habit, views diametrically differed. One party of thinkers regarded it as discreditable and unmilitary, another maintained that it was based on the soundest sense and the truest devotion to the cause. There was no reason why a good soldier should have his head carried away by a cannon ball to keep up appearances. It would be better to dodge and thus preserve his life for the good of the South. Thus opinions differed; but I think the majority were on the side of the dodgers, if they were only "artful," and laughed afterwards. In favor of the practice I think I can cite as encouraging it by precept or example, Generals Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and many more. I have the assurance that Gen. Stonewall Jackson thought it the dictate of good sense to thus avoid missiles, and I have seen a great many very brave officers duck their heads to avoid bullets hissing close to them. General Stuart never committed himself on the subject by formally declaring his views, but he indicated them by example, and was instrumental in drawing forth the views of Gen. R. E. Lee.

What Lee Thought of Dodging.

The incident was as follows: At the battle of Cold Harbor Stuart sent one of his staff with a message, and as the officer was returning a plunging fire of shell swept a field which he was crossing. As one of the shells seemed determined to carry off his head the officer threw himself Comanche fashion behind the neck of his horse, and as he rose erect again a roar of laughter greeted him. Stuart was near him leaning back, nearly prone on his horse, roaring with fun. His love of a joke had overcome him, and he had thenceforth an excellent joke on his staff officer. He told it to everybody, as he did all jokes upon everybody, and one day related it to the commander-in-chief, who had come to see him. General Lee listened gravely, as to some important communication, and then said, looking at the officer:—

"That's right, captain; dodge all you can."

A Profound Bow.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, however, the officer got even with the general. Just before the splendid charge of General Meade on the Confederate right the young officer had been sent with an order, and returning to report found that Stuart had ridden to the front. The officer therefore followed, and close to the Federal line found the general reconnoitering from behind a cedar hedge. The field was covered with fog, behind which General Meade's thunder slumbered, and Stuart was peering through his field glass to pierce it when a gun roared in front. A moment afterwards a shell grazed the top of the hedge and General Stuart made it a profound bow. As he raised his head he saw his staff officer looking at him and laughing. They were even on the subject of dodging.

Fun and Frolic.

It is always a great pleasure to me to recall Stuart, whose fun, frolic, and spirit of mirth broke out in laughter during the very darkest hours of the hard struggle. He made a frolic of war, in fact, and nothing ever seemed to cast him down or made him in the least doubtful of the result. He was always laughing, paying compliments to ladies, or roaring out his camp songs when he was not fighting hard, or working hour after hour at his desk. Work over he went back to his cavalry fun, which nothing could suppress. Even at the head of his marching column, with the rain pouring in torrents, I have heard him roar out, in his loud laughing voice, the song chorus:—

If you get there before I do,
Oh, tell 'em I'm a-coming too!

As he led Jackson's corps at Chancellorsville, he was singing:—

Old Joe Hooker, will you come out of the wilderness.

One of Jackson's Jokes.

The other Southern generals were more staid than Stuart, but the greatest of them relaxed at times, often when the times were critical and not such as would seem to offer much encouragement to the indulgence of fun. Few persons were more reserved and quiet in demeanor than General Lee and General Jackson; the great responsibility resting upon them seemed to make them grave, but they, too, had their moments of humorous enjoyment. With the famous General Stonewall the humor was quiet, but genuine, as on the occasion of his capture of Harper's Ferry, in September, 1862. As he entered the town a man on horseback approached at full gallop and announced to him with breathless excitement that General McClellan was near with an immense army, when Jackson asked in a matter-of-fact tone if the Federal commander had many beef cattle with him. The reply was that he had countless numbers, and Jackson said, with his dry smile: "Well, I can whip any army that comes well supplied with beef cattle!"

At Jackson's Expense.

Jackson and Stuart were warm friends and often visited each other at their quarters, when I was much amused by Stuart's humorous extravagance and his guest's quiet enjoyment of it. When Jackson was at "Moss Neck," the Corbin house, below Fredericksburg, he took for his quarters an apartment decorated with pictures of race horses, game cocks, and terriers destroying rats. The selection of these surroundings by the grave Presbyterian elder struck Stuart as irresistibly comic, and one day on a visit to Jackson he suggested that the room ought to be photographed. When Jackson innocently asked why, Stuart replied with his rich laugh: "As a view of the winter quarters of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, affording an insight into the tastes and character of the individual!"

When Lee Heard Firing.

General Lee's position as commander-in-chief was much too onerous and full of anxiety to permit much indulgence in humor. He was also of a constitutionally quiet and reserved disposition, given to gentle and affectionate expansion in his family circle, but not to exuberant spirits on any occasion. He smiled frequently but rarely laughed, and yet there was certainly under this grave exterior a quiet enjoyment of the comic side of things, which displayed itself on unexpected occasions. A mere word or turn of praise often indicated the great leader's mood, as when General Sedgwick opened a hot fire at Fredericksburg in the Chancellorsville campaign. The moment was a very critical one, as Lee was enormously outnumbered, and General Hooker was advancing to turn both his flanks. A young officer came at full speed and in hot haste informed the general of Sedgwick's attack, when Lee, smiling serenely, said: "Well, I heard firing, and I was beginning to think it was time some of you lazy young fellows were coming to tell me what it was all about."

A Chair with which to Mount.

I have rarely seen General Lee really amused, but recall one occasion when he visited General Stuart's headquarters, near Orange Court House. He was riding an immensely tall horse and said, as he was going to mount, "My horse is so big that I think I ought to have a chair to mount." One of the staff thereupon ran and brought a chair, which he deposited beside the animal, when General Lee's face relaxed into a broad smile. "No, I thank you, captain," he said gravely, mounting without the chair and still smiling, no doubt, at the idea that the best horseman in the United States and Confederate States armies should have been offered a chair to reach his saddle! I am obliged to give these trifling instances of General Lee's quasi humor or to give none. Only one exhibition of hearty mirth under trying circumstances was given by him to my knowledge. We were retreating from Petersburg and had reached Amelia Court House, where General Wise approached Lee, bespattered with mud and wrapped in an old tattered blanket. The army was starving and General Grant was coming down "like a wolf on the fold," but at sight of the mud-covered General Wise, who resembled a Comanche Indian, General Lee burst into hearty laughter.

Ewell an Odd Character.

General Ewell, one of the hardest fighters and greatest lieutenants of Jackson, was an especially interesting character, looked at upon his humorous side. I knew him very well and liked him extremely for his genuine "grit" and dry humor. This was often peppered with oaths, for it is no secret that this obstinate combatant in the earlier years of the war was very profane—a bad habit, which he completely abandoned afterwards, when he became, what is much more than a great soldier, a sincere Christian. In the first scenes of the war, however, the wiry, dark browned commander was full of the direst and profanest humor. All the army was laughing after the second battle of Manassas at his reception of the intelligence that his wounded leg would have to be amputated. "Tell the —— doctor," he exclaimed, "that I'll be —— if it shall be cut off, and that these are the last words of Ewell!" One day, when he directed a private to be detailed as courier at his headquarters and a young Southerner of large wealth was sent for the purpose, General Ewell burst into delighted and enjoyable profanity. "Who ever saw such a d——d army!" he exclaimed. "Here I sent for a man to run errands and carry notes and they give me a —— rascal worth $500,000." But under this profanity and grim humor was a brave, warm heart. At Cross Keys, in Jackson's valley campaign, when he was forced to retire on Port Republic, Ewell was seen going over the battle field where he had just repulsed Fremont and giving the wounded Confederates money out of his own pocket.

The Knight of the Valley.

The name Cross Keys recalls Ashby and his adventure before alluded to, that with Sir Percy Wyndham, who announced to a New York newspaper correspondent his intention to "bag" Ashby, but Ashby got in his rear and captured the colonel. My personal knowledge of this chivalric soldier, "the Knight of the Valley," produced the impression that he was a man of great sweetness of temperament rather than of humor, in the broad sense. He would sit among his men beside the camp-fire and enjoy their gay stories or join in their lilting choruses; but the death of his brother Richard had saddened him. I never saw a sweeter smile on the human face than his or a gentler manner. He rarely laughed, but the smile was generally there, as I fancy it was when some Northern ladies at Winchester offered to have their trunks and persons searched for anything contraband. "Virginia gentlemen do not search ladies' trunks or persons, madam," he said. "You are at liberty to go."

Stuart and Beauregard.

Following these chance recollections I come to the famous General Beauregard, the hero of the early months of the war, more especially of the great collision at Manassas, where, although General Johnston commanded, Beauregard was the prominent figure, through stress of circumstances. When the great Creole first appeared there he gave little indication of any tendency to humor. He was lithe, wiry, sallow of complexion, with the slumberous eyes of the bloodhound, and resembled exactly the popular idea of a French marshal or corps commander in the old wars of Napoleon. After the huge hurly-burly of the battle, however, during which Beauregard was seen passing like a god of war along the "serried lines" in the hottest of the fighting, I found that the military machine had a reserve of quiet fun behind the black, dreamy eyes, inflamed by night watches. He came one day after the battle to Stuart's headquarters in an old house beyond Centreville and dined with us. At table the general at first preserved a grim, but courteous silence; but the conversation having turned on the battle of Manassas, Stuart, ever fond of a jest, said:—

"General, the Northern journals report that during the battle you continued to ride a horse whose head had been carried off by a cannon ball. Is that true?"

General Beauregard's black mustache curled upward and he chuckled.

"Well, general," he said, "my horse was killed, but his head was not carried off. He was struck by a shell, which exploded at the moment when it passed under him. A splinter struck my boot and another cut one of the arteries in the animal's body. The blood gushed out, and after going fifty yards he fell dead. I then mounted a prisoner's horse, a small, dingy horse with a white face." And, overcome by the recollection of the small dingy horse with the white face, General Beauregard's white teeth appeared and he burst into a laugh.

Beauregard's Gallantry.

On the same afternoon there was more laughter to enliven the occasion. A young lady, the daughter of a very great general, had ridden with her cousin, of the staff, to the vicinity, and dismounted at General Stuart's quarters. As she was about to mount again, General Beauregard and the Prince Polignac, who had dined with us, rushed forward to assist her to the saddle. The young Prince was active and gallant, but not so active or gallant as General Beauregard. The latter reached the young lady first, and, stooping, held out his hand that she might place her foot in it. She declined to make such use of a distinguished hand and leaped into the saddle, to the regret, I think, of the general, whose French politeness no doubt induced him to regard the employment of his hand as entirely rational.

The Character of Fitz Lee.

I have passed over with only cursory mention one of the gayest and gallantest of the Southern soldiers—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. We always called him "General Fitz," as a mark of regard, for such names are a compliment. The men of Jackson's corps dubbed him "Old Stonewall." Gen. R. E. Lee was known as "Mas' Robert," and Stuart as "Jeb" Stuart, following which came "Fitz" Lee. There was everything, indeed, in the gallant Fitz Lee to inspire a familiar liking. He was full of humor, as brave as steel, without any "official dignity" whatever in his manner, but at all times the hearty soldier, loving his jest dearly and never in low spirits, whatever the outlook might be. He and Stuart were boon friends, having known each other intimately in the United States army, and when they met a wit combat followed, diamond cut diamond. I am sorry not to be able to report any of these brilliant encounters, not having surmised at the time that they would ever interest anybody. What remains in memory is only a vivid general impression of superabundant animal spirits, and inexhaustible gayety. "General Fitz" was, in fact, what the French call a type in person and temperament. He was a man of medium stature, rather stout, but active and graceful, with a ruddy complexion, an enormous beard and mustache and an unfailing twinkle of humor in his brilliant eyes, the picture, in a word, of the true cavalryman. He liked his profession, for he once told me so, and if he is a future governor of Virginia he will probably continue to regret it.

"Nelly Gray."

All the surroundings of war seemed to please him, and he was a thorough lover of horses, his mare "Nelly Gray" being a prime favorite with him. As to Nelly Gray she made a true cavalier's speech one day at Stuart's quarters. She had lost a shoe and limped, when General Fitz, gazing sadly at her, said:—

"I wish there was some way for you to ride me home, Nelly," which ought to endear General Fitz to all true lovers of the equine species.

The general's fondness for music was great, and he was especially devoted to Ethiopian minstrelsy and musical opera bouffe. At Fredericksburg and elsewhere in the winter of 1862, the soldiers were delighted with the performances of the "Fitzhugh Lee Minstrels," an Ethiopian dramatic company, whose bill, with the casts is now before me, printed upon the dingiest of Confederate paper. The gayety if the "minstrels" simply reflected the gayety of the gallant Fitz Lee. I suppose he will come back to the memory of all his old soldiers as he comes back to mine, singing his jovial camp songs and finding mirth in everything.

The Autumn of 1863.

He was specially prominent and full of this spirit of gayety in the autumn campaign beyond the Rappahannock in 1863. General Lee made a circuit toward the mountains and swooped down on General Meade in Culpeper, but that excellent soldier, of whom Lee said that he gave him more trouble than all of them, vanished from Culpeper without leaving so much as a cracker-box. There never was a more masterly falling back to choose position to fight, for General Meade intended to fight, and said that it was like losing his eye-teeth not to have a battle with Lee. What remained was the work of the cavalry, and Fitz Lee drove northward from the Rapidan and struck the Federal cavalry at Brandy. He was "down on" the enemy; Stuart was in his rear, and in the rear of Stuart was a Federal column charging him. A cavalryman succinctly described the situation by saying: "Old Jeb has cut off more than he can chaw."

The fighting then streamed northward and General Fitz planned the ruse by which General Kilpatrick was routed at Bucklands, called the famous "Buckland Races." But this amusing campaign is too large a subject. It recalls an incident of Gen. Fitz Lee's persistent gayety. We were advancing about nightfall at the head of his column toward Deep Run, where General Warren was executing the neatest of ruses and disabling General Cooke. Before us on a hill was a battery in hot action, and I asked the general whose it was. He was singing at the moment a favorite song, with the chorus:—

> Rest in peace, slumbering lady-love of mine,

and stopped to say: "I think they are Yankees."

"What will you do?" I said.

"I mean to charge them. If I go under I can't carry out my great ambition."

"What is your great ambition?"

"To have a company of Negro minstrels this winter—all mulattoes."

And as we rode on my friend, General Fitz, "developed his idea," waiting tranquilly the return of the man sent forward to ascertain about the battery. As it was one of our own we did not charge it, and I have nothing more to recall this evening but the gay voice of General Fitz describing his great ambition. Perhaps he has forgotten the incident; it is a trifle, but brings back the gallant figure of one of the most gallant of Southern soldiers.

Other Characters.

I have attempted to outline those two gayest of soldiers, Gen. Jeb Stuart and Gen. Fitz Lee, showing particularly what a pervading humor characterized them. Their staff officers were very much like them in that respect, and the "headquarter family" of Stuart was one of the liveliest families I have ever known. It might have been thought that they were intent on extracting as much entertainment from life as possible, as their term was short. Nearly everybody who "followed the feather" of Stuart was killed,—Captain Farley, the bravest of scouts, who had his leg torn off in Culpeper; Dr. Fontaine, killed at Petersburg; Lieutenant Price, at Chancellorsville; Lieutenant Turner, a cousin of General Lee, on the Rappahannock, and others were wounded or captured.

One and all were gayest of the gay in camp and on the march, and Stuart had attached to his headquarters from time to time other officers who were characters. Among these was no less a personage than the famous Col. St. Leger Grenfell, who had fought in every land; was finally charged, I believe, with attempting to burn Chicago, imprisoned on the Dry Tortugas and was drowned in attempting to escape. I frequently conversed with this singular character—a tall, grizzled, stiff and thoroughly military man—but only recall in relation to him his extraordinary devotion to a bull dog, which would permit no one to approach his master's horse. Another officer of the staff was Major Von Borcke, a big Prussian, with the most enormous of swords and the most jovial of smiles. As he has related his adventures in *Blackwood's Magazine*, I will say no more of him.

I shall also pass over other officers, whose amusing peculiarities it would be ungracious to delineate; a general's staff is a family, and family affairs should be respected. Of one gentleman attached to the corps, however, I may as well relate an anecdote which was highly relished. He was acting as Provost Marshal, and near Culpeper Court House had under guard some Federal prisoners in a deserted house.

The Lieutenant and His Shadow.

While waiting to be relieved a fire shot up without and threw his shadow on the wall. Taking the shadow for a foeman he ordered "Halt!" and drew his revolver. As the shadow did likewise but did not reply, Lieutenant —— ordered "Answer or I fire!" advancing resolutely on his dark enemy. It was never clearly established whether he drew trigger or not; the legend was that one of his men called out in huge enjoyment, "Why, lieutenant, it's only your shadow!" At all events the incident made its way to headquarters, where, unluckily for the lieutenant, we had a visitor in the person of Col. Alexander Boteler, the popular member of Congress. Whether of his own accord or incited by Stuart, Colonel Boteler, who was an excellent draughtsman, made a vivid pencil sketch of the lieutenant and the shadow. Then by way of illustrating the scene he wrote beneath it:—

"Now by the apostle Paul! Shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of ——
Than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed all in proof and led by shallow Buford!"

Humorous Incidents.

No doubt this mirthful view of the hard trade of war was as prevalent in the Northern army as in the Army of Northern Virginia, and I remember that in this very campaign we captured poor General Kilpatrick's "battery horse" and mare "Lively," with which he amused himself running races in the intervals of fighting. Near Hagerstown, on the return from Gettysburg, a Federal major was brought into headquarters, where I was in charge, and his comments on his misfortune were very amusing: "Your men snapped their carbines at me and then halted me!" said Major Polk, and when he discovered that I had been unable to make some purchases in the town for want of greenbacks, General Lee having forbidden the troops to force Confederate money on any one, the major drew out a roll of greenbacks and offered them in exchange for Confederate, saying with a laugh:—

"All I want is enough to buy cigars at Richmond!"

Laughing at Shells.

The "heart of hope" was probably as common in the Northern forces as in ours, but it certainly was seen at all times and places in the Southern army. The humorous side of things always seemed to be the first to present itself. At Petersburg, when General Grant had broken through the lines and was surging forward to overwhelm the handful in Lee's inner works, the men burst into laughter and greeted every shell with a loud hurrah. They were more like a party of school boys than grizzled men and seemed unaware of the peril of their situation. To the last they met the dire trials of the retreat with the same carelessness—a spectacle so singular that those only who witnessed it can realize it fully.

The Horse Artillery.

It is impossible to even enter on the subject of camp humor in general in this place. The topic is inexhaustible and would fill a volume. All thoughtful observers must have been struck by it and wondered at the complete apparent forgetfulness of the horrors of war by the rank and file. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this was found in the batteries of the "Stuart Horse Artillery," attached to the cavalry, and recently spoken of. To mingle with this nondescript crowd of hard fighting men and listen to their songs and laughter was a treat to the student of human nature. The songs, especially, were full of rich or caustic humor. Now it was the quartermaster, who had

Grown mighty tall;
He starved our horses to give a ball.

Then it was an unpopular commander, who said at the approach of the enemy:—

We'll have some fun—
Take up the road and hide the gun!

And from these comic ditties the men, a number of whom had served under Ashby, passed to the saddest of strains with the chorus:—

Strike! freemen, for your country,
Ashby is no more!

Like Battles with Snowballs.

In the cavalry it is almost unnecessary to say there was a reserve of fun and take things as they come, which largely sprung from their nomadic life and the shifting scenes through which they passed. But the infantry of General Lee's army were, in camp, like a band of children turned loose for a holiday. The least trifle was sufficient to unloose the waters of the pent-up fun. The excitement caused throughout whole brigades by scaring up a hare or "rabbit" is well known, and the comment generally made when the troops were shooting, was, "That is Jackson or a rabbit!" Whole regiments would pursue the flitting game with hurrahs as of opening battle, and the divertisements of the camps, generally, were as boy-like. One of the most amusing spectacles I ever witnessed was a grand battle of snowballs, near Fredericksburg, in the winter of 1862. Whole divisions engaged in it with the wild enjoyment of childhood. The air was as full of white balls as it had been of shells in the battle of a month before, and as desperate attacks were made on the snow breastworks as General Meade's brave fellows made on Jackson's line crowning the Hamilton hill a mile away. There were, doubtless, bloody noses and cracked crowns on the occasion; but after the battle there were no gallant fellows lying dead in the snow. It is to be wished that all fights were like it—the bloody and brutal farce of war no more of a tragedy than this battle of snowballs.

* * *

First Colored Provost Marshal.

THE first colored provost marshal was Maj. W. O. Fiske, of the 1st La. Vols, appointed by General Banks.

First Vessel Through the Mississippi.

THE first vessel to get through the Mississippi was the Fred. Kennett, afterwards destroyed on the Yazoo river.

KEARNEY.

By E. C. STEDMAN.

SO that soldierly legend is still on its journey—
That story of Kearney who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field,
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,
No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column
And his heart at our war cry leaped up at a bound.
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder;
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign.
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder—
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! how we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left, and the reins in his teeth,
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the valley infernal,
Asking where to go in, through the clearing or pine?
"Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel;
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

Oh, coil the black shroud of night at Chantilly
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride.
Yet we dream that he still in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,
Rides on as of old, down the length of the legion,
And the word still is "Forward!" along the whole line.

President Lincoln's First Pardon.

THE first pardon under the President's proclamation exempted Brig.-Gen. E. W. Gnatt, of Kansas, from the penalty of treason.

The 1st W. Va. Cavalry's Trophy.

AT the battle of Opequan, September 19, 1864, the 1st W. Va. Cavalry, of Averill's division, took the first piece of artillery captured during the day.

FALL OF GENERAL MORGAN,

The Famous Confederate Cavalryman.

A NARRATIVE OF THE DISASTER TO THE RAIDER'S COMMAND AT GREENVILLE IN 1864.

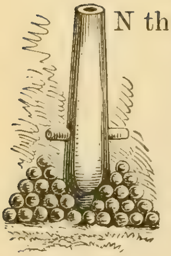
LUCY WILLIAMS, THE UNIONIST,

Braving a Terrific Storm on a Perilous Midnight Ride.—Her Hatred of Morgan and Her Passion for a Handsome Federal Officer.

STIRRING ROMANCE OF WAR.

The Circumstances as Noted by a Kentuckian of the Famous Division.

By F. P. FERRIS.



IN the last days of August, 1864, the remnant of Morgan's cavalry remaining from over three years of most active and dangerous service was encamped at Johnson's Station, East Tennessee. The ranks of these hard riders had been thinned by death and capture until, including recruits, the entire force numbered only a few hundreds. After Morgan's escape from the Ohio Penitentiary that portion of his command which was allowed him (a portion of the old division was refused him) was reorganized, companies being consolidated and regiments reduced to battalions. The men remaining from the old division, together with such recruits as had been attracted by the fame of the great raider to his banner, composed a skeleton brigade, comprising several battalions, numbering about five hundred or six hundred men and commanded by Col. D. Howard Smith. Another brigade of about the some formation and number under Colonel Giltner, composed Morgan's division in 1864.

The men were, at the time I write of, much dispirited because of the enforced absence of their much-loved chief. Morgan had been dangerously ill at Abingdon, Va., and the affairs of his military department were in wretched condition. The responsibility of command had devolved upon incompetent men. Instead of maintaining a connected line in front, so that concentration of force might be practicable when necessary, the division had been scattered throughout East Tennessee, a battalion here and a part of a regiment there, thus enabling the enemy to approach and whip us in detail. Our men had been driven for weeks, a military experience to which they were not accustomed, and they began to say there was a standing order to retreat whenever a gun was fired.

On the 29th of August about half the command, as usual, assembled at the depot at Johnson's Station (to which we had fallen back) to witness the incoming of the train with a languid sort of interest and gather such bits of news and gossip as could be extracted from the soldier passengers, and to procure, when that was possible, a copy or two of one of the dimly-printed Richmond papers. Before the train reached the station the form of Morgan was descried aboard. His arrival was unexpected and, therefore, a most agreeable surprise. His men manifested their pleasure, in the manner most common with soldiers, by yelling with all the power of their lungs. He was greeted with round after round of shouts from the throats of men who loved him, and as he stepped from the platform of the car a hundred hands were stretched to welcome him back. This unusual commotion immediately aroused the quiet camp (only a few hundred yards distant), and ere the general could exchange greetings with those who had first surrounded him the crowd was swelled by hundreds more. In our then comparatively safe retreat but little duty was required of the men, nor were they restrained by severe camp regulations. Grasping as fast as he could the innumerable hands extended to him, General Morgan replied in his natural *bonhomie* style to the cordial words of welcome from his men.

It soon become known through the camp that "the chief" would resume active command of his troops. Despondency gave place to enthusiasm, for it was known that Morgan's presence meant a renewal of those active and aggressive operations which had rendered his command famous. But when it was whispered half officially through the camp that our chief's present mission was another raid into Kentucky the enthusiasm became the wildest joy. The previous shouting had been but as the gentle murmur of a zephyr compared with the thunder-storm of rebel yells that greeted this information. That night supreme happiness reigned in our camp. Of course we realized that the road to Kentucky would be a bloody one, but each one hoped that he might be among the lucky ones who would escape death. A few days of hard riding and desperate fighting and then the hours that could be snatched from duty might be passed with father, mother, sister, or that cherished sweetheart, whose promise to wait for us "till the war is over" cheered many a young fellow.

General Morgan strolled through the camp that night, laughing and joking with his men with a familiarity that few military chieftains dared to indulge. He was rapidly recovering strength and lightly remarked that a few days in the saddle would remove the last lingering traces of his late illness. The idea that he was then, in all the pride of manhood and increasing vigor, in the midst of his trusted men, any of whom would most willingly risk their lives for him, nearer to death than when the anxious surgeons had but recently despaired of his life, never for an instant crossed his mind. He was too intent upon our contemplated raid into Kentucky and of the blow we were about to strike for our cause to give a thought to self. In truth it was not his habit to consider personal risk in any of his movements.

As soon as horses could be properly shod and the command put in order for active service the order to march was issued, and about the middle of the afternoon of September 3, we rode through Greenville. In the streets of the town the line was briefly halted by General Morgan himself to give some orders to the brigade officers. He was to remain to town to dinner, and, having given such directions as he desired in regard to the disposition of his forces, the column within a few minutes resumed its march. General Morgan, as if to view the line as it moved by, reined to one side and there remained until the column passed. He was cheered, as he always was, and there, sitting upon his horse within two hundred yards of the very spot that would be stained with his life blood in a few hours more, he received the last testimonial of respect and affection that his men, as a body, ever had a chance to give him.

The enemy were entrenched at Bull's Gap, eighteen miles below Greenville, and Morgan was yet undecided as to whether he would engage them next day or force them to retire, by flanking their position and tearing up the railroad in their rear. He intended to be governed by the number of the Federals and the strength of their entrenchments; but as it was quite probable that he would make up his mind to celebrate his return to active duty by a lively brush with the enemy everything was to be kept in fighting trim. Our brigade, consisting of the old Morgan men, was encamped on the main road to Bull's Gap, charged with picketing it and all intersecting roads that might be utilized by the enemy in a night march upon us. Morgan, however, was not apprehensive of an attack. The information he had obtained satisfied him that the Federals would wait in their stronghold for him to attack them. He was too good a soldier, though, to neglect any precaution because he had reason not to expect an attack. Giltner's brigade was on the right and Vaughn's on the left, thus planting our brigade in the center and disposing our entire force so as to present a front extending over several miles and covering every direction from which the enemy might approach. Vaughn's line of picket was confined to the extreme left and really guarded but a single road. It was a road by which the enemy could reach Greenville in a circuitous way, and one that would, in the event of a general engagement, expose the Unionists to an assault upon their rear by either of our brigades to that right. Hence our commanding officers felt really no fear of an approach by that road, and deemed it safe under the military guardianship of Vaughn's men. The precautions taken by our side were amply sufficient, but the limited confidence placed in the East Tenn. Brigade was the fatal mistake, as the sequel will show.

General Morgan entered Greenville that afternoon just behind the advance guard and a short distance ahead of the command. He quartered himself at the residence of Mrs. Williams, a widow lady of wealth and high social position, who was intensely Southern in sentiment and an old friend of the general's mother. She had exacted of Morgan a promise that he should always make her house his "home" when in Greenville, and the truth is she felt honored in entertaining any one conspicuous in the Confederate cause, and the more conspicuous the more honor there was for her. She was an ardent admirer of General Morgan, and nothing at her command was ever good enough for him. It was Morgan's intention to take dinner at Mrs. Williams' and spend a portion of the evening there. It was not his purpose to remain through the night, and the change of plan which kept him in the house led to his death. It was brought about by providential intervention, and illustrates how events shape themselves to drive a man to the destiny fate has ordained for him. Morgan frequently availed himself of invitations to partake of "square meals," but usually made his headquarters in camp, preferring to be with his men rather than sleep under a "shingled roof." He was accustomed to the hardships and privations of a Southern soldier's life, and could sleep as soundly under a hastily constructed "shebang" as in a palace. It was not, therefore, a love of ease and comfort that prompted him to accept the shelter of Mrs. Williams' house on that fatal, last night of his life. He was, as I have before stated, just recovering from a severe and dangerous illness, and the surgeons of his command all joined in advising the greatest care on his part if he would avoid relapse.

Morgan naturally felt partial towards our brigade, because it contained the men who had followed him through all his daring and eventful career as a military chieftain. He manifested this partiality by generally assigning us the post of danger, because to a soldier that was the post of honor, and by pitching his tent in our midst. On the night of the 3d of September, 1864, our brigade was encamped in an old field on the left of the principal road between Bull's Gap and Greenville, and about four miles below the latter town. It had been determined not to proceed further in the direction of the enemy that night, and as we reached Greenville about the middle of the afternoon pickets were detailed and all arrangements for the night completed an hour or more before sunset. The orders were that the men should be in the saddle by daylight the following morning. Our brigade was to move first and lead the advance, the calculation being that the command would get to Bull's Gap early enough to dispose of the enemy and occupy his quarters the ensuing night, if matters so shaped themselves as to make a regular engagement of the Unionists advisable.

That 3d of September was one of the most delightful days of the autumn season. The heat of the brightly shining sun was tempered by a balmy air from the surrounding mountains, and the temperature thus kept at the most comfortable degree. A slight touch of frost had tinted the leaves of the forests through which we rode with varied hues, adding much to the picturesqueness of the fine scenery in that country. We had drawn our rations of flour from a mill that would have afforded a rich theme for an author and a picturesque scene for a painter. It was a solid old structure, the lower half being of rudely dressed stone. Its age was past the computation of the mountaineers. They knew by tradition that its slowly revolving wheel had supplied the earliest white settlers of that region with grist, and that the solidly built mill house, with its rough stone base and superstructure of logs, had been, in those primitive days, a place of refuge from the Indians.

The pleasant weather accompanied us during our march and until after we had gone into camp, but towards sunset a sudden change occurred. The balmy breeze changed into a gale that whirled monster clouds through the air; the atmosphere became murky, vivid flashes of lightning seemed to dart hither and thither and peals of thunder rapidly succeeded each other. Everything betokened the coming storm. The men were hastily tearing rails from the neighboring fences and erecting "shebangs" and making such other preparations for a stormy night as their scanty means afforded. Loud and ringing cheers from that part of the camp nearest the road arrested our attention, and in a moment or two the appearance of General Morgan, attended by his staff, explained the cause. He rode at a gallop directly to the camp of the company to which I belonged and reined up within a few feet of my mess. Though thinner than usual and a trifle pale, I thought he never looked handsomer. He was of noble mien and always carried himself proudly. In the saddle he was the beau ideal of a gallant and chivalrous cavalier. He always rode a high mettled thoroughbred, and his seat in the saddle was the very picture of grace and ease.

Nor was his appearance superior to his elegance of manner. The man within corresponded to the man without, appealing to humanity. On one occasion a youth, in fact a boy, not over sixteen years of age, was among the prisoners. General Morgan singled him out because of his boyish appearance and inquired if his mother was living. The boy replied in the affirmative. Morgan ordered an instant parole made out for the boy, and handing it to him along with a gold coin, said: "Take this. Go home to your mother as fast as you can and tell her General Morgan advises her to keep you with her till your beard grows." This was John H. Morgan as he really existed, not as he was painted by prejudice born of fear of him. On that September evening, the last of his life, he asked of the group in which I stood: "How is Mississippi to-day?"* The response of the Mississippians was in substance that their company wanted for nothing more, now that their chief was again in the saddle and ready to lead them. General Morgan knew that the reply was sincere, and with a pleased smile he answered: "Yes, I've no doubt the boys are all glad to see me back. You have been served badly of late. This thing of running from the enemy is something you're not used to and I know you don't like it. But, never mind, we'll pay these Yankee Tennesseeans back with interest for all the trouble they've given you. We mean to drive the rogues out of this department and will begin to-morrow." He was answered with a rousing cheer, the invariable response to his speeches.

At that moment Dr. Kay, one of the brigade surgeons, rode up and calling attention to the fast gathering and now imminent storm, he said: "Come, general, you must get away from here or you'll be caught in the rain." Morgan retorted that he had somebody else in camp to see, which would detain him for a few moments, but meantime officers of the staff were directed to find shelter for him in the immediate vicinity of the command. The only house near by was a double log cabin on the opposite side of the road, and as Morgan was earnestly advised that he must not think of risking exposure to the weather that night that shelter was sought in his behalf. The staff officer who visited the family reported that the occupants of the cabin were willing to offer such hospitality as their circumstances and condition afforded, but it was very poor. There was sickness in the house, the people were cramped for room and none too well off for food, but they would do the best in their power to accommodate the general. "Oh, well," he said, "we will not incommode these poor people. I will ride back to Mrs. Williams' and sleep there. Say, doctor" (to Kay), "do you think we can make it before the rain comes?" And with a nod to his staff to follow he wheeled his horse and galloped away. A moment or two later we saw him riding in a sweeping gallop up the road in the direction of Greenville. That was the last view we ever had of Morgan living. To escape a storm he rode to his death. It was the threatening clouds that sent him back to town that night. Was it fate or accident?

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* The company addressed was from Mississippi, though in a Kentucky command. It was Co. F, of Morgan's old regiment (the 2d Ky. Cav.), and had faithfully adhered to him through all his fortunes as a Confederate leader.

General Morgan had scarcely re-entered Mrs. Williams' house when the storm burst in all its fury. It expended its force chiefly in rain, which fell in torrents. It looked for a time as if the very hills on which we camped would be washed from their foundations. The general was most cordially welcomed back to comfortable shelter and the hospitable Williams mansion fairly outdid itself in entertaining him. While the rain was beating upon the roof with a sound that rendered inside cheer additionally attractive a comfortable supper was announced, and at the table General Morgan was assigned the seat of honor. One of Mrs. Williams' sons, a soldier in the Confederate army, had returned home along with Morgan and his command and his presence added measurably to the happiness of his mother and sister. General Morgan, on all occasions an entertaining conversationalist, was the life of the table. His last supper on earth was made memorable to those surrounding him by his lively sallies of wit and the keen relish with which he related joking incidents about his career. The ladies and gentlemen, with a single exception—a woman—joined in the mirth of the occasion and their laughter drowned the noise of the splashing rain without.

This woman was silent and moody where all the others were talkative and merry, and the contrast could not fail to direct attention towards her. She was a daughter-in-law of the hostess, a woman not yet thirty years of age, and possessed of more than average personal attractions. This was Mrs. Lucy Williams, who was as loyal to the Union cause as the other members of the family were devoted to the Confederacy. She was one of those personal illustrations of political perversity that the outbreak of the war produced in numerous families. All of her kith and kin by blood and marriage were intensely

Southern in sentiment, yet she chose to espouse the cause of the Union, and the more opposition it met the more determined became her loyalty. She persuaded her husband to adopt her opinions, but could not move any of the others of his family. Her own brothers were in the Confederate army, but this fact did not induce her to look with any favor upon that cause. All efforts to interest her in the conversation at the supper table were futile. Her replies to questions were monosyllabic and the most amusing incidents of the camp or field failed to evoke a smile from her.

When her singular conduct could no longer be overlooked without seeming slight, General Morgan kindly inquired the cause of her low spirits. Her explanation was that she was uneasy about her property, which consisted of a farm lying four or five miles below town and just without our picket lines. She said that little farm and the homestead upon it contained everything in the shape of this world's goods possessed by her husband and herself, and she was afraid that Morgan's men would punish the loyalty of the owners by injuring the property. General Morgan assured her there was no foundation whatever for her uneasiness; that his men were under orders not to leave camp that night, and he added: "But, madam, under any circumstances your farm would be safe, as my soldiers do not war upon women and non-combatants."

His efforts to reassure her were unavailing. "While you are way up here, general," she said, "your men might burn my house, and though you might punish them for disobedience of orders that would not restore my little property." With an air of confidence he assured her that his men were not given to the wanton destruction of private property. But the lady refused to be comforted by the general's positive assurances, and rising from the table she declared her purpose to proceed in person to her farm. General Morgan, surprised at the boldness of the proposition, asked if she meant to ride four or five miles through such a storm, with the night so dark that she couldn't see her horse's head. The general was still more surprised when the woman announced that she didn't "expect to ride at all." Her plan was to reach her farm afoot. "Good heavens, madam," he exclaimed, "you don't really mean to undertake such a journey on foot to-night? Why, it's madness." But she declared with evident earnestness her intention to undertake the trip, adding that she had walked the distance many a time and sometimes through the rain and darkness.

Having protested as much as politeness would allow and having reiterated his assurances of the safety of her farm without in the least affecting her determination to go, he directed his adjutant to write a pass giving Mrs. Lucy Williams safe conveyance through the Confederate picket lines. When the pass was delivered to her General Morgan detained her, saying: "I only intend to assert my authority in one particular—you shall not walk. If you will go you must have a horse and I will lend you one if you will be seated until I can send for it." He then directed that an orderly proceed to the nearest camp and procure a horse that could be spared from among the surplus animals the command was usually provided with. Meantime he invited Mrs. Williams to resume her seat until the horse could be brought up. This did not consume much time and, therefore, the horse must have been obtained from the camp of Smith's battalion, which was immediately in rear of the town, and not over a quarter of a mile distant. Either that or it was provided from among the animals belonging to the staff.

Mounted on a horse provided by the kindness of General Morgan, Mrs. Lucy Williams rode from the house of her mother-in-law that tempestuous night with the rain pouring as if the very clouds were rent asunder; but it was not towards her farm that she headed her borrowed horse. Reared in that vicinity and having traversed it as child and woman with a freedom that the custom of the country permitted to her sex, she was familiar with every road and pathway. Instead of taking the most direct route she made a detour to the left, passed through our lines, and with all the speed possible proceeded to Bull's Gap. She was evidently informed as to the general disposition of the troops, and perhaps she feared to trust her secret to the scrutiny of Morgan's men. It may be that she had a confederate among Vaughn's men, or that she was acquainted with some of them and felt that she could more easily dupe them. At all events she rode some distance out of her way to pass through the lines at that point, thus affording evidence of her unwillingness to encounter the more vigilant Kentuckians.

There is no doubt that the woman had conceived the idea of conveying the information of Morgan's presence and surroundings to the enemy when she declared her purpose to go to her farm; but it is believed that she did not determine to be the bearer of that information herself until after she was mounted upon a good horse. Her anxiety about her property was, of course, a pretext. Her object was to get away from the house and past our lines, where she would have opportunity to find a messenger to convey the information she was desirous of placing in possession of the enemy. Early that evening General Morgan's faithful old Irish hostler warned him that he had "heerd some o' thim Union wimmin a whisperin' ferninst the fince beyant there in the yard," and he "belaved there was mischief afut." Morgan, however, only laughed at him, and told him he was getting old and nervous.

Adjoining Mrs. Williams' yard on the north side was an abandoned hotel building. It was then occupied by the family of a Captain Fry, a notorious bushwhacker of East Tennessee. Not long prior to Morgan's death this Captain Fry had been captured, and though our code condemned all of his class to immediate death, without even the formality of a drum-head court-martial, this man was spared by Morgan out of pure good-heartedness. Morgan ordered Fry confined in jail, saying he should not be condemned without a trial to determine whether or not he was guilty of all the cruel and bloody deeds charged to him. The officers remonstrated against the leniency, but Morgan retorted that the man had a family and should not be put to death without a trial. The incident of the capture of Fry is related because it formed another link in that chain of events which seemed to shape Morgan's destiny.

Fry's family, as stated, occupied the deserted hotel, and his wife was particularly vindictive towards Morgan, because of the capture and imprisonment of her husband. She had no means of knowing that the very man she railed against and vowed to be avenged upon had interposed his authority to save the life of her husband, which, under the rule of procedure in that military department, had been forfeited by his bushwhacking career. In the earlier hours of that evening Morgan's hostler had overheard Mrs. Lucy Williams and Mrs. Fry exchanging whispers across the half-decayed fence that separated the old hotel from the Williams' yard. The old man insisted that he had seen and overheard enough to convince him that "divilish sacret wurruk of some kind" was going on, but as he could not give any intelligible account of his alleged discovery he failed to impress anybody with his apprehensions. It is pretty well settled now that the two women were endeavoring to devise some plan to convey an account of Morgan's presence and forces to General Gillem, the Union commandant at Bull's Gap.

The younger Mrs. Williams also had a motive for striking at Morgan, which should not be omitted from the history of this event. On a former visit of the general to Greenville, some weeks prior to his illness, a young and handsome Federal officer had been wounded in a skirmish and captured. General Morgan was, during that visit, staying at Mrs. Williams', and as the captured officer was plainly a refined and elegant gentleman, permission was obtained to quarter him at the Williams mansion, where he could receive the attention of Morgan's staff surgeon. The wound proved to be much less serious than at first supposed, and in the course of several days the captive officer was pronounced able to travel to his home. He was paroled and expected in the course of that day or the next to depart. Mrs. Lucy Williams had been exceedingly attentive to the prisoner, and her kindness was attributed to her well known devotion to the Union. Dr. Cameron, General Morgan's chaplain, an Episcopal clergyman, half-accidentally picked up a prayer book in one of the parlors, and turning the leaves a paper was exposed. The name of Morgan upon it excited his suspicion and an examination revealed a complete and detailed report of Morgan's forces, how they were disposed, and advice as to the best manner of surprising the Confederates. Investigation proved that the document was in the handwriting of the prisoner, and that it was intended for transmission to the enemy there could be no doubt. This was a clear violation of the terms of parole, and instead of going home the captive was sent to prison.

Mrs. Lucy Williams protested vehemently against the penalty, declaring it would kill the man to confine him in prison, and when her protestations failed she had recourse to threats and curses. She called down upon Morgan the vengeance of heaven, and vowed she would make him suffer if he consigned the Federal officer to a prison. Her threats were regarded as the ebullition of a high-tempered woman, and nobody paid any attention to them. Subsequent developments showed that there was more than a patriotic sentiment binding the prisoner and Mrs. Lucy Williams. She had conceived a violent passion for the handsome officer, who was not slow to encourage it, and it was for her lover that she was doing such fierce battle against the sentence of imprisonment. It is no slander upon Mrs. Williams to mention this, since her husband afterwards procured a divorce from her on the ground of her infidelity to him, which was established by incontrovertible testimony. Her determination to avenge the imprisonment of her lover may be set down as another of those links in that chain of destiny which was being forged around Morgan.

Through the steadily pouring rain, over roads badly cut up by the passage of artillery and heavy wagon trains, without the light of a single friendly star to show her the way, Mrs. Williams rode to Bull's Gap, reaching there towards midnight. Without giving a thought to her own condition or comfort, she urged upon the first Federal officer she saw immediate movement against Morgan. The indomitable spirit of the woman was manifested when the officer replied that a march to Greenville that night was impossible; that a large proportion of the garrison consisted of re-enforcements, just arrived, and the horses were too much jaded for further use before "to-morrow." She returned with emphasis that "to-morrow" would not do; that instant action on the part of the Unionists was necessary in order to avail anything. The officer could not be moved from his opinion by either Mrs. Williams' expostulations or entreaties, and with an impatient contempt for his reluctance to expose his precious person to the elements and to Confederate bullets, she left him to seek General Gillem, the officer in command.

She found Gillem, with some difficulty, as he had retired for the night, and repeated to him the urgent reasons for an instant march against Morgan that had been disregarded by one of the general's subordinates. Gillem hesitated. The woman, observing his indecision, plied him with earnest entreaties to adopt her advice. "Order out your men, general," she pleaded, "I can lead you into Greenville before the rebels know where you are. You can capture Morgan!" She admonished Gillem that Morgan, if left to himself, would attack the Unionists next day, and that a sudden blow struck might beat him and save Union defeat. Her counsels prevailed and as soon as horses could be saddled and the troops formed, the Union column, with that intrepid woman as its guide, was *en route* to Greenville.

Mrs. Williams rode at the head of the troops, and with an impatient desire to attain the consummation of her adventurous ride, she often encouraged the men to force the speed of their horses. It was a rough march through that dreary, stormy night, and over roads that in places seemed to have no bottom, so deep was the mud; yet through mud and mire, with the rain beating upon her, unprotected by even an oil-cloth and drenched to the very skin, this daring woman rode on. I have been told that she rejected the offer of a soldier's oil-cloth, saying she was soaked, and that it could do no good. With a military tact that would have done credit to a general officer, she guided the Union cavalry to the only weak spot in our lines—that guarded by Vaughn's men. Riding beside the officer who commanded the advance, she advised him when he was near the picket line. [I subsequently had these facts from the lips of this same officer.]

In anticipation of the videttes' challenge and probably a shot or two from that quarter, the officer in front begged Mrs. Williams to ride to the rear; but with a courage as daring as her spirit was determined she disdained the advice and kept her place in front. Neither challenge nor warning shot checked the onward movement of the Unionists, and just when they began to be mystified and naturally anxious at what appeared to be an ominous quiet where an enemy was expected, the matter was explained by the discovery of Vaughn's videttes fast asleep. They had, seemingly, concluded that their post of observation was unnecessary or that there was no danger. At any rate, they had dismounted, disposed themselves as comfortably at the root of a tree as the situation would admit of, and folding the drapery of their oil or gum cloths about their worthless carcasses had sunk into a slumber so profound that they knew nothing of the approach of the enemy until they were fast prisoners. With the videttes secured the military skill and thorough knowledge of the country possessed by Mrs. Williams became again of value. She led the advancing foe by a route through fields and by-ways which flanked the main portion of Vaughn's camp. Indeed, it was not until the enemy were well in their rear that Vaughn's troops were aware of their proximity. Instead of promptly undertaking to repair the mischief done by a vigorous and determined attack upon the Unionists, the Tennesseeans simply defended themselves as they prepared to retreat in a direction that would lead them further from the other two brigades.

Of course the residence of Mrs. Williams where Morgan quartered was the objective point of the Unionists, and while the main body kept up a desultory engagement with Vaughn's brigade a detachment headed for our chief. Some shots were exchanged in the streets of the town with straggling Confederates, who, in disobedience of orders, had been having a good time wherever entertainment offered. The rattle of musketry had alarmed the inmates of the Williams residence. The elder Mrs. Williams rushed to General Morgan's chamber door and in an agonized voice cried out, "General, for God's sake, make your escape. The Yankees are in town!" She then ran to the chamber of her son to warn him and endeavor to provide for his safety. Morgan's first warning, however, had come from his faithful old officer, who, after abjuring the general to make all possible speed in getting away from the house, said, somewhat exultingly, "I tould ye them dommed Union wemmin were a hatching divilment last night."

The Williams mansion, as has been stated, was situated at the corner of two principal streets. In the rear was a very large yard, filled chiefly with shade trees and ornamental shrubbery. Here and there throughout this yard vines had been trained over frames, forming such a mass of interwoven stems, leaves, and flowers that scarcely a ray of light could steal through. The yard terminated at a low picket fence, separating it from a church, which occupied the street corner back of the Williams place.

As soon as General Morgan could draw on his boots and pantaloons and throw his holsters, containing a pair of revolvers, across his shoulder, he passed from the chamber he had occupied into the main hall. Directing several of his staff to keep watch at the front of the house, he passed to the back door, and there encountered Miss Fannie, Mrs. Williams' youngest daughter, crying and wringing her hands in great distress at his danger. Patting her gently on the head, he said: "Don't cry, Miss Fannie; I'm all right now." He had seen Smith's battalion drawn up in line of battle almost within pistol range of him, and naturally he expected that his men would immediately give the Yankees something to do besides looking for him. He stood at the door for an instant, doubtless expecting to see the battalion move towards him, but it remained as immovable apparently as the hill upon which the line of battle was formed.

At that instant a company of Federal cavalry fronted into line, facing the yard with the evident purpose of cutting off his retreat, and as he could hear the steps of the enemy at the front of the house, exclaiming "My God, why don't my men come to me!" Morgan dashed into the yard and concealed himself behind one of the vine-covered frames I have described. His purpose doubtless was to remain hidden until an opportunity offered for escape. It is to be presumed that he was still momentarily expecting that Smith's battalion would charge the enemy, and that that would divert attention from him long enough for him to escape. But Mrs. Fry, the bushwhacker's wife, who from her house could overlook the whole yard, saw him secrete himself, and rushing toward the enemy she pointed out Morgan's hiding place, exclaiming, "There's the rebel general! there he is!"

There in that yard, in the little town of Greenville, on the morning of September 4, 1864, John H. Morgan was killed. How we knew not.

There have been various opinions as to the details of his death, the facts of which have never been revealed.

The army of the dead commander became demoralized and many of them fled in confusion for their lives, while the remnant left retreated double-quick.

* * *

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

THE only field officer left in Kemper's (rebel) brigade after the great charge upon Cemetery Hill, on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg, was Colonel Mayo, of the 3d Va. Regt.

A SUCCESSFUL RAID.

PERHAPS the most successful raid of the war was made by the rebels in September, 1864, when a large force came within our lines around Petersburg and captured 2,500 head of cattle.

* * *

SOME INTERESTING WAR PARAGRAPHS.

Compiled from Townsend's War Library, N. Y. C.

First (N. E.) Three Years' Regiment.

THE 5th Vermont was the first New England regiment to enlist for three years.

First Two Prisoners.

THE first two prisoners captured by the Army of the Potomac were taken by the 25th N. Y. State Militia.

First Battle South of Arkansas River.

ELK creek was the first battle of the war fought south of the Arkansas river.

Most Bayonet Wounds.

MORE bayonet wounds were inflicted upon our soldiers at the battle of Gaines Mills, than in any other battle of the war.

1st N. Y. Regt.'s Prisoners.

THE 1st N. Y. Cavalry Regt. claim to have captured more prisoners and property up to 1864, than any other cavalry regiment in the service. They had taken 3,000 prisoners.

The Father of Greenbacks.

THE treasury note or greenback system was first suggested by the late Mr. Silas M. Stillwell, of New York. Mr. Stillwell and not the late Secretary Chase should have been called the "Father of Greenbacks."

First Steamer Captured.

THE first boat captured by the rebels was the steamer Ocean Belle, captured at Helena, Ark.

First Draft Since 1812.

THE first draft since the war of 1812 took place at Hartford, Conn., on the 10th of September, 1862.

Oldest Regiment of New York.

THE 2d N. Y State Militia (82d Vols.), is the oldest regiment in the state of New York, and was the first to volunteer from New York for the war.

Last Confederate to Surrender.

THE last rebel to lay down his arms was Elias Hapner, a Tennessee guerrilla. Hapner committed murder in 1881 and was shot at Leadville, Col., and killed.

First Regt. to Defend the Capital.

THE first regiment from the state of New York to march to the defense of the Capital was the 7th Militia Regt.

Last Man Shot (Potomac Army).

THE last man shot in the Army of the Potomac was Capt. Albert O. Skipp, 15th N. Y. Cavalry. It occurred just after the surrender of Lee's army, when a squad of rebel cavalry tried to escape.

Relics of Andersonville.

CLARA BARTON, AND HER WORK OF MERCY.

By Mrs. **FRANCES D. GAGE.**

IN a small room on the third floor of a building in Washington, D. C., I sit me down to pen this letter. No mirrors flash back light or beauty from these walls; no Vandykes, Raphaels, or Rubens create envy in the bosom of the passer by. Its plain, cheap carpet, its chairs, its tables,—for use, not ornament,—wear no gorgeous coverings, but bear the burdens of days of toil and nights of watching and weariness, in the form of ledgers, and boxes filled with documents, that have been the coinage, every one of them, of aching hearts.

Yonder, in the corner, is a cabinet. A few plain board shelves are set against the wall, containing the most unique, priceless treasures in the world. No costly gems glitter there; no exquisite shells from the depths of the sea entrance with their splendor of color and form; no birds with gaudy plumage remind us of nature's magnificence in some far off isle of the ocean. Nay, none of that! Oh! pen of mine, write quietly; oh! eyes, put back your tears. Cease, throbbing heart, your painful pulsations, while I tell the story as best I can.

Come nearer; let us look at these things. The bits of tin, perforated with holes, were once bottoms and sides of canteens, or oyster cans, grown old and rusty with use, gathered up by weary hands and pierced by nails to make sieves through which to pass the meal made of corn, "ground cob and all," which formed the rations of our soldier prisoners at Andersonville.

The rusty oyster cans, with a bail of old wire rudely adjusted, were the kettles in which they gathered the bones, and reboiled them to make soup. Those paddles, soiled and grim at the handles and scoured at the base with constant use, stirred the coarse meal and water together into mush for starving men.

Those splits of wood, woven together like chair bottoms, were the plates they used.

See you these little wooden troughs, whittled with a jack-knife, rough, tiny, some not holding a half-pint? They held the meager meal when cooked. These are the spoons of wood that conveyed the loathsome food to their famished lips. These cows' horns, wrought into drinking cups; these little tubs of chips of wood, hooped about with tow strings, served the same purpose. One oyster can, for which no bail could be found, has a strip of tin cut from the top, with short, narrow bits for hinges, and thus, as a kettle for cooking, was made to do its noble service.

Those bits of board! Some careless, untaught eye might take them for kindling wood. As I write, I ask myself, is the theory that spirits of the dead linger around the scenes of joy or sorrow that they knew in this life a true one? If so, how many thousands are looking down this night at the thoughts I am tracing with my pen! Those bits of scantling, broken, unplaned, five inches wide, and two or three feet long, are fragments of the "dead-line" at Andersonville. He, who, starved, maddened, reckless, preferred death to continued torture, had but to pass this brittle boundary to be ushered instantly into the presence of him who has said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

Turn this way. That board, leaning in the corner, with its black figures "7,606" at the top, is the head-board which Wirz—he has gone to his account, I will use no adjectives with his name—suffered to be placed where one dear and nearly akin to her who gathered these relics was laid away in that vast cemetery of murdered men.

7,606! Can you realize it? Seven thousand six hundred and six prisoners, who, starved, scorched in the burning sun, maddened, hopeless, prayed for death and found in their shallow graves surcease from anguish! And 7,606 is scarce half. On, on, on,—up, up, up go the numbers to 12,920 that have been found, recognized, and marked. Oh! God of mercy, is there, can there be produced such another record of the results of slavery as this!

But let us look further. These bayonets were picked up in that Golgotha, and this letter box into which thousands, aye, tens of thousands of letters were dropped, but never one went out to gladden the oppressed hearts of friends! Perhaps no five pieces of timber were ever nailed together that have enclosed so many tales of distress, or so few of happiness or joy, as these.

This is the worn-out stump of hickory broom, with which the skeleton hands tried to keep clean; this a ball from one of the many guns that were mounted on the seven forts surrounding the prison. A paroled prisoner asked of Wirz one day:—

"What will you do with us if Sherman's army comes to the rescue?"

"By tam! I puts you in the stockade. I turn de guns on you, and blow de brains out of every tam one."

But, let me stay this fearful record, and tell how these things came to be here in Washington. Miss Clara Barton, in whose little parlor I find them, brought them with her on her return from her expedition to Andersonville, where she went, by request of Secretary Stanton, in company with Capt. James M. Moore, A. Q. M., to inclose the grounds of the Andersonville cemetery, and identify the graves and mark them with headboards, which expedition was inaugurated, at her request, by the heads of the department.

"I gathered these things up," said Miss Barton to me, "and was told their uses at the places where I found them. I brought out some from the deep burrows our men had made—those caves dug out by their weak hands to shelter them from burning heats and chilling dews, and into which many crept, never to emerge again, till their fellows bore them to their last resting place."

Was I wrong in saying her cabinet contained the most unique and priceless treasures in the world? Many a mother, wife, or sister would gladly exchange her gold and jewels for those records of the last days of some loving heart so frightfully stilled. One lady, looking at them with tears coursing down her cheeks, exclaimed, "I would exchange my diamonds for these."

"Your diamonds could not buy them," was the answer of the heroic woman who has done so much to ease the sorrow of a nation.

As I said, these tables bear the burdens of aching hearts. Six thousand letters from bereaved friends, who have asked her to help them find their missing dead! And still they come. Still the mother cries out in anguish and suspense, "What has become of my boy?" Still the wife pleads to know of him who was her all, whom she gave to her country to die for it, if need be; but not to be lost, uncared for and unsought. One hundred letters a day often lay upon Miss Barton's table, every one freighted with sorrow.

Do you wonder that I sit in awe in this almost sublime room! Do you wonder that I ask, "Is the theory true that spirits can linger near mortals upon earth?" If so, will they not be here, breathing over this kind, gentle woman, to help her in her benevolent work? Do they not long to have those they loved, and who still wander in life asking for them, let into the secret of their fate?

Six thousand letters! Some of them giving the names of twelve or fifteen missing men, and each requiring an answer to the individual who wrote it; and five, ten, twenty, thirty, even seventy-five letters of inquiry to gain the information needed to reply to its queries.

Some of you who read this have, perhaps, seen Miss Barton's "Roll of Missing Men," and her request appended to that "roll" for information. You may suppose those names are all she has gathered, and wonder that she has no more. You imagine she has gone to the quartermaster's department or muster-roll for that number. Let it be known that every name on that list has been taken from some letter of friends, which is now on file in her possession, asking for the missing. Most of these letters are from women, either in their own handwriting or that of an agent, telling their own story of loss and sorrow.

Friends must be patient, thankful for what has been done, and trusting for the future. While Clara Barton lives and can work, she will not forget the widow in her affliction, or let the fatherless ask in vain, or disappoint the mother's hope—if it is possible to do otherwise.

One thing more. Let it be everywhere understood this is a private enterprise begun and wholly sustained by Miss Barton. She receives no salary from any department of government, or association of the people, and is responsible to the people only through her promise to do this work.

* * *

GENERAL GRANT'S RECORD,

From Birth to Close of the War.

ULYSSES Simpson Grant, born at Mt. Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, April 27, 1822.

Family removed to Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio, 1823.

Appointed cadet at West Point by Hon. T. L. Hamer, 1839.

Graduated June 30, 1843, standing number twenty-one in a class of thirty-eight members. Entered on the army rolls as brevet second lieutenant, and assigned to Fourth Infantry, on the Missouri frontier, as a supernumerary.

Commissioned September 30, 1845, second lieutenant of infantry.

Went in Taylor's army to Mexico, and took part in all the actions, from Palo Alto, May 8, 1846, to Monterey, September 23, 1846.

Transferred to Scott's army, and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz.

Assigned as quartermaster of his regiment, April, 1847.

In the battle of Molino del Rey, September, 1847, promoted on the field, by General Scott, to first lieutenant, for distinguished gallantry.

Battle of Chapultepec, September 13, 1847; officially noticed for gallantry by General Worth.

Entered the City of Mexico with the army.

Sent to the Pacific coast at the close of the war, and assigned to duty in Oregon, with headquarters at Fort Dallas.

Appointed brevet captain 1850, for services at Chapultepec.

Commissioned captain, August, 1853.

Resigned July 31, 1854; spent a few years in business in St. Louis, and in farming.

Removed to Galena, Illinois, and, with his father, established there the leather house of Grant & Son, 1859.

Appointed mustering officer and aide to Governor Yates, of Illinois, at Springfield, April, 1861.

Commissioned colonel of Twenty-first Illinois (three years) Volunteers, June, 15, '61.

Appointed brigadier-general by President Lincoln, August, 1861 (commission dated back to May 17), and placed in command of the District of Cairo.

Occupied Paducah, Kentucky, by a surprise movement, September 8, 1861.

Defeated Jeff Thompson, at Greenville, October 16, 1864.

Battle of Belmont, November 7, 1861.

Moved up the Tennessee, and with Foote's iron-clads, captured Fort Henry, February 6, 1862.

Invested Fort Donelson February 11, and captured it February 16, by the unconditional surrender of the enemy.

Promoted to be major-general of volunteers, commission dating from the fall of Fort Donelson.

Advance against Corinth, March, 1862.

Battle of Pittsburg Landing, April 7 and 8, 1862.

Placed in command of the Army of the Tennessee, April 13; occupied Memphis and Holly Springs in June; made commander of the Department of Tennessee in July.

Began the campaign against Vicksburg, October 25, 1862; captured the city after a long and bloody winter and spring campaign, July 4, 1863.

Appointed major-general in the regular army.

Severely injured by being thrown from his horse at New Orleans, September, 1863; three ribs broken.

Appointed to command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, October, 1863, and announced headquarters in the field, arriving at Chattanooga, October 23.

Battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, November 24 and 25, 1863, driving Bragg from before Chattanooga.

Appointed and confirmed Lieutenant-General of the army, March 2, 1864, the grade being created for him.

Arrived at Washington, March 8, 1864.

Assumed command of all the Union armies, headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, March 12, 1864.

Crossed the Rapidan, May 3, 1864.

May 5, 6 and 7, battles of the Wilderness.

May 11, " I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

May 29, crossed the Pamunkey.

Crossed the James and placed Richmond and Petersburg under siege June 14. Constant battles during the summer, fall, and winter.

Began the final campaign of the war, March 25, 1865.

Battle of Five Forks, March 31, and April 1.

Occupation of Richmond, April 2.

Surrender of Lee's army, April 9, 1865, and substantial end of the war.

COUNT ZOWASKI.

[An old man named Zowaski, ninety-two years of age, and a native of Poland, before Russia blotted that country from the map of Europe, was arrested in 1884 by the town authorities of Frederick, Md., and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for being a tramp. This unfortunate man once belonged to the Polish nobility with the title of count; served under Napoleon on the bloody fields of Austerlitz and Leipzig, and was in the disastrous retreat from Moscow, where 30,000 soldiers were frozen to death in a single night. He participated also in the unsuccessful attempt against the government of Prussia in 1848, and came to this country with Carl Shurz in 1851. At the age of seventy, he volunteered in a Pennsylvania regiment, and served in the Federal army in our civil war, under General Sigel.]

LONE, seated in the dim, gray light—
Look on him through his prison bars!
This veteran of the long gone wars!
This man with honest battle scars!
Columbia weep, at such a sight!

Poor soldier of red Austerlitz!
Of Leipzig's stern and bloody fray!
Of Moscow's bitter frozen way!
So desolate hath come the day,
That in a prison cell he sits!

This man that heard the thunder sound
Of cannon that all Europe rocked!
In which all Europe's fate was locked!
Whose echoes all the nations shocked!
Now left alone! No friend around!

He, who his manhood's bosom bared
Near threescore years and ten ago,
To battle's stern, relentless woe,
Whose comrades long have moldered low,
A common felon's cell hath shared!

And this, old man, is your reward?
For this, at threescore years and ten,
You served our country's cause and when
You needed help, we gave you then—
Imprisonment? A turnkey guard?

What charge is laid against thy door?
Thy trembling hands with palsy numb,
Hath murder stain upon them come?
Doth such a crime pursue thee home?
No! Heaven only made thee poor!

Because of lucre thou hast not,
Of what avail are all thy deeds?
Who cares to know thy bitter needs?
While God is served by Mammon's creeds,
Thou mayest like a felon rot.

Columbia! This is thine own son;
His wrongs reproach thee for redress;
He came from far off lands to press
His service in thy sore distress,
Be thy decree, "Be justice done!"

THOMAS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

By **KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.**

[The incident upon which the following poem is based, is related by General James B. Steedman, as occurring when he reported with four thousand fresh troops to General Thomas, at Chickamauga.

IT was that fierce contested field when Chickamauga lay
Beneath the wild tornado that swept her pride away;
Her dimpling dales and circling hills dyed crimson with the flood
That had its sources in the springs that throb with human blood.

"Go, say to General Harker to re-enforce his right!"
Said Thomas to his aide-de-camp when wildly went the fight;
In front the battle thundered, it roared both right and left,
But like a rock, "Pap" Thomas stood upon the crested cleft.

"Where will I find you, General, when I return?" the aide
Leaned on his bridle rein to wait the answer Thomas made;
The old chief like a lion turned, his pale lips set and sere,
And shook his mane and stamped his foot and fiercely answered, "Here!"

The floodtide of fraternal strife rolled upward to his feet,
And, like the breakers on the shore, the thunderous clamors beat;
The sad earth rocked and reeled with woe, the earth shrieked out in pain,
And hill and vale were groaning with the burden of the slain.

Who does not mind that sturdy form, that steady heart and hand,
That calm repose and gallant mien, that courage high and grand?
O God, who givest nations men to meet their lofty needs,
Vouchsafe another Thomas when our country prostrate bleeds!

They fought with all the fortitude of earnest men and true,—
The men who wore the rebel gray, the men who wore the blue;
And those, they fought most valiantly for petty state and clan,
And these, for truer Union and the brotherhood of man.

They come, those hurling legions, with banners splashed with blood,
They dash against our columns with mighty shock and thud;
Till 'neath the blistering iron hail the shy and frightened deer
Go scurrying from their forest haunts to plunge in wilder fear.

Beyond, our lines are broken, and now in frenzied rout
The flower of the Cumberland has swiftly faced about;
And horse and foot and color-guard are reeling rear and van,
And in the awful panic man forgets that he is man.

Now Bragg, with pride exultant, above our broken wings
The might of all his army against "Pap" Thomas brings;
They're massing to the right of him, they're massing to the left,
Ah, God be with our hero who holds the crested cleft!

Blow, blow, ye echoing bugles; give answer, screaming shell;
Go, belch your murderous fury, ye batteries of hell;
Ring out, O impious musket; spin on, O shattering shot,—
Our smoke encircled hero, he hears but heeds ye not!

Now steady, men, now steady! make one more valiant stand,
For gallant Steedman's coming, his forces well in hand!
Close up your shattered columns, take steady aim and true,
The chief who loves you as his life will live or die with you!

By solid columns on they come, by columns they are hurled,
As down the eddying rapids the storm-swept booms are whirled;
And when the ammunition fails, O moment drear and dread,
The hero loads his musket from the rounds of comrades dead.

God never set His signet on the hearts of braver men,
Or fixed the goal of victory on higher heights than then;
With bayonets and muskets clubbed, they close the rush and roar;
Their stepping stones to glory are their comrades gone before.

O vanished majesty of days not all forgotten yet,
We consecrate unto thy praise one hour of deep regret;
One hour to them whose days were years of glory that shall flood
The Nation's somber night of tears, of carnage, and of blood!

O vanished majesty of days when men were gauged by worth,
Set crowned and dowered in the way to judge the sons of earth;
When all the little great fell down before the great unknown,
And priest put off the hampering gown and coward donned his own!

O vanished majesty of days that saw the sun shine on
The deeds that wake sublimer praise than Ghent or Marathon;
When patriots in homespun rose, where one was called for, ten,
And heroes sprang full-armored from the humblest walks of men!

O vanished majesty of days! Rise type and mould to-day,
And teach our sons to follow on where duty leads the way;
That whatsoever trial comes, defying doubt and fear,
They in the thickest fight shall stand and proudly answer "Here."

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

S. M. CARPENTER.

THE tents that whitened Arlington have vanished from the fields,
And plenty where the cannon stood a golden harvest yields;
The camp fires gleam no more at night, and pleasant mornings come,
Without the blare of bugles or the beating of the drum.

The rushes by the river side thrill with the reed bird's song,
And bend to kiss the ripples as the waters flow along ;
The robins stray beneath the oaks, the partridge calls its brood,
And whistles down the valleys with a confidence renewed.

All through the widening rifle-pits the grass is growing green,
And autumn wild flowers blossom where the bivouacs have been ;
The days seem like a sunny dream and night falls gently down
In silence, broken only by the murmur from the town.

But, though the camps have vanished and the tents are laid away,
An army waits upon the knolls in undisturbed array.
A legion without banners, that knows no music, save
The moiling of the dead march, and a volley o'er a grave.

Here comrades that together strove, with all of life at stake,
Lie side by side in slumber no bugle call can wake ;
No shock can ever break their ranks, no blast their columns thin,
Nor one deserter leave the corps their grim chief musters in.

Spring twines its garlands o'er their heads, but they never cull its flowers,
And peaceful winter evenings bring to them no happy hours ;
Tears fall at home, they heed them not, and care no more to earn
The love that waited patiently to welcome their return.

Alas ! what dreams of life and love have ended in these grounds !
How many hopes are buried in these little grassy mounds !
How many hearts have felt the pang the lips could never tell,
And broken, striving to believe "He doeth all things well" !

'Tis sweet to think the war is o'er ; that all its bitter pain
Was measured for our chastening and not endured in vain ;
And dearer still it is to know that in the coming years
A nation's happiness will bless our offerings and our tears.

The memory of the fallen is a heritage of pride
That can never be forgotten and no faithlessness divide ;
While yesterdays renew to us, with smiles that shall not cease,
Their promise of a never-ending Sabbath day of peace !

THE DRUMMER BOY OF MISSION RIDGE.

Nov. 25, 1863.

WRITTEN BY KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

[*To John S. Kountz, commander of the Department of Ohio, G. A. R., this story of his experience at Mission Ridge, while serving as drummer boy of the* 37*th O. V. I. is dedicated, as a slight testimonial to his courage on the field of battle, and his fidelity to the veteran's bond of union, "Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty."*]

DID ever you hear of the Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge who lay
With his face to the foe, 'neath the enemy's guns in the charge of that terrible day?
They were firing above him and firing below, and the tempest of shot and shell
Was raging like death as he moaned in his pain, by the breastworks where he fell.

We had burnished our muskets and filled our canteens, as we waited for orders that morn—
Who knows when the soldier is dying of thirst, where the wounded are wailing forlorn?—
When forth from the squad that was ordered back from the burst of that furious fire
Our Drummer Boy came and his face was aflame with the light of a noble desire.

"Go back with your corps," our colonel had said, but he waited the moment when
He might follow the ranks and shoulder a gun with the best of us bearded men;
And so when the signals from old Fort Wood set an army of veterans wild
He flung down his drum, which spun down the hill like the ball of a wayward child.

And so he fell in with the foremost ranks of brave old Company G,
As we charged by the flank, with our colors ahead, and our columns closed up like a V,
In the long swinging lines of that splendid advance, when the flags of our corps floated out,
Like the ribbons that dance in the jubilant lines of the march of a gala day rout.

He charged with the ranks, though he carried no gun, for the colonel had said him nay,
And he breasted the blast of the bustling guns and the shock of the sickening fray;
And when by his side they were falling like hail, he sprang to a comrade slain,
And shouldered his musket and bore it as true as the hand that was dead to pain.

'Twas dearly we loved him, our Drummer Boy, with a fire in his bright black eye,
That flashed forth a spirit too great for his form—he was only just so high,
As tall perhaps as your little lad who scarcely reaches your shoulder—
Though his heart was the heart of a veteran then—a trifle, it may be, the bolder.

He pressed to the front, our lad so leal, and the works were almost won,
A moment more and our flags had swung o'er the muzzle of murderous gun
But a raking fire swept the van and he fell 'mid the wounded and slain,
With his wee, wan face turned up to Him who feeleth His children's pain.

Again and again our lines fell back, and again with shivering shocks
They flung themselves on the rebels' works as the fleet on the jagged rocks;
To be crushed and broken and scattered amain, as the wrecks of the surging storm,
Where none may rue and none may reck of aught that has human form.

So under the Ridge we were lying for the order to charge again,
And we counted our comrades missing and we counted our comrades slain;
And one said, "Johnnie, our Drummer Boy, is grievously shot and lies
Just under the enemy's breastworks; if left on the field he dies."

Then all the blood that was in me surged up to my aching brow,
And my heart leaped up like a ball in my throat—I can feel it even now,
And I swore I would bring that boy from the field if God would spare my breath,
If all the guns on Mission Ridge should thunder the threat of death.

I crept and crept up the ghastly Ridge, by the wounded and the dead,
With the moans of my comrades right and left, behind me and yet ahead,
Till I came to the form of our Drummer Boy, in his blouse of dusty blue,
With his face to the foe, 'neath the enemy's guns where the blast of the battle blew.

And his gaze as he met my own, God wot, would have melted a heart of stone,
As he tried like a wounded bird to rise, and placed his hand in my own;
So wan and faint, with his ruby-red blood drank deep by the pitiless sward,
While his breast with its fleeting, fluttering breath throbbed painfully slow and hard.

And he said in a voice half smothered, though its whisperings thrill me yet,
"I think in a moment more that I would have stood on that parapet,
For my feet have trodden life's rugged ways, and I have been used to climb
Where some of the boys have slipped, I know, but I never missed a time.

"But now I never more will climb, and, sergeant, when you see
The men go up those breastworks there, just stoop and waken me;
For though I cannot make the charge and join the cheers that rise,
I may forget my pain to see the old flag kiss the skies."

Well, it was hard to treat him so—his poor limb shattered sore—
But I raised him to my shoulder and to the surgeon bore,
And the boys who saw us coming each gave a shout of joy,
Though some in curses clothed their prayers, for him, our Drummer Boy.

When sped the news that "Fighting Joe" had saved the Union right,
With his legions fresh from Lookout; and that Thomas massed his might
And forced the rebel center; and our cheering ran like wild,
And Sherman's heart was happy as the heart of a little child;

When Grant from his lofty outlook saw our flags by the hundred fly
Along the shores of Mission Ridge, where'er he cast his eye;
And our Drummer Boy heard the news and knew the battle done,
The valiant contest ended, and the glorious victory won;

Then he smiled in all his agony beneath the surgeon's steel,
And joyed that his the blood to flow his country's woes to heal;
And his bright, black eyes so yearning grew strangely glad and wide—
I think that in that hour of joy he would have gladly died.

Ah, ne'er again our ranks were cheered by our little Drummer's drum,
When rub, rub, rub-adub-dub, we knew that our hero had come;
Beat brisk at morn, beat sharp at eve, rolled long when it called to arms,
With rub, rub, rub-adub-dub, 'mid the clamor of rude alarms!

Ah, ne'er again our black-eyed boy looked up in the veteran's face,
To waken thoughts of his children safe in mother love's embrace!
O, ne'er again with tripping feet he ran with the other boys,—
His budding hopes were cast away as they were idle toys.

But ever in our hearts he dwells, with a grace that never is old,
For him the heart to duty wed can nevermore grow cold,
His heart the hero's heart, we name the loyal, true, and brave—
The heart of the soldier hoar and gray, of the lad in his Southern grave!

And when they tell of their heroes, and the laurels they have won—
Of the scars they are doomed to carry, of the deeds that they have done;
Of the honor to be biding among the ghastly dead,
The gory sod beneath them, the bursting shell o'erhead,

My heart goes back to Mission Ridge and the Drummer Boy who lay
With his face to the foe, 'neath the enemy's guns, in the charge of that terrible day;
And I say that the land that bears such sons is crowned and dowered with all
The dear God giveth nations to stay them lest they fall.

O, glory of Mission Ridge, stream on, like the roseate light of morn,
On the sons that now are living, on the sons that are yet unborn!
And cheers for our comrades living and tears for those passed away!
And three times three for the Drummer Boy who fought at the front that day!

HISTORY OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

EVERY nation has its symbolic ensign. Some have beasts, birds, fishes or reptiles in their banners. Our forefathers chose the stars and stripes, the red telling of the blood shed by them for their country; the blue, of the heavens and their protection, and the stars represent a constellation of States. The idea was taken from the constellation Lyra, which signifies harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanters' banner, significant of the league and covenant against oppression, involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The thirteen stripes and stars showed the number of the united colonies. The whole was a blending of the various flags previous to the Union flag—the red one of the army and the white one of the floating batteries. The red color denotes daring and defiance, and the white purity.

Our banner with its stars and stripes is a familiar object; everybody has seen it and admired it, and no wonder, for it is the handsomest flag in the world. Red, white, and blue—those alternate red and white stripes in beautiful contrast with the blue field bedecked with stars, as though a piece of the sky had been taken to add more beauty to our national emblem, which makes it, in truth, "The Star Spangled Banner."

The first flag, combining thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, was made in Philadelphia, by Mrs. John Ross, in a small two-story house, No. 239 Arch street (house still standing). A committee of Congress, accompanied by General Washington, called upon Mrs. Ross and engaged her to make a flag from a drawing made by General Washington, with pencil, in her back parlor. The flag thus designed was adopted by a resolution of Congress, on the 14th of June, 1777.

Early in 1794, in consequence of the admission of Vermont, March, 1791, and Kentucky, June, 1792, into the Union, an act was passed increasing the stars and stripes from thirteen to fifteen, to take effect May, 1795.

The admission of the States of Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, and Indiana made changes in the flag necessary. Accordingly, on the admission of Indiana, a committee was appointed, and through the exertion of Hon. Peter Wendover, of New York, the following law was enacted:—

AN ACT TO ESTABLISH THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.

SECTION 1.—Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

SEC. 2.—And be it further enacted, That on the admission of every new State into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeeding such admission.

Approved April 4, 1818.

Fifty million people of this country honor, love, revere, and recognize this flag as the national ensign. The little child plays with it as a toy and the strong man forsakes home and family, and, if need be, lays down his life to protect its honor. Its mute eloquence needs no aid to interpret its significance. Fidelity to the Union blazes from its stars, allegiance to the government beneath which we live is wrapped in its folds.

THE HERO OF RODMAN'S POINT.

[On the 30th of March, 1863, a large rebel force surrounded Washington, N. C., which place was garrisoned at the time by some 1,100 men, composed of the 27th and 44th Mass., and detachments of the 3d N. Y. Artillery, 3d N. Y. Cavalry, and the 1st N. C. Union Volunteers. On the evening of the above date, Captain Lyons, with a company of the 1st N. C., crossed the Pamlico river, to occupy Rodman's Point, below the town, and as their flat boat struck bottom, near the shore, a heavy volley was fired upon them from the enemy, in ambush. Sixteen men were killed or wounded. The men threw themselves upon the bottom of the boat, hardly knowing what to do, when a colored man arose, saying: "Some one's got to die to get out of dis 'ere, an' it might as well be me." He at once jumped overboard, pushed the flat boat into the stream, and. as it swung clear. he fell mortally wounded, his body fairly riddled with bullets. This noble act is touchingly told in the poem.]

READY.

By PHŒBE CARY.

LOADED with gallant soldiers,
A boat shot into the land,
And lay at the right of Rodman's Point,
With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gayly, they came to shore,
And never a man afraid;
When sudden the enemy opened fire
From his deadly ambuscade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
Of the boat; and the captain said:
"If we lie here, we all are captured,
And the first who moves is dead!"

Then out spoke a negro sailor,
No slavish soul had he;
"Somebody's got to die, boys,
And it might as well be me!"

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
Stepped out into the tide;
He pushed the vessel safely off,
Then fell across her side:

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
As the boat swung clear and free;
But there wasn't a man of them that day
Who was fitter to die than he!

MUSTERED OUT.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"A SOLDIER of the Union mustered out,"
Is the inscription of an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt sea wave,
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hast, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return.

CALIBER FIFTY-FOUR.

By WILL CARLETON.

"SAY, General, say!" the courier said
(A boy of thirteen years),
"Our regiment's scant of powder and lead;
'Most out, the Colonel fears.
The men, they have held the ground, while I
This message swiftly bore.
Be quick, and send 'em a fresh supply!
It's caliber fifty-four."

"Now you are young," the General said,
"To run so stern a race;
Some older man might come instead,
Through such a dangerous place."
"They couldn't be spared," the boy began;
"I'm youngest of the corps;
And so—but, say! be quick, old man!
It's caliber fifty-four."

"Now you are hurt," the General said:
"There's blood here on your breast.
Go back to the rear and take my bed,
And have some needful rest."
"Not much!" said the boy, with half-hid sneer;
"I can't be spared no more;
My regiment's nowhere nigh the rear—
It's caliber fifty-four."

"But where's your horse?" the General said;
"Afoot you cannot be?"
"Oh, a cannon-ball tore off his head,
And didn't come far from me;
And bullets warbled around, you bet
(One through my right arm tore);
But *I'm* a horse, and a colt to let!
I'm caliber fifty-four."

"Your parents, boy?" the General said:
"Where are they?—dead, it seems."
"Oh, they are what the world calls dead,
But come to me in dreams;
They tell me to be brave alway,
As father was before;
Then mother kisses me—but say!
It's caliber fifty-four."

"They'll soon be there," the General said,
"Those cartridges you claim;
My staff's best horse you'll ride, instead
Of that on which you came."
Away the boy, his spurs sharp set,
Across that field of gore,
Still shouting back, "Now don't forget!
It's caliber fifty-four."

First Government Loan, '61.

THE highest bid for the first government loan, February, 1861, was made by the Bank of the Republic, in New York city.

MISSISSIPPI BLOCKADE.

THE first point at which the rebels commenced the erection of works blockading the Mississippi river was at Vicksburg.

A Second Review of the Grand Army.

By BRET HARTE.

I READ last night of the grand review
In Washington's chiefest avenue—
Two hundred thousand men in blue
I think they said was the number—
Till I seemed to hear their tramping feet,
The bugle's blast, and the drum's quick beat,
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
The cheers of the people who came to greet,
And the thousand details that to repeat
Would only my verse encumber—
Till I fell in a revery sad and sweet,
And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand,
In a lonely capitol. On each hand
Far stretched the portico, dim and grand,
Its columns ranged like a martial band
Of sheeted specters, whom some command
Had called to the last reviewing!
And the streets of the city were white and bare,
No footfall echoed along the square,
But out of the misty midnight air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear
The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath in fear and dread,
For into the square, with a brazen tread,
There rode a figure whose stately head
O'erlooked the review that morning.
It never bowed from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode stately up the street
To the phantom's bugle warning,
Till it reached the Capitol Square and wheeled,
And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well-known form, that in state and field
Had led our patriot sires;
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
Afar through the river's fog and damp,
That showed no flicker nor waning lamp,
Nor wasted bivouac fires.

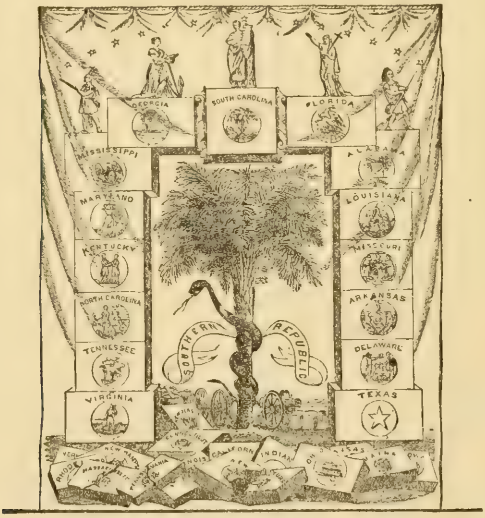
And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation!
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the Nation.
And there came the nameless dead, the men
Who perished in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly starved of the prison pen!
And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright;
I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers.

And so, all night marched the Nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge nor a motto brandished!

No mark—save the bare, uncovered head
Of the silent bronze reviewer—
With never an arch save the vaulted sky,
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array,
So all night long till the morning gray
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder,
Till a blue cap waved in the length'ning line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come, and I spake—and lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.

* * *



"BUILT FROM THE RUINS."

THE above is a *fac simile* of a banner painted by a Charleston artist (Alexander) and presented by him to the South Carolina Convention before the firing on Fort Sumter.

The banner is now in the possession of a physician of Boston, Mass.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ARTICLES AND CHAPTERS BRIEFLY OUTLINED.

Reduced Fac Simile Headings.

THE CHRISTIANA RIOT,
OR
How the First Gun of the Rebellion was Fired.
BY M. G. 9

ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL
OF THE
FIRST BODY OF PA. TROOPS.
An Excited Mob.—The First Blood Shed North of Fort Sumter.
By WILLIAM F. M'KAY, 25th Pa. Regiment. 12

6th MASS. REGIMENT
Passing Through Baltimore.
A Furious Mob Barricades the Streets. Marshal Kane Helpless.
From History of the Mass. Sixth Regiment. 16

FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN.
JULY 21, 1861.
A "Baptism of Fire" and a Desperate Struggle. How Jackson got the Title of "Stonewall."
By MAJOR WILLIAM M. ROBBINS, Fourth Alabama Regiment. 18

(POEM.)
BY THE CAMP-FIRE.
By MRS. S. D. HOBART. 22

A PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.
C. M. BABBITT, Springfield, Mass. 23

News at the Capital from Bull Run.
How Mr. Lincoln and His Cabinet Received the Defeat.
By WILLIAM B. WILSON. 24

ARMY TEAMSTERS. 25

KINDNESS NOT FORGOTTEN.
Maj. Burke and the 6th Mass. Regiment. 26

AN ANECDOTE OF "JEB." STUART.
By GENERAL LONGSTREET. 26

The First Iron-Clad Ram.
An Attempt to Raise the Blockade at New Orleans, 1861.—Brother Against Brother in Arms.
By J. R. EGGLESTON. 27

(POEM.)
ALLATOONA. 29

WHAT A BATTLE IS.
The Calm, the Cannonade, the Charge, the Victory.
By a Battle-Scarred Veteran. 30

LEE'S DISLOYALTY. 32

Thrilling Experience of a Union Scout.
Captured on the Stoneman Raid.—Threatened as a Spy.—Attempts to Escape.
JOHN C. HALL, Belt, Mich. 33

CARVED HIS OWN HEADBOARD.
Singular Death of a Sergeant-Major.
By OLIVER EDWARDS, Brevet Maj.-Gen., U.S.A. 35

(POEM.)
ON GUARD. 36

CAPTURED OURSELVES. 36

GENERALS FOSTER AND HILL
At Washington, N. C. 36

Recollections of an Army Nurse.
MRS. M. M. C. RICHARDS. 37

COMPLETELY UNNERVED. 40

SHERIDAN'S OPINION OF GRANT. 40

CAPTURED BY A GIRL.
A Confederate who Talked Love to the Wrong Person and was Punished.
Corporal TUCKER, of Mo. 41

AT GETTYSBURG. 41

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.
March 7, 1862.
A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE FOR VICTORY.
By One Who Was There. 42

THE HEROIC McCOOK FAMILY
Of Ohio. 45

JUST LIKE LINCOLN.
A Twelve-Dollar Telegram and the Answer It Brought.—November, 1864.
Thos. J. Stevens, 1st Sergt., Co. B, 122d Ill. Inf. Vols. 46

SEXTON BROWN AND NATHANIEL P. BANKS. 48

IN EIGHTY-SIX BATTLES. 48

BUTLER "BOTTLED UP." 48

SCENES AT SHILOH.
April 7, 1862.
The Second Day's Fight.—Greatest Battle Ever Before Fought on This Continent.
By Alexander S. Johnstone, First Sergeant, Co. H, U. S. Artillery. 49

BATTLE SCENES AT SHILOH.
April 6, 7, 1862.
A Day of Southern Success, Followed by a Day of Disaster.—How General Johnston Fell.—Beauregard's Appearance Among the Yellow Jackets.
By B. F. Sawyer, Colonel 24th Alabama Regt. 52

2d Corps' Last Battle Under Hancock. 55

GENERAL BUTLER AND THE (UNION) SCHOOL BOYS. 56

The Benefits of the Civil War.
Related by General Grant. 56

JACKSON ON THE MARCH.
August, 1862.
A Three-Days' Ride with "Stonewall."—How He Was Cheered in Pantomime.
By Dr. W. Hudgin. 57

A Silent Tribute to General Grant.
"Jack" Adams, Sergt.-of-Arms, State House, Boston. 59

Most Terrific Battle of the War. 59

UNION PAPER IN SECEDED STATES. 59

A BATTLE-SCARRED VETERAN.
FORTY-EIGHT WOUNDS AT GETTYSBURG!
By General Black, Pension Commissioner. 60

HOWLD UP, YEZ SCOUNDRELS! 61

SHOOTING "PROVOST GUARDS"
AT NEW-BERNE, N. C.
W. P. Derby, 27th Mass. 62

Not Enough Trees for the Officers. 62

A Lively Confederate Routing at Missionary Ridge. 62

Running Forts Jackson and St. Phillip.
April 24, 1862.
The Enemy's Blazing Fire-Raft Matched by Farragut.
Gen. B. F. Butler. 63

Origin of the Confederate Battle-Flag.
By General Joe Johnston. 66

MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM. 66

PICKET LINE EXCHANGES. 66

SAVED THE ARMY. 66

ANECDOTES OF LOGAN.
General Stone. 67

Youngest General of the Confederate Army. 67

FARRAGUT'S ORIGINALITY. 67

SI KLEGG ON DRILL.
Work with the Awkward Squad of Company Q. Painful Tribulations. 68

SOUTHERN CURRENCY. 71

GENERAL CUSTER'S FAREWELL ORDER. 72

BOLD PEACE PROPOSITION. 72

(POEM.)
MENDING THE OLD FLAG.
WILL CARLETON. 73

Confederate General Turner Led His Men at the Mine Explosion. 73

IMPORTANT CAVALRY FIGHT. 73

Recollections of Gen. Custer at Winchester.
Sept. 19, 1864.
A Lively Fight in which Hundreds of Brave Men Fell.—Inspiring Charge of Five Magnificent Brigades.
By One Who Was There. 74

(POEM.)
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY. 77

(POEM.)
March to the Battle-Field.
Written just before the battle of Nashville by GEO. H. WILLIAMS, Co. H, 5th Iowa Cavalry. 77

HORACE GREELEY AT NEW ORLEANS.
Buttermilk with his Soup.
By General Sheridan. 78

DON'T JUDGE HASTILY.
General J. L. CHAMBERLAIN of Maine. 78

GRANT'S ANXIOUS PERIOD. 78

SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.
How the News of Lee's Surrender was Received in a Confederate Battery. 79

(POEM.)
MEMORIES OF THE WAR.
By KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD. 80

Eventful History of a Connecticut Flag. 81

THE 33d NEW YORK,
And Its Gallant Behavior at the Battle of Williamsburg.—A Brave Charge.
May 5, 1862.
BENJ. MEPHAM, Corp. Co. B, 33d N.Y.S.V.I. 82

A FIGHTING BATTERY. 84

PRESS AND PEOPLE.
By General Grant. 84

SHOT BY A COMRADE.
How a Desperately Wounded Soldier was Put Out of Misery. 85

OLD WAR LETTERS FOUND. 85

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.
Twelve Hundred Dollars for a Barrel of Flour. —Slabs of Corn Bread.
By R. C. BRAGONIER. 86

General Grant and the Pickets.
Related by the General in his Memoirs. 89

GENERAL TERRY AMONG HIS FRIENDS. 89

TORPEDO EXPLOSION.
The Terrible Cost of Inexcusable Carelessness.
By W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass. 90

BATTLE OF HANOVER COURT-HOUSE,
May 27, 1862.
Hot Work of the 13th New York Volunteers.—Enemy's Wild Firing.—Federals' Victory.
J. S. S., 13th N. Y. V. I. 91

A WAR ROMANCE. 94

(POEM.)
The Blue, the Gray, and Grant. 94

DRAWING LOTS FOR DEATH.
Captain Sawyer's Perilous Situation. 95

Grant Was Responsible.
A Time When Secretary Stanton Wanted to Raise Somebody's Scalp. 97

A READY ANSWER. 97

GALLANT CONDUCT. 97

MOTHER BICKERDIKE.
ONE OF THE GRANDEST WOMEN OF THE WAR.
By BENJ. WOODWARD, Surg. 22d Ill. 98

BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS,
And the Behavior of the Eighty-Fifth New York in that Bloody Contest, May 31, 1862.
E. R. STILLMAN, 85th N.Y. Vet. Volunteers. 101

(POEM.)
The 15th Veteran Corps.
J. WARD CHILDS. 103

CASEY'S DIVISION.
Its Gallant Behavior at the Battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.—Hard Fighting on Both Sides. —General Hooker's Cool Charge Forcing the Enemy to Retreat.
GEO. H. JOHNSTON, A.A.G., Naglee's Brigade. 104

A Houseful of Northern Generals.
THE SILENT MAN.
Related by a Virginia Clergyman. 107

FEEDING AN ARMY.
STARTLING QUANTITIES OF FOOD CONSUMED!
HENRY C. DWIGHT, Commissary 2d Division, 18th Corps. 108

GAINES' MILL. 112

POPULAR GOVERNMENT. 112

(POEM.)
THE BATTLE-FLAGS.
MOSES G. OWEN, Bath, Me. 113

A SHOT FIRED AT THE WRONG TIME.
NOBODY DID IT.
FIRST INTRODUCTION TO GENERAL SHERMAN.
By Gen. GEO. F. MCGINNIS. 114

A Surgical Wonder.
The Only Man on Record who has Seen His Own Liver.
By Dr. HUNTER MCGUIRE, Chief Surgeon on "Stonewall" Jackson's Staff. 116

"JOHNNY SHILOH."
(JOHN L. CLEM.)
THE DRUMMER-BOY OF CHICKAMAUGA.
Wonderful Career of a Ten-Year-Old Boy. 117

First War Meeting at Galena, Ill.
PRESIDED OVER BY GRANT.
Related by his Townsman and Neighbor, E. B. WASHBURN. 119

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.
September 17, 1862.
A CRITICAL MOMENT FOR THE CONFEDERATES.
By General LONGSTREET. 120

SHERIDAN'S FOX HUNT.
ADAM BADEAU. 121

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.
The Fearless Hooker.—Burnside and the Ninth Corps Immortalized.—Sumner Invincible. —McClellan Hesitates.
By Rev. THEO. GERRISH, 20th Maine. 122

LEE TROUBLED BY MEADE. 124

CHEAPEST VICTORY. 124

The Artillery Duel at Antietam,
September 17, 1862.
H. H. BOWLES, Company C, 6th Maine. 125

Night on the Field of Fredericksburg.
Gen. J. L. CHAMBERLAIN, LL.D., Ex-President Bowdoin College, Maine. 127

The Last Night at Fredericksburg.
General J. L. CHAMBERLAIN, LL.D., Ex-President of Bowdoin College. 131

GREATEST LOSS. 135

PLUCK AT STONE RIVER. 135

LIFE AT CHATTANOOGA
DURING THE SIEGE. — FUN IN CAMP.
B. S BATCHELOR, Co. I, 2d Minnesota. 136

Great Turning-Point.
JOHN E. COOKE (Confederate). 137

GLOOMY DAYS. 137

FISHING UP TORPEDOES
PLANTED BY THE REBELS IN RED RIVER.
Fearful Explosion which Hurled the Picker-Up Two Hundred Feet!
By S. E. R. 138

A PREMONITION.
KILLED AT SAVAGE'S STATION.
S. C. GALLUP, 3d Vermont. 139

Battle of Iuka and Corinth.
September 21, 1862.
How Rosecrans Met the Confederates.—A Storm of Cannon Balls and Bullets.
By P. C. FERGUSON, Lieut. Co. I, 43d Ohio. 140

(POEM.)
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.
B. F. TAYLOR. 142

GENERAL HANCOCK'S HUMOR. 142

BATTLE OF CORINTH.
The Assault on Fort Robinet, October 3 and 4, 1862.
A 63d Ohio Man's Recollections. 143

(POEM.)
SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED HYMN
MRS. NANNIE I. MILLER. 145

NICKNAMES OF WAR LEADERS.
GEO. F. WILLIAMS. 146

A FIGHTING CHAPLAIN.
Experience at the Battle of South Mountain. Fierce Mortar Duels.
By Rev. GEORGE G. SMITH, Chaplain in the Phillips Georgia Legion. 147

THE ANGLE. 149

A WORD FROM GEN. PORTER. 149

The Blackwater Naval Contest.
September 27, 1862.
A Brave and Daring Act of the Gallant Commander, C. W. Flusser.
By W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass. 150

(POEM.)
A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.
IONE L. JONES. 151

My Escape from the Rebels.—Tales of Prison-Pen and Stockade.
HOW COLUMBIA, S. C., CAME TO BE BURNED. TWENTY DAYS WITH SHERMAN'S "BUMMERS."
Capt. IRA B. SAMPSON, 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery. 152

BAND OF HEROES. 156

CAPTURE OF WALKER'S RANGERS.
December, 1862.
HOW IT WAS DONE.—A GREAT SURPRISE.
By W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass. 157

(POEM.)
AMERICA'S ANSWER.
H. BERNARD CARPENTER. 158

BATTERY D. 158

Greatest Number of Battles. 158

Capture of Fort Hindman, Arkansas Post.
A Desperate Artillery Duel.—Brilliant Success for the Federal Army.—Jan. 11, 1863.
JOHN W. FRY, Co. H, 42d Ohio. 159

UNION PRESERVED. 161

FIRST CHECK DRAWN. 161

The Battle of Irish Bend.
Up the Teche with Gen. Banks.—Sharp Fighting, with Sundry Personal Episodes of the Campaign.—April 14, 1863.
Prof. H. M. WHITNEY, Beloit, Wis., Sergeant-Major 52d Mass. Volunteers. 162

WHAT WAS IT?
A WONDERFUL MYSTERY UNEXPLAINED.
By Capt. J. W. DENNY, 25th Mass. 164

(POEM.)
A Comrade's Mother's Song. 165

The Storming of Marye's Heights.
A Tornado of Shot and Shell.—Gallant Scenes of Heroism.—Living Walls Sink Beneath the Terrible Fire.—A Desperate Struggle. —A Grand Victory.
May 3, 1863.
H. H. BOWLES, Company C, 6th Regiment Maine Volunteers. 166

(POEM.)
OUR BRAVES.
BY COL. CHAS. CLARKE. 169

BATTLE OF RAYMOND,
May 12, 1863.
How Gregg's Brigade Fought the Advance of Grant's Army in Mississippi.
By William E. Cunningham, Captain Company F, 41st Tennessee. 170

IN THE WILDERNESS. 172

A REMARKABLE RECORD. 172

The Episode of Patrick Connolly.
By Rev. John F. Moors, 52d Massachusetts Regt. 173

A Surgeon's First and Last Sight of a Beautiful Silken Banner.
A BRAVE LOVER BURIED WITH THE FLAG UPON HIS BREAST.—July 4, 1863.
Dr. H. L. Russell, Surgeon Alabama Regiment. 175

(POEM.)
DECORATION DAY. 178

LIBBY'S BRIGHT SIDE.
A Silver Lining in the Dark Cloud of Prison Life.—A Reduced Fac-Simile Handbill of a Famous Christmas Entertainment.—Pastimes and Amusements.
By Frank E. Moran, Capt. 73d N.Y. Volunteers. 179

BATTLE OF VICKSBURG.
May 22, 1863.
Heroic Charge of the First Brigade.—Minie, Grape, Canister, and Shell.—A Scorching Sheet of Flame.
C. D Morris, Company E, 33d Illinois. 187

RELIEVED BY THE REBELS.
H. H. Bowles, Company C, 6th Maine. 189

THE PLYMOUTH PILGRIMS.
HOW THEY WERE CAPTURED, April 20, 1864.
Robert P. Black, Company E, 103 P.V.V. (Plymouth Pilgrim). 190

(POEM.)
GENERAL LOGAN.
By Chaplain F. Denison, Providence, R. I. 193

BATTLE AND ASSAULT
At Plains Store and Port Hudson.—How It Feels to be Struck by a Bullet.—The 49th Massachusetts and Its Brave Deeds in Louisiana.—May 27. 1863.
By Col. Samuel B. Sumner, 49th Mass. Vols. 194

(POEM.)
JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER. 196

Battle of Brandy Station.
June 8, 1863.
The Famous Cavalry Engagement.—Blade to Blade.—Steel Touches Steel.
William F. Moyer, Sergt. Company D, 1st P.V.C., Logansville, Penn. 197

(POEM.)
FELL FOR HIS COUNTRY.
DIRGE FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE.
By T. W. Parsons. 200

BRAGG IN KENTUCKY.
INCIDENTS OF HIS MARCH THROUGH THE STATE.
By E. B. Randolph. 201

ARMING SLAVES. 202

FIRST CONFEDERATE KILLED. 202

Battle of Champion Hills,
June, 1863.
GENERAL LOGAN'S ADVICE
J. B. Harris, 34th Indiana. 203

General Logan at Fort Donelson. 203

BATTLE AT FORT BUTLER,
June 28, 1863.
A LIVELY LITTLE BATTLE IN LOUISIANA.
H. S. Archer, Sergt. Co. H, 28th Maine. 204

A TRIBUTE TO GRANT.
By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. 205

LIBBY PRISON'S TUNNEL.
How Sixty-One Union Soldiers Escaped from the Famous Dungeon.—Thrilling Narrative by an Officer. Trying Experiences of Unfortunate Fugitives.
Frank E. Moran, Captain Co. H, 73d N.Y. Vols. 206

Three Days at Gettysburg.
July 1, 2, 3, 1863.
The Hills Rock and Tremble under the Terrible Tumult.—The Air Full of Hissing, Whizzing Missiles of Death.
By Chas. E. Troutman, Lieutenant Company G, 12th New Jersey Regiment. 217

GRANDEST CHARGE 221

FUN ON PICKET POST.
By a Lewiston (Me.) Member of the G.A.R. 221

WITH KERSHAW AT GETTYSBURG,
July 3, 1863.
A DESPERATE CONTEST.—CONFEDERATES WIN AND LOSE LITTLE ROUND TOP.
By W. T. Shumate. 222

(POEM.)
ULRIC DAHLGREN.
A TRIBUTE TO A BRAVE OFFICER
By Rev. Chas. W. Denison. 224

Third Day at Gettysburg.
General Pickett's Brave Charge and Repulse, July 3, 1863.
William Miller Owen, Colonel Battalion Washington Artillery. 225

(POEM.)
ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT. 228

GRANT'S WORDS.
Quotations from His Speeches and Conversations.—His Opinions of Generals and Great Events.—The Man's Common Sense and Modesty Illustrated.
Thirty-Eight Paragraphs. 229

(POEM.)
The Advance Guard.
By John Hay. 233

Lights and Shadows of the Battle-Field.
SOLDIERS UNDER FIRE.
By a Veteran. 234

GRANT'S BEST BATTLE 235

Most Important Event of the War. 235

The Fight at Shepherdstown.
July 16, 1863.
Hot Shots and Strong Shelling.
By N. D. Preston, Capt. 10th N.Y. Cavalry. 236

FIRST CONFEDERATE SOLDIER KILLED AT GETTYSBURG. 238

Carl Schurz the First Cavalry Colonel. 238

FIRST BALLOONS IN WAR. 238

FIRST SOLDIERS' ORPHAN SCHOOL 238

TWO CLASSMATES OF WEST POINT
Meet in Deadly Combat.— Fitzhugh Lee's Little Joke on Colonel Tannant.
By a Staff Officer. 239

Cahawba Prison, Alabama.
A Long Experience of Cruelty and Hardship.—1,960 Hungry, Ragged Skeletons Plunged Into Hot Water, Steam, and Fire.
H. C. Aldrich. 241

Assault on Fort Wagner.
Famous Charge of the 54th Massachusetts (Colored) Regiment, July, 1863.
Capt. L. F. Emilio. 244

THREE TIMES FIRST. 248

FIRST GUN AT SHILOH. 248

WITH CUSTER,
AT YELLOW TAVERN, AND IN THE RAID AROUND RICHMOND.
L. E. Tripp, 1st Sergeant 5th Michigan. 249

Vicksburg Daily Citizen.
Reduced fac-simile of the last issue, printed by Union soldiers after capturing the city, 1862.

(POEM.)
CHICKAMAUGA.
Written in commemoration of the desperate charge of the 1st Ky. Brigade, by Dr. J. M. Lydings, in Chattanooga Prison, 1864. 252

Ninety Dollars Worth of Comfort,
ETC., ETC.
By a Member of the 27th Massachusetts, 253

Battle of Chickamauga,
September 20, 1863.
ACCOUNT OF GEN. STEEDMAN'S GALLANTRY ON THE BLOODY FIELD.
J. W. DOVE, Capt. Co. G, 115th Ill. V. I. 254

LIFE ON THE MONITOR.
A Seaman's Story of the Fight with the Merrimac.—Lively Experiences inside the Famous "Cheese-Box on a Raft."—How the Great Disaster off Cape Hatteras Occurred.
SAMUEL LEWIS (alias PETER TRUSKITT). 257

Battle of Lookout Mountain,
Nov. 24, 1863.
Told by a Confederate Commander (Wilson's Brigade).
J. COOPER NESBIT. 262

BORN IN A BATTLE.
Little "Shell Anna," July, 1864.—Gen. Logan Becomes Godfather.—A True Story that is Stranger than Fiction.
By a Member of the 15th Corps. 264

Battle of Missionary Ridge,
November 25, 1863.
A Gallant Regiment Won the Federal Victory. A Grand Charge.
By Lieut. W. M. BOROUGHS, Co. E, 24th Ala. Regt. 268

The First Western President. 270

First Tennessee Union Infantry. 270

SHARPSHOOTER KILDEE.
JOHN WEST (alias KILDEE).
Thrilling Reminiscences of the Confederacy's Best Rifleman.—The Man who Shot Gens. Banks and Shields, and Scores of Other Officers and Privates.
Related by Himself. 271

G. A. R. HONOR. 274

First Breech-Loading Rifles. 274

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.
November 25, 1863.
Hooker's Capture of Lookout Mountain—Fighting on Mist-Covered Heights.
By DANIEL R. HUNDLEY, Colonel 31st Alabama. 275

YOUNGEST PRISONER AT ANDERSONVILLE. 277

Corporal Tanner's Unparalleled Experience. 278

HOW IT SEEMS TO KILL A MAN.
General Manderson, of Nebraska. 280

CONFEDERATE MONEY
Used to Decorate the Walls. 281

SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.
Attack upon Fort Saunders, Nov. 29, 1863.—Deeds of Heroism and Bravery Rarely if Ever Surpassed. —General Longstreet Compelled to Flee for Safety.
Capt. CHAS. W. WALTON. 282

FIRST BATTERY, PORT GIBSON. 284

Capturing New Orleans. 284

Logan's Bravery at Kenesaw.
Veteran. 285

FIRST SHOT AT GETTYSBURG. 285

MEDALS OF HONOR. 285

SIGNS OF TREASON. 285

REMINISCENCES OF GEN. OPDYCKE.
A Confederate Captain Shot on His Own Doorstep.
J. D. REMINGTON, Company I, 73d Illinois. 286

BUTLER'S COMMAND. 287

FIRST OFFICER ESCAPED FROM LIBBY. 287

The Fort Pillow Massacre,
April 12, 1864.
By the Pilot of the New Era. 288

First Military Organization. 291

First Confederate General Killed. 291

"GENERAL THOMAS,"
The Gunboat That Did Great Service at Decatur.
G. Norton, Essex, Vt. 292

FORAGING.
An Interesting Trip After Rations in the Heart of South Carolina.
Fred Reitz, Company I, 21st Wisconsin. 294

THE TREE OF DEATH.
[Atlanta Constitution.] 296

RAINBOW BLUFF, NORTH CAROLINA.
A Rebel Colonel's Cruel Disappointment.
By W. P. Derby, 27th Massachusetts. 297

(POEM.)
OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.
Mary B. Hosmer. 299

(POEM.)
THE CRUTCH IN THE CORNER.
Written just after the war, by John McIntosh ("Old Vermont"). 300

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.
W. P. Derby, 27th Mass. 301

HOW GRANT SAVED LEE.
He Keeps His Word of Honor and Prevents Stanton from Ordering an Arrest.
Colonel Barroll, Quartermaster's Department. 302

FOLLY OF THE NORTH. 303

The First New York Cavalry's Claim. 303

ACROSS THE RAPIDAN.
Hard Fighting in the Wilderness.—Rattle of Musketry and Roar of Artillery.
By Chas. B. Brockway, Captain Battery F, 1st Penn. Artillery. 304

Battle of Spottsylvania.
The Defense of "The Angle," May 12, 1864.—A Heroic Day's Work by the 4th Brigade, 2d Division of the 6th Army Corps, commanded by the Writer.
Gen. Oliver Edwards, of Warsaw, Ill., First Colonel 37th Massachusetts. 308

Archer's Tennesseeans at Spottsylvania,
May 11 and 12, 1864.
A Second Angle of Death.—Lee's Conduct Under Fire.—Daring Act of a Federal Battery.
By J. H. Moore, 7th Tennessee Regiment. 311

The March Towards Freedom. 313

Hancock's Wonderful Charge
At Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
A Terrible Fire.—Trees 18 Inches Through Cut Down by Bullets. 314

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE. 315

Gen. Hunter's Raid up the Shenandoah.—Newmarket Avenged.
Capt. Soley, 34th Mass. 316

(POEM.)
THE PRISONER'S LAMENT.
Written by a Member of the 5th Ind. Cav., who died one month afterwards at Andersonville, Ga. 320

Charge of the Star Brigade at Cold Harbor,
June 3, 1864.
1st Brigade, 1st Division, 18th Corps.—The Most Heroic and Bloody Act of the War.
By W. P. Derby, 27th Mass. 321

Repulse of the Star Brigade
At Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.
By Gen. P. D. Bowles, Commanding the Confederate Forces. 325

(POEM.)
OLE MARSTER—'FO' DE WAR.
By W. P. Carter. 326

(POEM.)
BARBARA FRIETCHIE.
By J. G. Whittier. 327

Assault on the Star Brigade
Before Petersburg, June 18, 1864.
W. P. Derby, 27th Massachusetts Regiment. 328

HE WANTED TO RALLY. 330

A NOVEL SABER. 330

(POEM.)
An Answer to "The Blue and the Gray."
Written by a Loyal Lady. 331

THE BARN CHARGE,
June 18, 1864.
A TERRIFIC FIGHT–BRAVERY AND HEROISM OF E. K. DREW.
S. C. Whitcomb, 1st Maine Heavy Artillery. 332

FIRST THREATS OF DISUNION. 334

MERRIMAC *vs.* MONITOR.
A Midshipman's Account of the Battle with the "Cheese-Box."–How the Confederates Expected to Annihilate It with One Fell Swoop.—Details of the Proposed Engagement.—Why It Failed.
Lieutenant Littlepage, Confederate Navy. 335

First Federal Troops in Savannah. 337

Greatest Raid of the War. 337

CAMP FORD PRISON, TYLER, TEXAS.
A New York Soldier's Bitter Experience in That Prison Pen.
F. F. Coggin, 165th N.Y. Vols. (2d Duryea's Zous.). 338

MILITARY ABILITY.
John E. Cooke (Confederate). 340

THE BATTLE OF MONOCACY
July 9, 1864.
Gen. Early Defeated.—A Gallant Shot.—A Hot Pursuit.—Leaden Missiles of Destruction Fly Thick and Fast.—A Wonderful Escape.
W. T. McDougle, Company K, 126th O.V.I. 341

THE GREAT MINE ADVENTURE.
TUNNELING UNDER A REBEL FORT!
By a Member of the 48th Penn. Inf. Vols. 343

First Men Arrested by Order of the War Department. 345

HIGHEST MARINE RANK. 345

First Colors Planted at Chapin's Farm. 345

First Vt. Cavalry, Cedar Creek. 345

A HOT FIGHT.
Battle of Peach Tree Creek, before Atlanta, July 19, 1864.
Moritz Tschoepe, Company C, 24th Wis. 346

(POEM.)
TO MY WIFE.
Written by P. Whitney, 1st Mass. Cavalry, in Andersonville Prison, where he soon after died. 347

LOGAN AT ATLANTA,
July 22, 1864.
GENERAL McPHERSON'S DEATH.—"WILL YOU HOLD THIS LINE WITH ME?"
By A. O. S. 348

The 14th Corps' Credit. 349

First Union Officer Killed in the War. 349

DEATH OF CAPTAIN GLENN,
Followed by that of his Servant Mat, who died from Grief at His Loss.
By E. T. B. Glenn. 350

BEST FOUGHT BATTLE OF THE WAR. 350

Maryland's Brave and Noble Step. 350

The 78th Ohio at the Battle of Bald Hill,
July 21 and 22, 1864.
Hot Firing at Short Range.—Stars and Stripes Captured and Retaken by Hand-to-Hand Fighting.
W. S. Ayres, Company A, 78th O.V.V.I. 351

AN UNFORTUNATE VICTIM. 352

First Confederate Arrested for Treason. 352

President Lincoln and Hiram Walbridge. 352

First Confederate Gun at Bull Run. 352

(POEM.)
COMPANY K.
By J. W. TEMPLE, Victoria, Ill. 353

WOMEN IN THE WAR.
Invaluable Services in the Time of Need.—Woman's Help in the Home, the Hospital, and Upon the Battle-Field.
Mrs. HELEN N. PACKARD. 355

THE COLONEL AND THE SOLDIER.
Elias Howe and the Assistant Paymaster.
(From the St. Paul Dispatch.) 359

Grant's Richmond Campaign. 360

First Colors over Court House, Atlanta. 360

Line of Battle near Richmond. 360

Thomas C. Fletcher, the Youngest War Governor. 360

TORBERT IN THE VALLEY.
September, 1864.
His Jollity in Camp and Daring in Fight.
Getting even with Sheridan.—Woodstock and Winchester. The Surprise at Cedar Creek neatly prevented.
By JOHN DANBY,
Coles's Maryland Battalion, attached to Sheridan's Cavalry Corps. 361

(POEM.)
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.
Francis M. Finch's tender poem of union. 368

GENERAL PEMBERTON'S DEATH.
Peaceful Close of the Stirring Career of the Defender of Vicksburg. 369

A FIERCE DUEL FOR LIFE.
Desperate Naval Contest on Albemarle Sound.
1864.
By W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass. 371

SHERIDAN'S NOTED RIDE.
September 19, 1864.
The Surprise and Stampede.—A Battle Lost and Won Again.—The Cavalry Leader's Appearance and How He Turned the Tide.
By WILLIAM F. MACKAY, 5th Cavalry Division. 373

General Grant on Southern Independence. 376

General Buford's Credit at Gettysburg. 376

WHO SHOT STONEWALL JACKSON?
By MAJ. ALEXANDER W. SELFRIDGE, 46th Penn. Regt. 377

GALLANTRY OF GENERAL GROVER'S DIVISION. 379

First Federal Troops Raised in Tennessee. 379

First and Only Female Mustered Into Service. 379

Col. P. T. Moore, First Confederate Officer Wounded. 379

BATTLE OF ALLATOONA.
October 5, 1864.
Sherman's Burning Words: "Hold the Fort." General Corse tells General French he is ready for the "Unnecessary Effusion of Blood" at any time.
J. J. WHITNEY, M. D., Assistant Surgeon, 18th Wis. 380

(POEM.)
THE SENTRY'S CHALLENGE.
[These verses are part of a long poem written by Capt. J. Lee Knight, and read at the Topeka Celebration of General Grant's Birthday.] 383

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.
How they fared, how they worked, and what they suffered.
By WILLIAM M. RUNKEL,
1st Lieut. Battery H, 3d Penn. Artillery. 384

AN INTERESTING WAR RELIC.
From the Rome Sentinel, Ga. 387

SHERMAN AND JOHNSON. 387

Col. Jackson's Grand Cavalry Charge. 387

THE BATTLE OF RESACA.
October 12, 1864.
A Thousand Jets of Flame Blend into Roaring Artillery.
By C. E. BENTON, 150th New York Regt. 388

The Stars and Stripes Over Savannah. 391

KENTUCKY BRIGADE. 391

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.
A Tragedy at Gettysburg, Followed, after Many Years, by a Wedding. 392

A Soldier's Presence of Mind. 393

The Capture of General Marmaduke,
Battle of Osage, after a Thrilling Charge.
October 24, 1864.
J. P. MONAHAN. 394

Shooting of Longfellow's Son.
A Bullet Passes Through his Body, Piercing his Lung. One of War's Strange Happenings in the Mine Run Campaign.
BY WARREN WALTERS. 396

FIRST SHOT IN VIRGINIA. 397

Rapid Firing at Cedar Creek. 397

DEATH OF JOHN A. PLATT. 397

DESTRUCTION OF THE ALBEMARLE.
October, 1864.
The Most Daring Naval Exploit of the War.
W. P. DERBY, 27th Mass. 398

SAVED BY GRANGER'S CORPS. 399

Jeff. Davis Nominated. 399

WAR'S HUMOROUS SIDE.
A Whole Train of Soldiers Attacked by a Tipsy Colonel.—Ludicrous Stampede.
BY W. SCOTT. 400

(POEM.)
MEMORIAL.
GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT.
Born 27th April, 1822. Died 23d July, 1885. 402

THE BATTLE OF FORT FISHER.
December 25, 1864.
A Scene Never Before Equaled in Naval Warfare.
BY JOSEPH C. CANNING. 403

A GRAND RECORD. 404

5th New York at Antietam. 404

SHERIDAN AGAINST STUART.
1864.
Raid of the Federal Cavalry Corps from the Rappahannock to the James.—Custer's Charge at Yellow Tavern.—General Stuart's Death within Earshot of Richmond.
By BREVET LIEUT.-COL. THEO. W. BEAN, C. C. A. of P. 405

(POEM.)
THE SOLDIER'S LAST WORD.
By PARK BENJAMIN. 411

FORREST'S MEMPHIS RAID.
1864.
A Brilliant Sunday Morning Surprise Party.—Thousands of Southern Citizens Rush to the Protection of Federal Guns.—Scenes of Demoralization Unparalleled During the War.
By A. W. PEARSON, Paymaster U. S. Steamship Red Clover, Miss. Squadron. 412

A Flag with a History. 415

First Passenger Train Captured. 415

CAPTURING A SPY.
By "OLD REGAN." 416

ARMY LIFE IN WASHINGTON
At the Time of President Lincoln's Assassination.
April, 1864.
How the Capital Received the News of Richmond's Surrender.—Booth's Terrible Crime and the Execution of the Assassins.
Final Grand Review of the Boys in Blue.
Maj. H. M. Brewster, 57th Regt. New York Vols. 418

A Glimpse of Stonewall Jackson.
Colonel Stannard, 9th Vt. 421

SECOND BATTLE OF FORT FISHER.
January 13, 15, 1865.
A day ever to be remembered by Federals and Confederates. 422

TROOPER FEE'S GHOST.
A Humorous and Strange Incident from the Note Book of a Veteran.
By John Heingartner, Sergt. 2d New Jersey Cavalry. 423

A DEATH-WOUND THAT DID NOT KILL. 424

(POEM.)
The Countersign was "Mary."
By Margaret Eytinge. 425

"WILD'S AFRICAN BRIGADE." 425

SENATOR CONNESS AND GRANT. 425

Siege of Petersburg.
February 26, 1865.
CORPORAL DAVE'S LAST SHOT.
J. P. WARD. 426

Startling News from New Orleans. 428

First Colored Officer to Fall. 428

HONOR TO THE 65th N. Y. 428

(POEM.)
MORRIS ISLAND MEMORIES.
By H. T. Peck, Company A, 10th Conn. Vols. 429

HELD AT BAY. 429

FIRST THREE YEARS' REGIMENT. 429

JEFF DAVIS'S CAPTURE.
The Ex-President's Version of the Affair.
Denial of the Female Disguise Story. 430

First Fraternity Between Foes. 431

BRITISH INTERFERENCE. 431

First Vessel Captured by Confederates. 431

STONEWALL'S SCABBARD.
An Interesting Incident of the Period when General Jackson was Unknown to Fame.
By JOHN TAYLOR. 432

Brilliant Cavalry Charge at Gettysburg 433

Gladstone and Our Rebellion. 433

THE SIXTH CORPS.
THE APPOMATTOX CAMPAIGN.
March 25 to April 9, 1865.
LEE'S SURRENDER.
Capt. J. W. DIXON, Lieut. 2d Conn. Heavy Artillery. 434

FIRST CORPS AT GETTYSBURG. 437

GRANT'S FORESIGHT. 437

Confederate Honors of War. 437

(POEM.)
THE SLEEPING GRAY.
In Memory of the Confederate Soldiers who Fell in the Struggle.
By Paul H. Hayne. 438

LEE'S SURRENDER.
1865.
Personal Account by General Grant 439

(POEM.)
M. D. 441

The History of the Alabama.
By ROSSITER JOHNSON. 442

Heroism and Chivalry at Fredericksburg
Too Brave to be Shot. 444

Incidents of Generals Lee, Jackson
And General Wilson's Famous Horse, "SLASHER."
By Maj. R. H. Bigger, Hendersonville, N. C. 445

OLD ABE.

The Veteran War Eagle of Wisconsin.—The Gallant Bird that Braved Many a Battle with the 8th Wisconsin Regt.

By W. C. KING, Springfield, Mass. 446

SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

The Army Post Office at Port Royal, S. C.—Reminiscences of the Civil Service at the Front during the War.—How Soldiers' Letters and Papers were Mailed and Distributed.

By E. PORTER DYER, Springfield, Mass. 450

How M'Clellan was Loved.

JOHN W. MAHAN. 456

(POEM.)

THE OLD CANTEEN.

BY G. M. WHITE. 457

Beauregard's Pulse in Battle. 458

A Joke in the Thick of Battle. 458

THE BATTLE OF SAILOR'S CREEK.

Vivid Battle Pictures and Hand-to-Hand Conflict.

April 6, 1865.

COL. ARCHIBALD HOPKINS, 37th Mass. Vols. 459

CAMP FORD PRISON.

Cruelty, Starvation and Exposure Beyond Endurance.—Experience of Dana W. King, Nashua, N. H. 463

(POEM.)

THE RETREAT. 465

The 8th Iowa at the Capture of Mobile.

APRIL, 1865.

A Gallant Charge from the Trenches into the Enemy's Works.

By CHAPLAIN HOWARD, 124th Ill. 466

THE "IMPERIAL." 467

THE FIRST CAVALRY FIGHT. 467

THE CITIZEN SOLDIER.

Some of his First Experiences.—Reminiscences of Enlistment Days.—In Camp at Pittsfield. Incidents of the Journey to Washington. The First Regular Encampment on Arlington Heights.—Going to the Front in 1862.

JAMES L. BOWEN, 37th Mass. 468

Confederate Brigade Driven by a Single Regiment. 474

Public Honor to Grant at Memphis, 1863. 474

A Scout's Wonderful Adventure.

The Mysterious Letters Cut in a Beech Tree.—A Treasure Discovered by the Kindly Aid of a Friendless Dog, with a Beating for His Pains.

BY A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER. 475

THE SOLDIER'S LAST WORD.

BY PARK BENJAMIN. 478

Admiral Porter's Reminiscences.

Visit of President Lincoln to Richmond.—Sharp Dodge to Soothe Southern Feelings.—Narrow Escape from a Grievous Blunder.

By DAVID D. PORTER, Admiral U. S. N. 479

RUNNING THE BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG. 487

First Armed Regiment at Washington. 487

Gen. Phil. Kearney's Honor. 487

INTERESTING WAR RELIC.

A Sword Returned to its Owner After Twenty-Two Years. 488

CHRISTMAS IN LIBBY PRISON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

A Strange Celebration by Prisoners of War.—A Banquet Under Difficulties and What it Cost.—Seeking Santa Claus in Prison Walls.

By FRANK A. BURR. 489

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER ORIGINATED THE FIRST MOVE FOR RAISING VOLUNTEERS. 499

CAVALRY CHARGE AT BULL RUN. 499

Com. Vanderbilt's Handsome Gift. 499

THE LAST SILK DRESS IN THE CONFEDERACY MADE INTO A BALLOON. 499

(POEM.)
DRIVING HOME THE COWS.
A Reminiscence of the War in Verse. 500

One Country and One Flag
Lee's Flight and the Pursuit.—The Grapple at Sailor's Creek.—The Surrender at Appomattox.—In Search of Johnston.
By JAMES L. BOWEN, 37th Mass. 501

First N. Y. Regt. to the Front. 510

First Conflict of the War. 510

A TOWN OF RUINS.
How Harper's Ferry and its Romantic Surroundings Now Look.—Battle Fields of the Valley.—Antietam from Bolivar Heights. Kernstown and Cedar Creek.
By C. H. H. 511

GRANT PROMOTED THEM.
SOLDIERS WHO WOULD OBEY EVEN IF THEY SHOT THEIR GENERAL.
By "Soldier Sam." 515

(POEM.)
PROMOTED.
FRANK N. SCOTT. 516

The Verification of a Dream.
Narrated by D. W. WARE,
Company H, 10th Vt. Vols. (Springfield, Mass.) 517

First Recognition of Colored Troops as Equals by the Confederate Army. 518

First Hussar Regiment, Trenton, N. J. 518

SUMNER AND LINCOLN. 518

Narrow Escape of a Traitor.
A Drum-Head Court-Martial that was Held in Old Libby. 519

(POEM.)
THE EIGHTH KANSAS.
CHAPLAIN J. PAULSON. 521

Guarding Davis at Fortress Monroe.
CHAS. S. TRIPLER, 12th U. S. Infantry. 522

Songs upon the Battle Field. 525

The First to Die for the Confederacy.
The Beardless Boy Who Fell in the Battle of Big Bethel.
BY S. R. WRIGHT. 526

THE FIRST CONFISCATION ACT. 527

An Officer who Meant Business. 527

First Medals of Honor. 527

LONGEST PONTOON BRIDGE. 527

Some Gallant Deeds of Brave Men.
Instances of Heroism which the Gunner's Act at Alexandria Calls Up. 528

GRANT'S SENTENCE UPON LIEUTENANT WICKFIELD.
The Only Joke Ever Known to have been Perpetrated by the Distinguished Author. 529

Parliament Investigation. 530

A LOYAL CAVALRY OFFICER. 530

THE GUN-SHY WARRIOR.
Major Muldoon's Description of the Gun-Shy Soldier in Battle. It Isn't Sweet to Die for One's Country. The Gun-Shy Man's Epitaph.
BY MAJ. H. A. MULDOON. 531

SOLDIER LIFE.
Some of its Scenes as Depicted by a Confederate Soldier.—Incidents of the March and the Battle, by a Man who has seen Hard Service in the Confederate Army.
CARLTON McCARTHY,
Private 2d Company of Richmond Howitzers, Author of "Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Va., 61-5." 535

General Sumner and his Son at Antietam. 541

How Rivers are Bridged for Retreating Armies.
Winter Quarters and their Dangers.
How Great Armies are Guarded in Cantonments.
"VETERAN." 542

My Father's Unknown Grave.
W. E. P. 548

An English Steamer Captured.
She Had Run the Blockade at Charleston Three Times.—On Her Fourth Voyage to Help the Confederacy.—A Well-Laid Plan that Didn't Work.
(BY THE SECOND MATE) 549

HISTORIC MASONIC JEWELS,
Taken from Fredericksburg Lodge, 1862. 551

Three Against Three Hundred.
A Thrilling War Story of Defeat Turned into Victory. 552

HUMORS OF THE CAMP.
Gayety of Some of the Southern Leaders and Light Heartedness of the Troops.—Pen Pictures of Lee, Jackson, Ewell, Stuart, Beauregard and others known to Fame.
By J. Esten Cooke, Confederate, Boyce, Va. 554

First Colored Provost Marshal. 572

First Vessel Through the Mississippi. 572

(POEM.)
KEARNEY.
By E. C. Stedman. 573

President Lincoln's First Pardon. 573

The 1st W. Va. Cavalry's Trophy. 573

Fall of General Morgan,
THE FAMOUS CONFEDERATE CAVALRYMAN.
A Narrative of the Disaster to the Raider's Command at Greenville in 1864. – Lucy Williams, the Unionist.—Braving a Terrific Storm on a Perilous Midnight Ride.—Her Hatred of Morgan and Her Passion for a Handsome Federal Officer.
STIRRING ROMANCE OF THE WAR.
The Circumstances as noted by a Kentuckian of the Famous Division
By F. P. Ferris. 574

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE. 589

A SUCCESSFUL RAID. 589

Some Interesting War Paragraphs.
Compiled from Townsend's War Library, N. Y. C. 590

RELICS OF ANDERSONVILLE.
CLARA BARTON AND HER WORK OF MERCY.
By Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE. 591

GENERAL GRANT'S RECORD.
From Birth to Close of the War. 595

(POEM.)
COUNT ZOWASKI. 597

(POEM.)
THOMAS AT CHICKAMAUGA.
By KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD. 598

(POEM.)
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.
S. M. CARPENTER. 300

(POEM.)
The Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge.
Nov. 25, 1863.
By KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD. 601

HISTORY OF THE STARS AND STRIPES. 604

(POEM.)
The Hero of Rodman's Point.—Ready.
By PHŒBE CARY. 605

(POEM.)
MUSTERED OUT.
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. 605

(POEM.)
CALIBER FIFTY-FOUR.
By WILL CARLETON. 606

First Government Loan,'61. 606

MISSISSIPPI BLOCKADE. 606

(POEM.)
A Second Review of the Grand Army.
By BRET HARTE. 607

CONFEDERATE PROPHECY. 608

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

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